

THE NEW WORLD

By the author of

THE NEW WORLD

of the

NEW WORLD

ROBERT CRAIGHEAD, PRINTER, 112 FULTON STREET.

Indianapolis, December 24, 1907.

My Dear E:

To you and all your house, PEACE!

On the day that your letter came, two weeks ago, my wife and mother had both called at Miss Carleton's, and we had had her in constant remembrance. I called on Mr. Carleton on the Sunday that he spent with his grief and memories. A quiet, reserved, shy man, with much of the peace of God in him. As for yourself, I think no one has ever spoken a word in criticism of you, in that or any other matter. I have never heard you spoken of except with love and admiration. And the way the faces of people who knew and know you brighten when you are mentioned would delight you if you knew.

Let us all be cheerful! The "heady drums" (R.L.S) are always sounding somewhere and the bugle is blowing over the hills. Blessed are the dead who have found the haven where they would be; and blessed are we who are to know them again. Many of my friends are facing the new year with business troubles. I am not without my own difficulties. But everything will be better by and by!

Mrs. Nicholson and I speak of you very often. You are not merely my friend but a friend of the family. And we all send our love and good wishes.

Yours faithfully and cordially,

*Mary E. Nicholson*

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702 Marshall Field Building  
Chicago, June 20/92

My dear Mrs. Carlisle

I have

had such a good time

"bottling" with your article.

and quite feel that I

have been on the bottles

guest. The girl with the

basket of potatoes fascinates

me in particular. So is

a clever touch

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## Original Papers.

### NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

"Progress of the age" is nowadays the topic in enabling editors, orators, satirists, and schoolboys, to drown various ideas in ink and spread them upon paper to dry. From steam down to the sewing machine (not to pass over railroads or the magnetic telegraph in a slighting manner), all the novelties and phases of the age are put into rhetorical harness in this connexion and galloped through the land. We don't know whether Negro Minstrelsy be entitled to go down to posterity notice under favor of the catalogue of progress; yet are we disposed to book it for a short journey.

There are yet living many of the members of the old Park pit, whose mouth muscles (our medical glossary is stolen since the Cholera set in) convulsively twitch at remembrance of the electric effect produced upon them on a benefit night by the volunteer appearance of Jim Crow Rice, who "turned about and wheeled about" in so horrid a manner that the respectable bass-viol of the respectable orchestra broke all its strings (bloodvessels to all intents and purposes) in an attempt to groan a double G. Men had three or four times before this, perhaps oftener, blackened their faces, and grinned and sung negro songs upon theatrical boards at sundry places in and about the St. Giles of Gotham, and dignity had got wind of the thing through the medium of handbills and placards; but here was the thing itself and on the Park boards! One would have thought that

Jim Crow was a monster of such hideous mien  
As to be dreaded needed only to be seen;

yet in accordance with some such curious fancy as would make the lovely Desdemona in the Dusseldorf Exhibition enamored of the cotton-planting negro before her called Othello, the people began to show a decided predilection for "colored melody;" and Negro Minstrelsy soon rallied about itself a large and thriving family. Zip Coon and Jim along Jossey were strong boys, but died early. They were not missed. The void their untimely decease occasioned was supplied by hundreds of others who sprang from the print shops and music counters of the land like the armed men of old, and in the

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same manner very often materially interfered with each other's peaceable existence.

Negro minstrelsy was soon studied as an art. Its professors made a trade of it, and formed partnerships. They serenaded on Irish principles; the serenades coming and going for their dose instead of the serenaders bringing it to them. It even voyaged to England, and made the Queen clap her delicate hands in appreciation of the melody of "De ole jaw bone," or weep in commiseration of the sufferings of "Lucy Neal" and the hungry trials of the venerable "Daniel Tucker." It did what the census-takers never could have accomplished, in furnishing the available quantity of banjo-players and bone-crackers in this sovereign republic. It founded an Odd-Fellow lodge of melody throughout the land. The whistle of a few bars in "Goin' ober de mountain," was a Masonic pass-word to the western emigrant. The Portland boy who, of a week-day night, had learned from Dumbolton's band in the meeting-house, near his homestead, did not feel as among strangers when traversing a Western prairie, a forlorn emigrant, he halted by log-huts and heard negro melodies quavered by the tongue of a woodchopper.

Negro minstrelsy very soon after its birth became humorous in prosaics. It formed pressgangs to force into service all the conundrums latent in the head of scratching youth, or floating through an atmosphere already heavy with truant jokes of Brother Jonathan. From a pressgang tyrant it became a generous merchant, and rewarded fun with varieties of silver goblets after most honorable public proposals. It stopped not at originality. It did not disdain parody. It became dramatic.

From being a great tourist it settled down into residence. It invaded a hall which had been solemnly set apart for purposes of education; and has lived there for more than a year. It undermined the New York Society Library. It alternated at the Tabernacle with the eloquence of divines and the potential baton of M. Maretzek. It drove Macready by the magic wave of a legal agreement from the lecture room of the Stuyvesant Institute. It settled under the classic draperies of the Apollo Saloon, a place so long dear to Gothamites as being sacred to Terpsichore and St. Cecilia. It struck down the angry wave of fashion's wand and laid itself to slumber upon grand pianos in luxurious drawing-rooms.

The worshippers of Von Weber, Rossini, Auber, Bellini, and Donizetti, became nervous. Musical doctors trembled like Noah Webster when he first heard of Phonography. Negro minstrelsy was spoiling the public ear; vitiating the public taste. If you asked

What was this great commotion  
The country through?

Pat came the answer:—

It is the ball a rolling on  
For Dumbolton and Christy too,  
And with them we'll lead the van.

But soon, like the weathercock which on an April day has spun to all points of the compass and finally settles itself due S. W., negro minstrelsy lost its fascinating and variable novelty and returned to its original haunts;

there to convulse the b'hoys and their sempstress sweethearts with bones and statue dances, burlesque of operas, and parodies (humorous to the death) of airs which issued from the windows of exclusives and parvenus. It became mere music for the million, because, like Scrooge's darkness, it was cheap; and because, too, it was a most piquant dessert to come in after the common potatoes of everyday life.

Like all other music, "colored melody" most certainly has its school, and its harmonies their appropriate classification. If we were called upon to designate any particular character it possessed, we should give it that of sarcasm. With all his pathos, with all his humor, with all his affectation of unsophistication, with all his frank sincerity, your grinning negro minstrel is cruelly sarcastic, and cuts and slashes his best heroes and heroines with cool discrimination. That is another reason why his music has settled down as the favored of the million. The latter love sarcasm. Do you doubt it?—visit the Five Points; hang around dog fights; inquire the cause of the applause which shakes the very rafters of the Chatham, when the thin gentleman in the pink cravat points at the lady in blue flounces and shows his white teeth to the angry old 'un in the plethoric waistcoat who officiates as uncle in taking care of affection's pledge; analyse a boarding-school fisticuff; and you will discover how truthful we are in this instance.

As "music for the million" negro minstrelsy is harmless enjoyment. It has little of refined taste in music to vitiate. It is satisfactory to its peculiar votaries, and prevents indigestions from peanuts (since who ever heard of shell breaking interfering even with the banjo or the uproarious cussée chorus!); and thus it would be impolitic as well as selfish to gainsay its virtues or advantages. But using the critic's privilege of publicly expressing a private opinion, we say with King Alfourite, in Planche's clever burlesque of "Fortunio," after the great court song:—

"This may be music for the million; hurly burling,  
We will not hear it for a million sterling."

### FRENCH CHARACTER PAINTING.

The following sketch is translated from a volume of literary, artistic, and court portraits of France in the eighteenth century, in the careless days of the regency. The character here presented will be found a present a remarkable contrast to most of the leading men of his time. A simple-hearted domestic man of brilliant talents is at all times a "rara avis in terris," out in that age of hollowiness it is "rarissima." The narrative possesses, it appears to us, high dramatic interest, and may be taken as one of the many romantic pages in the history of literature, which refute the opinion sometimes expressed, that literary biography is uneventful and uninteresting.

Very little is known of this age of Louis XV. beyond its glaring vices; yet in its rank soil the French Revolution had its root, and some acquaintance with its annals, and above all of the state of society at the time, are as essential to the reader of the history of that great event, as the study of the colonial annals of our

country is to the proper understanding of our own revolutionary history. Much incidental information of this character will be found in the narrative we present, and more in others which will follow, in favor.

## CRÉBILLON

It may excite the mind when we perceive whom, at first sight, all about, but in a of reanimating one aid of unpublished present time, more has been given to author, than to a What, however, the study of the past has survived him! in a poet should be his name, than to Poetry in action on paper.

About 1670 the vain notary, proud he coveted. This chior Jolyot; his but as soon as he managed to obtain in chief of the ch with the title of following year he and abandoned m league and a half

His son, Prosper two; he was studying being admitted at earliest years of that he styled him *billon*. The encc eeded at a good worthy erudite of to the president (June 19, 1792), buried at St. Ger gave him the title appears more asto has taken that c tragic finished by his imaginary nob the president de E so little *amour pr* have neglected ve that point. M. de Dijon, gave my fat he ha found. O sufficient villanc chamberlain of R the other a Jolyo Good. These t remember to ha from old inhabita tive district, that powerful lords in vanities! Is it po the *Encyclopédie*, by his genius, sh these chimeras a the Jolyots ere, the 17th centu sold their wine

pressed it from the purple or golden grapes of their Burgundian hill-sides. Notwithstanding, Crébillon, finding that nobody contested his no-

bility, pushed his insatiation so far as to announce one day that his family arms were an eagle of gold on azure field, holding in its beak a lily with silver leaves. Everything

fair to become the most turbulent youth of his time; proving himself, in this respect, a true compatriot of Piron and Rameau. He had in him that indescribable frank gaiety,

ness, that amiable care- ed so truly of his native shaled the intoxicating gudian vine branches. but by a few drinking drinking character, like of his time. The pro-

his brilliancy, advised ed, to assume the poet was 27 years old: he e did not believe him- genius of creation; that a god, holding chaos in n the other; that as for a poor pen, destined to bad style. But the probat a spark of creative

the soul of Crébillon. o become a poet," he upon your brow, your so a thousand times; n in France capable to that man is yourself."

idea, but for all that, by himself on a tran- Parliament, he recalled of the theatre, the great course, the sublime ex- nt of inspiration seized

oeuvre entered he held l, "You have shown me t—" "Don't go so fast," him, "a chef-d'œuvre is ree weeks; remain here ere still the procureur's

drink my wine, when may take your flight." d therefore at his place; a which he had written e five acts of a barbarous f Brutus, in which, wish- the character of the mated them all on stilts.

red himself to have the die Française. Cr bil- directly, was admitted to was unanimously con- t was of a haughty

ack to the procureur's nuscript at his feet, and ou have disgraced me." bert, "Crébillon was so

rage fell even upon his looked upon him almost d counselled him to dis- re that he would never nd that he would never

for the rest of his life." owever, presented in his d reasons not to succeed who would nowhere else

table a dwelling nor so betook himself again to w. But the deed was broken through the law- bourer never wearied in

ess, Crébillon ventured y. He chose for the sub- ject *Iduménia*: this time the comedians ac-

cepted the piece, and played it soon after. It had a doubtful success, but Crébillon thought himself sufficiently encouraged to continue on his course.

At the start Crébillon showed his strength; he was compared to Hercules, exercising his infant powers in combats with lions. The fifth act of *Iduménia* had appeared unworthy

My dear Miss Braydon:

Be kind enough to convey to the Amaranth Society my acknowledg- ment of the courtesy ex- tended in electing me to membership. After my return to New Albany, in October, I shall attend its sessions with pleasure.

Very truly yours  
Indianapolis  
Sep 22nd 1888  
Emma Carleton

paper preserved under stamped paper. Crébillon worked little, disputed often, and promanaded a great deal. He passed his mornings in reading romances, and his evenings in composing them, at least in action, and these are without contradiction the best. He bid

\* Revelations concerning the two Crébillons, by M Amaton, accompanied des pièces justificatives.  
† He was named Prieur, son of the Prieur celebrated by Bearron.

\* We may be permitted to state, that if we take a pleasure in researching the portraits of these celebrated painters and authors, it is because we think we have discovered that, thanks to academic discourses, romantic tales, and illuminations of every description, all these worthies who so decidedly stamp the past century, have been somewhat disfigured.

Persuading Flann Budd Road.

Surely an earnest token of the wild man still lingering in the apparently civilized being is found in his universal tendency to leave the haunts of man and markets and search the woods for something eatable. Evidently a purer flavor, a diviner tang dwells in the berry plucked by his own hands from the brier, than in the same commodity thickened for overcounters or delivered in crushed quantities at the domestic doorway. Apples stealthily purloined from overhanging

creby persons who manifest an self-confidence in their own visual rejecting the use of the glasses those ingenious individuals are anxious to supply them? We re hint gratis.

ng to this state of things that, great mass of our theological eachers, who have any pretensions, literally live on the labors of solars, the public in general are know about as much of the real ological science in the country of er, as they do of the spiritual con- kingdom of Japan. And when more adventurous than the rest et in upon us a little of this light, his d of being welcomed as a precious much needed knowledge on a most deeply interesting to every s, is either made a mark for all at intolerance can forge, or is left way slowly and silently, with no probation from those who have duty of guiding and informing ind on such matters.

has been the fate of the very re- ok which has suggested these re- was first published in England go; it undertakes to apply to the hals those processes of critical ick enabled Niebuhr to recon- firm basis the history of ancient written in a resolute and earnest no respect for error merely ts antiquity; it abounds in dis- seem like original revelations, ions equally bold and profound; r (strange to say) is the brother ted champion of Puseyism, who rograded into Popery. One might ed that when a cento of truisms r of milk and water descriptions ts' half-a-dozen publishers by the some one of them could be found sterling merit, and, consequently, cess of a book like the present. pdoxy reigns triumphant, and Mr. safely rely on being allowed to a of his English copies without nce on the part of our "enter- s.

begins with a view of the topo- lestine, the location of the tribes, most important laws and cus- eir relations to the surrounding e history then commences with ration of Samuel, and concludes truction of the Jewish kingdom lnezzar. Interspersed through e many critical remarks on the ngs, their age and authorship; value of the books of Kings and he Levitical system; the priests ; in fine, most of the prominent ected with the Jewish people ature. These topics too, as we not treated in the good old hum- to which we have been accustom- man gives us the latest results of earning and free spirit of inquiry which have placed the Germans in this de- partment of knowledge something like a century beyond the mind of England and America. There is no useless verbiage or display of erudition about the book; the author says boldly and eloquently what he has to say on a given topic, and then stops. The consequence is, that, notwithstanding the number, variety, and difficulty of the subjects

mode of calculating by which Mr. Owen arrives at this sum, a short ready-reckoning system, of which he is the inventor, is sui generis. This sum deducted from the cost of the colonnade would leave, say "five hundred and ninety thousand dollars, which at six per cent. would give thirty-five thousand dollars a year more to be expended on the minds of three hundred young boys." According to this

as a crime of the blackest description. In the vocabulary of these good timid people, the term *rationalist*, i. e. a man who makes use of his reasoning faculties, is regarded as synonymous with infidel, heathen, atheist, in fact as denoting the sum of all that is licentious, heaven-daring, and vile. By-the-bye, why do not the spectacle makers band together and try to "get up an excitement" against oculists,

which have placed the Germans in this de- partment of knowledge something like a century beyond the mind of England and America. There is no useless verbiage or display of erudition about the book; the author says boldly and eloquently what he has to say on a given topic, and then stops. The consequence is, that, notwithstanding the number, variety, and difficulty of the subjects

highway boughs<sup>2</sup> surpass in pal-  
ate pleasing qualities the same  
fruit<sup>chosen</sup> in decorous, hand-polished  
rows in the fruit-stands or in  
the geometrically ~~arranged~~ filled barrels  
at the grocers. So with persimmons;  
the neatly packed boxes in the  
market stalls, or the same delicacy  
picturesquely set forth in attrac-  
tive clumps on lettuce leaves,  
do not divert the <sup>true</sup> woods-lover  
from his autumnal desire to  
range the country round-about  
and meet the <sup>adult</sup> persimmon on  
its <sup>nature's</sup> ~~own~~ <sup>healthy</sup> ~~stomping~~ ground.

Down the Budd Road,  
the small boy says, there are  
persimmon trees, and as the  
small boy's ~~question~~ <sup>question</sup> is done  
concerning things eatable is  
not to be lightly gain sayed,  
down the Budd Road we go.

ever, fully and honestly acknowledged in the Preface. Mr. Lewes has translated and inserted several early letters of Robespierre, from originals never before published, loaned to him by M. Louis Blanc. The following is a pleasanter bit of description than could be expected from such a pen. It is from a letter dated June 12, 1783:—

"We remounted our conveyance, Saaroply

more; they not only reasoned, they threatened the demolition of the conductor. They applied to the Echevins of St. Omer, to order its removal; and the municipal authorities, equally bigoted, yielded to their request. M. de Visé was not so easily to be conquered: he determined to try the cause; and selected Robespierre as his advocate. Robespierre's practice was in the upper council, a court of appeal having an extensive jurisdiction. He pleaded several times before the council, and

the compliments of his judges, are, those of his brethren of the law, was the first important cause. He began by publishing an essay which the question was treated scientifically. The pamphlet noise, and when the trial came 1783) he was triumphant."

#### GENIUS OF ITALY.

Which we give below from Mr. [work, "The Genius of Italy," noticed in the columns of the will not be unacceptable to the book is full of tasteful pictures of Italian scenery, once to and quotations from new their inspiration in part ices and associations, and of a of Italian politics and popu- as we have quoted below.

#### SUNSET AT ARONA.

lived at Arona, in the Bardinian table village at the southern ex- to, where it stretches into a wide expanse of water, the upper por- low and secluded. After refresh- the principal hotel, we saunter re, which is filled by a poor and on. As it is evening, the majority are enjoying themselves in the seated upon benches smoking their hanging under the shadow of the with their friends, others saunter- tal square; and others listening to couple of strolling singers, one of harp with tolerable grace, and the ne as an accompaniment. Two re filled with eager political talk- shadow of the trees there, a group bustling with earnest look and ges- f Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, a pretty liberal constitution to his sety of which no one acquainted of Sardinia will question. This uneasy upon his throne. He has than power, more cunning than l he maintain his position as a deem himself extremely fortunate. the saviour of Italy it is pure

go towards the brink of the lake. f sunset are tinged, with supernal p of the trees, some of which run water, and cast long shadows in its

A few light clouds are hanging giving back the amber radiance of nd shading the deep serene which ve, reminding us of those lines by nery, in which he so strikingly de- ity of a dead girl.

istering round her brow serene  
siden tresses lay.  
rent clouds on summer lake  
ung at close of day.

are gliding here and there, like , and far off in the distance a small ghing the placid waves. Masses of ginning to fall upon the other side d deepening in the low grounds to ute-like sound now and then breaks apparently from one of the skiffs and vibrates over the waters with one, and then again dies away. All is rushed except the ripple of the waves upon the pebbly shore, or the plash of a distant oar. It is as if the spirit of heaven had cast its shadow upon the earth.

"It is a beautiful evening, calm and free;  
The holy time is quiet as a nun  
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun  
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;  
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,  
And doth with his eternal motion make  
A sound like thunder—everlastingly"

It is far on into <sup>3</sup> October, and the mellow beauty of this golden month permeates the day. Budd, Road noists and currents in a manner only to be expected and countenanced in a hill-country. On the left, the muddy Ohio, clarified by the enchantment of distance, slips noiselessly along, a silver ribbon under an azure sky; and to the right, beyond a brown and yellow foreground of hapsky autumn fields, majestic scarlet and golden billows of autumn hills roll grandly away to a misty line of violet horizon. Soon the gracious beauty of the day is outraged by a farm-field of sauer-Kraut-makers at work; endless rows of men working over endless

analysis, qualitative and quantitative. M. Noad, Lecturer on Chemistry Hospital, &c. With numerous Campbell Morfit, Practical and t, &c. With Illustrations. Phisay & Blakiston. 1849.

favorably known to the scientific world of a very popular treatise on Magnetism, published some years ago. The present work is the latest edition of the present work in the series of the Library of Useful Knowledge. Those who desire a competent treatise on chemical investigation, none but Noad's book can be found. It is the work of an original genius he may not be so eminent as some of the eminent chemists of the Continent, a faithful compilation of the labors of many. All the important processes of Liebig, and Mulder in analytic chemistry are embodied in the work; and to the student hardly be supposed to have access to the original authorities, we should imagine

an edition has been posted up so as to show the newest methods of analysis. The author has performed this task admirably and has already acquired a high reputation as a chemist, by the publication of an *Elementary Treatise on the Science of Chemistry*, and a work on *Pharmaceutical Manipulations*. The analysis of organic substances is clearly explained, and the examination of the number and elementary atoms from the results will be found acceptable to beginners. The analysis of soils is a matter of such importance to the scientific agriculturist, that it is desired even more; however, to be studied attentively the other parts of the work analogous will suggest the importance of the examination of the mineral constituents of the soil. Every student is obliged to take at second hand the acquirement of a competent knowledge of chemistry from treatises like the

gton; or, Love and Pride. By the "Blacksmith's Daughter." 1849.

It is a liking for clever, well-timed gives a piquancy to business transactions to keep society from getting And hence, in paying our respects to the above aristocratic title, it is an enjoyment we made the acquaintance of Brass, Esq., one of the heroes of his character is portrayed in his latter speaks at once of the tenacity of the impudence which was his. The heroine is of the old-fashioned herself under trying circumstances play firmness, for how otherwise can she maintain her composure under her corset of loveliness! The novel has none. It is one of those where fun and fancy, pathos and mixed up in a shape which affords more recreative eye-sight than your before will it be cheerfully accepted in a tourist's saddlebag, by brush, or a tender resting place in a satchel of sea-airing girlhood. Longingly attributed to Mrs. Grey

Bridge: a Tale of the Days of the South. By C. Herbert Rodwell. London. 1849.

This is one of those novels whose reading makes you wonder how one man had the patience to deliberately sit down and pen so much of "words, words, words." It is full of incidents (so is Mother Goose); it is in spots intensely dramatic (like an out and out Chatham melodrama); but as unartistic and unsatisfactory in its execution as the author could desire a plague-spot seeking a spread of stupidity.

and never enough to be excused and respectable evil.' His whole pontificate consisted of a series of mistakes. The evils under which the Papal States groaned at his accession were aggravated; justice was badly administered; the people were oppressed; science and freedom were proscribed. The dungeons were filled with state prisoners, and thousands of the noblest citizens were driven into foreign exile. Averse to business and timid to excess, with low and carnal appetites, and habits of

in these days of excursions and summer jaunts is desirous of something spicy, and broadly humorous, and exciting in matters of love and intrigue, villany and humbug, together with whole chapters of absorbing romance, he will find these to his heart's content in the pages of the aforesaid novels. Of the two, Robert Macaire is the best. In the hero the bold impudence, amusing effrontery, and unblushing daring which so effectively characterized the great French villain are well imitated.

rows of iron-bound barrels, which rage helplessly, and foam and froth at the mouth, and cast upon the air an odor horrid. Beyond this scene of Sentonic delight, even shocking is going on, and the Nuxom pump-kin is being gathered in, ere the frost smacks too heartily its tempting and rosy cheeks. Past these inhabited lands, for a long stretch of hill and vale, the Budd Road, but for the beauty—no companionship of gorgons leaf and autumn flower, and the almost painful loneliness of sunshine and sky. Steep, rocky bluffs arise to affright a town-bred horse who has apparently been raised a pet, and precipitous hill-sides provoke apprehensive discussions on reliable and

## iginal Poetry.

I like the following verses by Henry. It is a letter from the husband of T——, he died a few days after our fever. We buried him with his own pen."

## RED GOLD GOBLIN.

In your gloomy books,  
tailsome trade—  
seems to cross the sea,  
and a spade.

son, my thoughtful fears,  
r mother's woe,  
childhood's bitterest tears  
a eyes o'erflow.

it—vain the spell  
fections bright—  
ed gold goblin,  
yesternight.

clad in burning gold,  
diamond's ray,  
nd in his gleaming fold  
me as I lay.

said he, "all thought profound;  
ard gains of trade,  
shall thy wishes bound—  
AND A SPADE!"

my heart, before so warm,  
hill and cold,  
as a mountain storm,  
ices shouted gold!

nea before that blast  
a withering scream;  
eeky Mountains vast,  
mento's stream.

Falcon's cleaving wing,  
too long delayed;  
his hand Love's lettering ring,  
and a spade!

wing is strong and fleet,  
o'er the sea,  
gold goblin cools his feet,  
merrily.

is upon the keel,  
ward turns his gaze,  
love seems to unseal  
hts of early days.

springs upon his neck  
ke the rising groan;  
's my beck, who follows my beck,  
am of red gold alone.

dreamy, worthless days,  
the rising sigh;  
by the world displays,  
gold cannot buy!

ill stay your father's tears,  
ll his love to pride,  
ill still a maiden's jeers,  
the haughtiest bride.

by the red gold won,  
each bended knee,  
hd dazzles like the sun,  
nes so goldenly.

p droops her flagging wing,  
brazen sky,

And 'neath the lime trees sweltering  
The golden dreamers lie.

And Julian feels in sleep profound,  
The goblin chill depart,  
And home with holy memories crowned,  
Lights up his darkened heart.

The Falcon homeward turns her beak,  
And lifts her parting scream,

and superstitious period. These associations are unjust, and we think that no one could listen without admiring the beauty and solemn flow of the old Gregorian music used in some parts of the Roman Catholic service, as the "Tantum Ergo" and the "Dies Irae." We confess we cannot hear the pealing organ blow and echo back the notes by which religious fervor was enkindled in hearts that have ceased to beat for a thousand years, without being moved.

THE LITTLE AND GREAT.—"The little and great of Heaven may often make the wicked good, yet its province is not to make the little great: those who are to be such are born, not made."—Isaac Taylor's *Loyola and Jesuitism*.

CHARITY.—"Friendship closes its eyes, rather than see the moon eclipsed; while malice denies that it is ever at the full."—Hare's *Guesses at Truth*.

graceful methods <sup>5</sup> of being upset.

But a few miles out on this road which seems to have no object in life, our driver smites the air with her whip, and vows she sees a 'simmon tree. Simultaneously a log-cabin comes into view on a hillside near the road, and the Youngest sets up a lusty demand for a drink of water. The horse is ~~hitched~~ tethered to a clump of thorn trees near, and the cabin is appealed to. Many farlorn children and two shabby houses occupy the doorway, and a woman in a sun-bonnet and a linsey-woolsey dress greets us at the door-stone. We are awkwardly invited in and await a bucket of cold water from the hill-side spring. A high feather-

bers are on their way (it is to be  
a national collection; but very  
too advanced a stage of decay  
aval, and have perished. They  
only in the great work before  
available here for every interest-  
al purpose.

inment of the year we gave  
t of Mr. Layard's discovery, in a  
delightful and most picturesque  
even and its Remains, which the  
zation so nobly completes. The  
as-reliefs, and small objects in  
er, marble, copper, and pottery,  
w engraved, once stood in the  
ces or temples, or were found in  
the ruins, or formed part of the  
robes or thrones, of the ancient  
eh. The mounds under which  
covered, between two and three  
ere on the eastern bank of the  
near the modern city of Mosul.  
ver which the sculptures extend  
to stretch from the remotest  
he fall of the Assyrian empire  
belonging to the first epoch of  
ory, and the latest to about six  
s before Christ. The drawings,  
n of those of the ornaments and  
(which are of the original size),  
ide upon a scale of one-sixth for  
aborate bas-reliefs (such as of  
s, and hunts), and of one-twelfth  
figures.

face all such subjects,—peculiar and its pursuits and resources,—audience, or enthroned, or hunting wild bull, or receiving vizirs, or in re besieged cities, or returning receiving prisoners, or performing ceremonies, or receiving tribute peoples. They comprise, also, warriors in every sort of attitude on—fighting in chariots and on foot and without mail-armor; entering a city in siege, or returning in triumph; ascending a mountain, crossing a river, or pursuing an enemy; assaulting towns, cutting down trees in clearing their way through mountains, and bringing off captives or booty. In short, to these, again, we have figures from temples, human figures, and lions, eunuchs taking count of captured cities, female captives, the conquerors, sheep and goats, the vanquished, embarkation of the gods, and processions of the gods, of everything that can express the grandeur of barbaric power and the pomp, with as remarkable an absence of religious feeling, that indicates the common life

As yet, in the meaning now word, a people was not. So,—as the instructed spectator expects to find it,—is the art of these paintings and sculptures. They reserve, they exact high praise for. The absence of perspective is frequently very laughable:

There is generally a force and vigor perceptible, almost always extraordinary spirit of grouping and composition, and sometimes almost perfect skill in the drawings of animals and human faces. What most impresses us throughout, is the eager life that seems for ever exuberantly active. The muscular developments are surprisingly accurate at times; and, not seldom, the daring freedom as well as strength of action into which horses and warriors are thrown seizes and excites the

His chuckling murmur, "Fool?"

“ Who seeks to win the red, red gold,  
Must breathe a fiery breath !  
Who seeks my treasures to behold,  
Must dare my master—DEATH !

"Many must fail though some may win,  
Each is alike a slave,  
The heart the red gold enters in,  
In madness finds a grave!"—

moulded it into new and eternal forms of  
majesty and beauty.

The work before us consists of a hundred large plates; the most part engraved in outline by Mr. Holl from Mr. Layard's drawings, others (chiefly ivories and elaborate ornaments) in wood by Messrs. Thompson and Williams from drawings by Mr. Prentiss. Several of the sculptures from which they are taken are already deposited in the British

[July 7.

bed, a small table<sup>6</sup> decorated with fringed newspapers and a few books, several much sunken split-bottom chairs, an open fireplace holding a smouldering wood fire, a tall mantel piece also adorned with fringed newspapers, and a book-shelf made of strung spools and clap-boards furnish for the single apartment of the dwelling. Youngest makes for the tall feather bed, and climbs into it to play with some yellow gonads and an old white cat lying on the window<sup>7</sup>. Some yards behind the cabin, through the doorway, is seen a tinier cabin, which a small and rusty cooking stove and a few iron pots betoken to be the kitchen. A few dejected looking chickens are picking stray bits of sustenance from its hard-beaten dirt floor, and a dilapidated black cat basks on an <sup>over</sup>turned

t when the next day came, they  
ried out; the poor creatures  
rable state, and survived their  
w days."

INCESS TARRAKANOFF.

ines of the unhappy young kanoff supply M. Blanc with the most interesting chapter in his work. The Empress Elizabeth of Peter the Great, and predeceasing III.—whose marriage with the salt Zerbest, afterwards Catherine was brought about by her—had been by her secret marriage azumofski. The youngest of eight, who was brought up in the name of the Princess Tarakanova, Catherine trampled the rights of the foot, the Polish prince, Charles, and of the young princess, and by thinking to set her up at some time as a pretender to the Russian throne. After this, Catherine confiscated the property of the princess in order to live, he was compelled to leave his diamonds and other valuables behind him when he went to Italy. These remained in the hands of Radzivil set out for Poland leaving the young princess, in the month year, at Rome, under the protection of a governess or duenna. On returning to his native country he was offered the princess's property if he would bring it back to Russia. He refused; but he did promise that he would take care to protect her, and leave her to her fortune. Catherine pardoned him, and forthwith sent Orloff on the scent. He was a man, she well knew, capable of anything at might serve his ambition. He was placed at his disposal, and he rewarded if he discovered the princess, and lured her within reach. Orloff set out for Italy; there he took into his employment Ribas, a sort of spy, a naval officer, who pledged himself to the princess, but stipulated that he demanded to be made captain in the Russian navy as his reward; and that Orloff, afraid, notwithstanding extensive powers given him, should not produce the commission which Catherine, who at once sent the princess. Whether this be exact or not, one historian mentions that the princess was commanded in the Black Sea in vice-admiral. When certain Ribas, who then had spent two years in the East, revealed the retreat of the princess. With some abridgement from M. Blanc, whose narrative gives the main points, with the most touching of this touching and ro-

was at Rome. Abandoned by  
was reduced to the greatest  
g only by the aid of a woman  
perservant, and who now served  
Alexis Orloff visited her in  
thode, and spoke at first in the  
ted slave addressing his sove-  
her she was the legitimate  
ssia; that the entire population  
empire anxiously longed for her  
if Catherine still occupied the  
only because nobody knew  
princesses) was hidden; and that  
amongst her faithful subjects,  
nal for the instant downfall of

will simply say, in conclusion, that the production of such a work, as well for the discovery it commemorates as for the zeal and care exhibited in its preparation, is most honorable to all concerned in it. It is national in its interest and importance, and in any other country but ours would have been published at the national cost.

did not last long. On its conclusion, Anne insisted on the bride and bridegroom being put to bed in her presence; they were undressed, with the exception of their under garments, and were compelled to lie down upon the bed of ice, without covering of any kind. Then the company went away, and sentinels were placed at the door of the nuptial chamber, to prevent the couple from leaving it before the

the usurper. Notwithstanding the princess mistrusted these dazzling she was even alarmed by them self upon her guard. Then O handsomest men of his time, je tions of love to those of ambition a violent passion for the young that his life depended on his heart and hand. The poor is unresistingly into the infamy for her inexperience: she believed him. The infamous Orloff that their marriage must be lest Catherine should hear of it cautions. In the night he house a party of mercenaries, the costumes of priests of the others magnificently attired to a The mockery of a marriage entered willingly accompanied whom she believed her husband where entertainments of all sorts her. The Russian squadron, a port, was commanded by the E Greig. This officer, either the complice of Orloff, invited the the vessels that were soon to be her name. She accepted, and a banquet, amidst the acclamations of a large crowd: the cannon thundered, every circumstance gave her visit the appearance of a festival. From her flag-bedstead was hoisted in a splendid armament the admiral's vessel, where she with the honors due to a crown princess then Orloff had never left her assistant. Suddenly the scene changed: in place of the gallant officers who an instant previous quiously bowed before her, the victim saw herself surrounded by a sinister aspect, one of whom announced that she was prisoner by order of Catherine, and that soon she was to trial for the treason she had committed. The princess thought herself abandoned. With loud cries she summoned to her aid; her guardians laughed and told her she had had a lover, and that her marriage was void. She despair at these terrible revelations; she burst into sobs and at last swooned away. The stage of her insensibility to pain and hands, and lower her head. A few hours later the squadron sailed. Notwithstanding her entreaties, the poor girl was kept in her arrival at St. Petersburg, taken before the empress, who questioned her.

Catherine was old; the Princess was but sixteen, and of such disparity destroyed her mercy. But as there was no remedy against her, and as her trial made too much noise, Catherine, after a short interview with her unfortunate, gave orders she should be kept in rigorous captivity. She was confined in the dungeons of a prison near the river.

Five years elapsed. The victim of the heartless Catherine, and of the villain Orloff, awaited death as the only relief she could expect; but youth, and a good constitution, struggled energetically against torture and privations. One night, reclining on the straw that served her as a bed, she prayed to God to terminate her sufferings by taking her to himself, when her attention was attracted by a

7  
lute at the doorway.

After refreshment from the tin dipper dripping with clear cold spring water, Youngest is <sup>expelled</sup> plucked from the feather bed, and we sally forth to visit the persimmon tree on the hillside across the road. The sallao face of the sun-bonnet woman looks ~~weird~~ and she is invited to accompany us. She looks gratefully pleased and accepts, climbing up the rugged hillside with some ladylike vituperation of an intervening pig-stye, and much tugging of Youngest through the bramble bushes, <sup>is made</sup> we halt beneath the trees; bare of all leaves but laden with hundreds of plump golden-crowned, crimson-checked persimmons. The fruit looks too beautiful to be ~~eat~~ palatable, and the comforting reflection arises that persimmons like <sup>many</sup> people, do not fulfil their mission in the world until the frosts of fate and adversity have nipped their cheeks, and taught

nothing from Chaucer that we can trace in him the influences of Dante and Boccaccio; nothing from Spenser that he calls Chaucer master; nothing from Shakspeare that he acknowledges how dear Spenser was to him; nothing from Milton that he brought fire from Hebrew and Greek altars. There is no degradation in such indebtedness. Venerable rather is this apostolic succession, and inspir-

circumstances, we have no doubt, though it is impossible to predict the precise form of the moulds into which it will run. New conditions of life will stimulate thought and give new forms to its expression. It may not be our destiny to produce a great literature, as, indeed, our genius seems to find its kindest development in practicalizing simpler and more perfect forms of social organization.

stay flowing tears <sup>are</sup> industriously employed upon the poor infant, beguiled out into the lonely woods to be slaughtered by her own mother for half a pint of mashed persimmons. After much expenditure of energy and breath, and much display of ignorance in projectiles the trees have yielded persimmons to <sup>satisfy</sup> ~~stay~~ our longings and leave a margin for home distribution. No-one having had brains enough to bring a basket, we make rude vessels <sup>and make</sup> of wild grape-leaves from the forest near, and filled them with the delicious, soft, sweet, unsensical morsels. Surely Nature evolved persimmons in a jocular frame of mind <sup>they are</sup>—the comendums, quip, cranks, or wanton wiles of her laughing moods. Bittersweet vines, and golden rod, and purple aster make the hill-side beautiful, and the grasser appetite having been <sup>appealed</sup> ~~stayed~~, we forage energetically for the satisfaction of the finer senses. The sun-bonnet woman climbs into

his memory will be honorably. We trust some of Mr. Long's friends will present some adequate signer of a monument to Washington has not been published; was by the order of the trustees, at the Astor Library; and he was sh a general work on Architecture on the Aztec Architecture before the Historical Society admitted once to the foremost rank of Historical Inquirers; while its brilliant generalization gave original powers of his mind. Mr. Long would probably have valuable services to the literary. It may interest some of our readers unacquainted with the fact, to Literary World received frequent from the pen of Mr. Long in its tments; that his versatility was occasional poem as well as a that he was the author of the in our columns, of which he many more, entitled Architecture but a few days since we saw Mr. last time, when he parted from us omed kind and cheerful manner. ely engaged in the duties of his igh called him on Friday of last ristown, N.J., to superintend the building, where, soon after his is taken ill of the prevailing pesturvived but a few hours. are college commencements, and ded as are their blossoms when is passed, they seem to spring ear, and to bring with them, like a new hope, and to keep expectaith a perpetual new interest. agoon, of Cincinnati (well known of the lately published "Proverbs le," "Republican Christianity," e chosen orator of the Societies, Philomathean, at the anniversary k. Mr. Magoon is a tall and man, his hair cut close, a good a pleasing demeanor. His disours in length, was less an oraiscursive essay, of which the title manner, the treatment. "Relaatal Glory to Civil Freedom" paring too much of the vague and the overdone rhetoric of many of ons. The Address, however, indily passages the oratorical powers e speaker is already well known. enement on the following day ) partook of the usual characterisng the graduates was a son of ayler Lewis. ong PUTNAM's announcements for son is a new Belles Lettres work of THOMAS POWELL, which will tle attention here and in London. d "Living Authors of England ea; with illustrations from their e first volume on English authors, nalists, and the press, is to be ptember. It will include sketches ns on the less known as well as the well-known of the London Literati. Among the writers noticed are—Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, B. W. Procter, Talfourd, Tennyson, Marston, Horne, Browning, Landor, Mary Howitt, William Howitt, Milnes, Montgomery, Mrs. Norton, Miss Barrett, Eliza Cook, H. Taylor, P. J. Baily, Heraud, Wade, Croly, Sterling, Knowles, Macaulay, Dickens, Martineau, Jeffrey, Ainsworth, Car-

as to his natural scenery. There is no time or place in human nature; and Prometheus, Coriolanus, Tasso, and Tell are ours if we can use them, as truly as Washington or Daniel Boone. Let an American author make a living character, even if it be antediluvian, and nationality will take care of itself. The newspaper, the railroad, and the steamship are fast obliterating the externals

Long, yet in the early prime of life, a native of Baltimore, and an architect by profession, had only within the last year taken up his residence in New York; but within that period he had made rapid advances in the pursuit of his Art, and had gained the friendship by his well-stored mind, ready ability, ingenuous manner, and fine conversational powers, of many men of like cultivated talents with his

the well-known of the London Literati. Among the writers noticed are—Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, B. W. Procter, Talfourd, Tennyson, Marston, Horne, Browning, Landor, Mary Howitt, William Howitt, Milnes, Montgomery, Mrs. Norton, Miss Barrett, Eliza Cook, H. Taylor, P. J. Baily, Heraud, Wade, Croly, Sterling, Knowles, Macaulay, Dickens, Martineau, Jeffrey, Ainsworth, Car-

them a thing or two.<sup>8</sup> It is likewise suggested that if Eden's apples had been as judiciously hung as these persimmons, Eve could not have reached them and <sup>the world's</sup> fate would have been different. Probably, however, belonging to a sex gifted in the perseverance of summers, she would have sought a club. We try to shake the tree, but its leaves wave but lightly, as if wooed by a mild and loving zephyr. A club, left on the ground by some thoughtful small boy, is brought into requisition, and cast violently up amid the branches. This exultant concussion brings a precious few of the ripe and wrinkled sweet-meats to the ground. The delicious tang of the frost is in them, and even months water for more. The club process is resumed, and youngest, getting in the rear, is violently smitten on the mouth by her own mother, drawing back with vigorous intent to launch an effective missile. The persimmon drive is temporarily abandoned, while all the arts that soothe and the handkerchiefs that

the literary men in France, have political preferment much more than literary men in England. In this respect, however, there is a difference between France and America, that no other man is simply way to place, in the latter he is left for and dragged into it. In France, to combine the violent partisan with the statesman, before he realizes a position in his government. In America, the literary man is frequently converted into the statesman, without ever having been the mere literary man. Thus, Paulding was made a senator; Van Buren at the head of the government; that Washington Irving was made minister to Spain; and Stevens a political mission to Central America was chiefly on account of his literary reputation. That Mr. Everett was sent as ambassador to England, and that Mr. Bancroft was made secretary of the cabinet of Mr. Polk, are due to his last mentioned gentleman. He was at the head of a department previously to his undertaking the mission to London. The historian exerts his capacity as soon as he is called upon to exercise it; whilst in this country, the literary man has to earn for himself the character of a diplomatist, a finished diplomatist, a perfect gentleman. But Mr. Everett's fame will not depend upon his administration or diplomacy. It will depend upon his case, so with him, the literary man eclipses the politician."

POWERS, the sculptor, has written an article which appears in the papers, addressed to the citizens of Cincinnati, setting an old man's legs, which, it seems, was quite abroad. Some years ago, when the actor was desirous of a character or two in the Western world, which Powers was working wax half concession to the request, he bited the actor in his studio as a representation of "Henderson," the character of Sir Francis Basset. The sequel is best told by Powers

g, the figure was seen standing in the room, with the head leaning against the wall, the coat, folded in such a manner back ground, and thus prevent which might lead to detection. made of horse hair, decorated with face was daubed with ochre, lamp-black; the features were so much so that had my an artist depended upon their to the original, I might have result of the examination about

The visitor, however, seemed to me, and grateful for the see an unfinished work, assured I been very successful in the thought, indeed, that I had the original. I begged him to improvement that might occur to ed: 'Perhaps you might modify lock of the eye a little; and, if I could give him a better leg, instead the shanks of his.' This last

remark occasioned a decided change in the expression of the wax figure, for Henderson thought a good deal of his legs. This change, however, was not observed by the visitor, who still regarded the legs; but I had great difficulty in controlling my own countenance, so ludicrous was the scene. The wax face had now recovered its proper expression, when our visitor took up the lamp, and, against my dissuasive remarks

public fountains in all New York—there should be a hundred. Is there no member of the Common Council who will approve himself a Friend of Fountains? It would be as pleasant a title for an alderman to be remembered by as any we can think of. There is another improvement on which we have for a long time desired to say a word or two. The extensive and active agitation of the Enlargement of the

the American government, which, we believe, has in every case been attended with distinguished credit and advantage. A recent writer on American affairs, Mr. MACKAY, in his *Western World*, a book which a few years since would have found an American publisher, thus points out a distinction between the practice of different countries in this respect, which is in favor of our own:—"Literary men

the thickest of the thorniest bushes, and slays night and left with her horn-handled knife. Youngest gets her golden locks tangled in the clasp of an envious blackberry jungle, and again makes draft on public attention. Our cohorts are gleaming in purple and gold as <sup>we</sup> back the horse and vehicle out of <sup>the</sup> thorn-bush, and with much absurd feminine manoeuvring, get them set in the ~~king's~~ country highway. The sun is still high, and we will drive further down this tortuous Budd Road, to discover, perhaps, if it have indeed an end in view. As we pack into the vehicle, the persimmons under the front seat, the sun-bonnet woman stands on the road-side, still looking wistful, and some one asks her if she would like to go. Alacritude illuminates her tawny skin and <sup>her eyes open</sup> eager acceptance. She "has been hovin' for a

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ttaner in New Orleans, with its graphic and lively sketches of the metropolis, including papers on "Getting Hotel Life"—"The Culcitra of America to the Exchange"—"Municipalities"—"Sin and Mosquitoes," "Yellow Fever," "A Visit to the Opera," &c., &c.

nics, by an Architect, have already appeared, "Gothic Church St. George's Church, Snuyvesant Square" lecture—"Grace Church, Brooklyn Harmony"—"Shop Fronts," &c.

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arts of Societies, k Historical, the Rhode Island, New the Ethnological, the Smithsonian Libraries of papers is in course of publication, detailing the HISTORY AND PROGRESS LIBRARY, with

sm and Intelligence, Literary News, &c., &c., &c.

National Intelligencer, April 17.]

ised that this paper is not merely the old catalogue of each week's books: it is a family paper, and as such abounds in interesting matter. Thus, in the present number, a graphic and sprightly description of a range at New Orleans, giving us in brief the doings and manners of that world of ancient City; next, a kind of 'pot pourri' of criticisms, consisting of mere passing notices, and lengthened systematic criticisms which prose and poetry, novels and architecture and works on commerce are with praise, again with critical severity, and condemnation; next we have some Macaulay's new history, original poem society, the fine arts, music, the if the day; and, lastly, the publisher's it informs the reading public what new books, not a journal for the convenience of the book-trade solely, but for the furtherance of the nature of the products of the world of books.

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#### DRAFTS AT SIGHT ON THE SOUTH- WEST.

##### PRESENTATION FOR ACCEPTANCE.

In presenting a series of desultory sketches to the public, the only object the author has in view is to give his readers a correct idea of scenes and scenery, men and manners, as they truly exist in a section of our country about which so much has been written, but so little is really known.

Men steam it down the Ohio and Mississippi, probably killing time with whist, and euker, stay a week in New Orleans lounging about the "St. Charles" or "Hewlett's," perchance cross the Gulf to Galveston, and in extreme cases some even venture as far as Houston; then home again with all possible expedition, and with the aid of a Mississippi and Ohio Pilot (books of that name), half a dozen Gazetteers, and perhaps that abominable tissue of nonsense, and abortion of History, yclept "Houston and his Republic," consider themselves perfectly prepared to write sketches and volumes, converse and make speeches, upon a subject with which they are about as well acquainted as they are with the interior of Africa, or the Mountains in the Moon.

If his sketches can lay claim to no other merit than truth and fidelity of description, the author is determined that these they shall at least deserve, and has no intention of making up a series, by drawing upon his own imagination or pirating from others, whose writings, were the fact known, are too often entirely void of any pretension to authenticity and correctness.

Nothing but a familiar acquaintance with the country and its inhabitants,—which can only be obtained by a residence of years,—not in the cities alone, but among the genuine pioneers of the frontier,—the backwoodsmen, as they are termed, can entitle any man to lay a just claim to a proper knowledge of either.

Such knowledge the author claims; and invites the curious reader to submit temporarily to his guidance and roam with him awhile, having in view no fixed purpose and interest, but stopping here and there to pluck a flower

or gaze momentarily upon a novel scene, stripped of all the meretricious charms with which romance or the vivid imagination of some predecessor may have invested it.

Whether these drafts be or be not entitled to the customary grace, is left for the gracious reader to decide.

## I.

### GALVESTON.

A narrow strip of barren sand  
That scarce deserves the name of land,  
Without a height, without a tree,  
Rises like magic from the sea.

Let us imagine ourselves upon one of those steamers—such as they are,—that ply up and down the Mississippi, and to and fro across the Gulf between New Orleans and Galveston—and after a passage of from thirty to sixty hours, within sight of the latter place.

This city—as every one knows or should know—is built upon that narrow strip of sand which separates Galveston Bay from the Gulf of Mexico.

You will neither perceive island nor city until you are close upon them. The shore, low and destitute of anything that may deserve the name of a tree, presents no prominent landmarks to the mariner; and many a vessel, before the city was built, has sought in vain the inlet to the Bay.

I have always considered Galveston as one of the most charming places—in appearance—that I have ever seen. The regular streets are of dazzling and solid white sand—the houses new and nearly all painted white—the dwellings built in that easy, sans-souci style peculiar to the French and Spanish cottage; and all of them surrounded and embowered with the beautiful shrubbery of the tropics—the several varieties of the fig, the orange, the lemon, the pomegranate, and great numbers of flowering plants, that with us require the greatest care and attention, but there grow to a large size, almost unattended and uncared for—such as the various kinds of jessamine, the tube rose, the oleander, &c. &c.

The wharves present quite a business-like appearance—a few foreign ships—three or four Bay steamers that ply between this port and Houston, the Brazos and the Trinity—one or two sea steamers—the packets and cotton ships from New York and Boston—and a host of smaller craft, enjoying the beautiful appellation of "Chicken-thieves," which run up and down the Bay, poking their inquisitive prows into all the small bayous, and driving a profitable trade in wood and charcoal, butter, poultry, and eggs.

To the wharves and to the Strand, however (as the street fronting upon the bay is named), all business is confined, and an air of insuperable dullness reigns over the rest of the city. Not a sound is heard except perchance the bell of a steamer, or occasionally voices raised in mirth, a singer in the streets; it would be the place of all the world for a second edition of the "Seven Sleepers" to luxuriate in, without the slightest danger of a speedy awakening.

Galveston can never be more than a forwarding post for Houston and the Brazos. Portentous circumstances, and the idea that it

must soon become a place of importance, alone gave it the position it once occupied, and from which it has already sadly declined.

A few English, French, and German merchants, with some capital, and heavy stocks of goods, emigrated there in the years 1840, '41, and '42, expecting to supply the up-country planters with their necessary goods, and purchase in return their cotton for a foreign remittance. The Houston merchants soon, however, obtained greatly the advantage over them; the navigation of the Brazos and Trinity being so exceedingly uncertain and dangerous, that planters preferred transporting their crops across the country in wagons to the latter place, rather than incur the risk of loss, injury, and serious delay upon the rivers; and when once in Houston, their cotton was purchased immediately at quite as fair a price as they could expect to obtain for it below. Moreover, the men of Houston being generally old settlers and persons well acquainted with the wants of the Southern trade, offered them stocks of goods, if not so large, yet better assorted and adapted to their wants than those of their rivals of Galveston.

Nor was this all: a planter must at some time require credit; this, those who were deserv- ing of it, could obtain from men to whom they were personally known, and who were familiar with their affairs and circumstances; while on the contrary all foreigners came to the country with the idea that it was the first object of every man with whom they met, to cheat and defraud them if they could.

The "Northerners," as the fierce north winds of the coast-country are called, offered another and a very serious impediment to the commerce of Galveston.

The waters of the Bay are little influenced by the tide, but completely controlled by the violent winds. A strong southeast wind forces the waves of the gulf into the bay, while a heavy and continued blow from the north or west nearly empties the latter into the former, leaving the flats bare and the sand bars impassable even to the smallest craft.

It is almost impossible for any planter to visit Galveston in winter, receive and dispose of his crop of cotton, purchase and ship his goods, without being there long enough to encounter a "Norther," and he then has the pleasure of remaining at the "Tremont House," or whatever hotel he may choose to patronize, at a very heavy necessary expense, besides the extras—generally the more serious of the two, or of being caught in a steamer upon some of the "bars"—Red-fish or Clappers for instance—then and there to lie, wind and mud-bound, from a day to a week, as fate may will it, upon short commons, until a southeast wind may be so minded as to again replenish the exhausted bay.

These and other causes occasioned a rapid increase of prosperity in Houston, and a proportionate decline in Galveston, but not immediately; for strange to say, that very want of a regular and legitimate up-country business produced temporarily the reverse effect. The heavy stocks of foreign merchandise were found unsaleable and unfitted for the market. Men had rushed there as our citizens now are

rushing to California, taking w  
goods of all descriptions, unde  
idea that anything would sell i

Anxious to dispose of their t  
they soon commenced dabbling  
exchanging goods at exorb  
lots in or near the city. Nor  
fore soldiers' certificates, he  
floating claims of settlers we  
tenants, and even Spanish titl  
market here.

Land every one had; a crow  
rushed in, strangers filled the  
money the landlords' pocke  
stables, bar-rooms, billiard ro  
—all came in for a share;  
amount of goods was sold for  
ing lots rose rapidly in valu  
stores were erected; those alr  
were purchased at an extrava  
for a time everything bore an  
flated value.

Affairs went on prosperously  
reverse soon came.

As long as these stocks of  
even longer; while the mer  
been engaged in this busine  
purchase others upon their ir  
sibilities or by the hypothecat  
papers; all was well—but w  
could be found willing to part  
except for such equivalents as  
employ for the purpose of  
store, an immediate decline c  
sued.

Houses and lots decreased  
most of those who had bee  
really legitimate business aban  
to seek a better location, an  
came what it now is.

It is, in fact, looked upon a  
light of a watering place, whe  
a few days and a few dollars  
riate upon the fine oysters and  
sail, ride, and bathe. To lo  
you would note it for the  
Hygeia; the neat and beau  
cleanly appearance of the  
white sand, the almost const  
the Gulf or Bay, all indicate i

Unfortunately the reverse i  
veston has been severely af  
flicted with the fatal epidemic

There is another great  
prosperity—the danger of sub  
within the recollection of the  
portion of the island upon v  
built been under water; on  
once partially.

The first visit of Neptune  
or '9. No lives were lost; a  
took refuge in a large buildi  
the Custom House. The  
filled with soldiers and M  
whose weight, probably, pre  
ing being washed away.

torn off from the lower part  
and the waves had full lil  
through without meeting wi  
upon which to wreak their  
the posts and supporters. Al  
night, and the next day the  
but dark and fearful must that night have been  
to those cabined, cribbed, and confined in a  
slight building, surrounded with a raging waste  
of waters, stunned by the deep-mouthed roar of  
the furious waves, and the shrill piping of the  
northern blast.

At this time Galveston was but a military  
post, of which Col. Turner was the comman  
dant, and he with his wife and family passed

11

buggy-ride all summer; her brother-  
in-law—them's his hosses in the lot  
thar—had been a-promisin' to  
hitch up an' take her and the  
chilern to ride—but peans like  
he haint—never got no time—  
an' them's slow hosses any way—  
jes' an old plowin' team."

The road grows wilder and  
more beautiful; just—a narrow  
~~thread~~<sup>ledge</sup> between bluffs and preci-  
-pieces, all clad in autumn glory;  
hilly and winding beyond im-  
-agining, and curiously aloft  
and remote from farm houses  
and cultivated fields. Stimulated  
by enjoyment the sun-bonnet woman  
waves eloquent, and beguiles the  
way with homely chatter.

"Right thar, by that big but 'n't  
mee is whar ole man Thomas drove  
over the bank—comin' home from  
town—pretty full already, and jes'

It will be understood without difficulty that  
Crébillon had no time to ask his father's con-  
sent again.

It is from the earliest days of his marriage,  
and from this retreat in the Place Maubert, that

\* The demoiselle Jeanne Jolyot, eldest daughter, god-  
mother of the infant, was Crébillon's eldest sister; doubt-  
less she was not in fear of paternal displeasure by coming  
to attend the marriage of her brother.

murmured Charlotte—"do not deceive your-  
self, we are happy here." She took her father-  
in-law's hand and led him into the next room  
to a cradle shaded by white curtains. "Look!"  
she exclaimed, drawing aside the curtain with  
the solicitude of a mother.

The old Burgundian was still more softened  
by the sight of his grandson, the same who  
twenty years after wrote the *Sofa*. "Are we

not happy?" said she. "Well, more; we live on little; when my father provides for us." Then she went to the other room. "What wine is it?" she asked. "What wine? The old Burgundian, uncorking the bottle to moisten the very frugal soul of my son descended to this! He has always drunk good wine."

At this moment the whole population set to yelping and barking. Crébillion was coming up stairs, escorted by two dogs who led him from the theatre. "Two dogs, father, in truth it is too much for my son, I have come to beg of you desiring too much to show me; I have forgotten that my first duty is to you." Crébillion threw his arms round his father's arms. "But, Corble, cannot forgive you for having done this. You are right, but what would you have me do? It is not good to the Scriptures. No longer being with my equals I have surrounded myself with dogs. The dog is the solitary friend. But I imagine you are not the father, looking at Charlotte pointing with his finger to the infant. 'Who knows!' said he with a touching and melancholy air, 'he speaks so, perhaps, from a fear I shall not live long. I am a friend upon earth, myself; no more dead.'—'But you shall not die,' said he, 'can I live without you—Fat right in my folly?' He embraced and recited these beautiful verses of Agamemnon:—

"Faithful as the dog, the pride of the  
Tender as the infant who returns his  
Fair as the bright morn which follows  
Blessing, as doth the clear brook  
meeteth, unhop'd for."

Madame Crébillion was not devoid of presentiments. The poet, who, at a patriarchal age, lived in his most profound solitude for

Crébillion and his wife accorde greffier from Paris to Dijon, where he had his son to the inhabitants to prize as M. Jolyot de Crébillion, son of M. Corneille and honors of the theatre. Crébillion's trouble in the world to restrain his enthusiasm—but he succeeded in his remonstrances, but by his in drawing upon his father's purse for three months in Dijon, Crébillion to Paris. It was time to do so and the father would have taken and made another will to disinclinate his child, but the prodigal, in truth, never could keep from assembling all beings who toss a mountain of gold.

Scarcely had he reached Paris forced to return to Dijon. He had died suddenly. The inheritance was difficult to settle. "I have," Crébillion wrote to the eldest son, "to accumulate law-suits, in which by little and little the bequest of Melchior Jolyot became the property of the lawyers. 'I was a great simpleton,' said Crébillion afterwards; 'I recited the finest passages of my tragedies to these men of law, who exhausted themselves in admiration. I did not see that these cunning foxes were eating up my estate,—the poets will always be like La Fontaine's crows.'"

12.  
foolish like thought he'd turn round and go back to town, and get another drink, just tried to turn his two horses and his big wagon round on that narrow place, and the hull on fire went over the bank. Killed one horse, and crippled the other, broke the wagon into kindling, and never hurt the old man a scratch. He weighed right on to 250 pounds, and they had a fearful time getting him up on to the road again, and getting him home. Nabons all says it was a pity the old man wasn't tore up a little, just to teach him a little something, I have the old man hisself, taken up, stumps over you on the hill.

Sure enough, lay prone on the hillside, robed in buff and colored trousers and livery shirt, was another old man Thomas, directing a force of men in the extraction of tree stumps. By dint of some assistance and much grunting he arose to a perpendicular, so-called by courtesy—as we drew near on the road below, and

wit, said that this play of *Rhadamiste* would have been plain enough had it not been for the exposition.

It was the third triumph Crébillion had gained. "Like the gods of Homer," he said, "I took three steps and I reached the goal." The poet was not long, however, in exhausting all his resources. He borrowed three thousand crowns from Baron Hoguer, who

the excise duties on paper, which are especially severe on low-priced books. During the five years ending Dec., 1848, they state that they have paid £63,425, of which £14,335 were exacted as excise duties. They abandoned the publication of a work circulating 80,000 copies weekly, because of its being unprofitable. Books are printed in the Isle of Man on paper free of duty, and are thus sold cheaper in England than English books can be.—*Courier*.

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hoisted himself along a few paces, as if in pride at his mountainous proportions. He was a right awfully - was ole man Thomas, and his deathless tumble over the cliff will long be an un-  
-passing memory.

Farther along the road - the wild, wild road - high above farm-houses and fields, winding like a tan-colored thread along dizzy edges - we sight a wagon coming towards us, loaded with cut wood and surmounted by two men. They curiously hang over the edge of the cliff, while we fearfully hug the rocky wall of the road. The sun-bonnet woman bristles visibly, and straightens her kerchief and apron, as she communicates in a stealthy, excited whisper; - "Shar' comes my preacher!" The preacher is in his working clothes - slouch hat, shirt-sleeves and callanless, with his trousers tucked in rough boots, but the deferential greeting bestowed upon him by the sun-bonnet sister shows that in her eyes

and of our world as a ruined old sown with tares, which are left in their destruction the could be rooted up, - as a place marred by the waters of an age, and which has yet to number logical epochs a universal cleans-

ur philosophic religionists succing this perfect harmony between present science, nothing is really way of disarming the scientific abating his opposition. He is change his ground. After every taken to accommodate the in- of the Scriptures to his ever- zical hypotheses; after the most ccess has attended every conflict that ground, or the most liberal ave been made to conciliate his nage of Christianity, he has still in reserve. When the battle ht in respect to the six days of is still the Origin of Human ty of the Race; and on these he will ever seek those posi- instinctively feels to be most at eachings of the Christian Scrip-

ccess in these attempted harmo- e and revelation, as they are e teachings of God's great de- atural and moral world, may be to the theological and philoso- ut it must be ever accompanied l venture. From so dizzy a hor runs a double risk of falling. ence may turn out to be false. sidings and upheavals of theories ature or morality, some new dis- oil all his fine illustrations, and ctures, and claims to profound e Divine purposes, and the na- al developments through which brought out. Or, secondly - his y of interpretation may be found e of being sustained, and then been praising, with exclamatory the grand wisdom and mighty may turn out to be only the folly of an ordinary man.

of our author does this deference that calls itself science appear than in his interpretation of the uage respecting the creation. term for earth, he says, is some- ed for a particular land or country. oubtedly true; but it is equally biblical scholar finds no difficulty g, from the context, when such n is correct. Mr. Harris makes philological discovery to solve l difficulty respecting the crea- pposes the account in the first nesis to have reference only to alestine, or the immediate neigh- needs, however, but the simplest of the matter in its true connex- the fallacy of his argument. It y be admitted that this word in e, as used in direct parallelism as, must be taken in its largest sense. How absurd, then, the sudden transi- tion that must be supposed in the second, if one would carry out this theory of Mr. Harris and Pye Smith? In the beginning God created the Heavens and the earth: And the land (of Palestine) was without form and void; and darkness was upon the waters (of the land of Palestine), &c. And God said - Let there be light on the land of Palestine, &c.

day. In this, too, the writer seems to make little or no difference in respect to natural or moral truth. He not only makes unwarranted concessions to the arrogant claims of geology, and nebular astronomy, and physiological psychology (with its pretended modifications of the most important religious doctrines), and the modern bubble about the perfectibility and progression of the race, but also goes more than

a regular ascending series, in which even the fall is to be regarded mythically as an upward transition. It addresses him, on the contrary, as a lost and ruined being, out of series, out of development, and out of harmony with the universal government of God. It speaks of him as an organic growth, which, instead of now following (of itself) an upward law of perfection, has been touched and blighted by a

sense. How absurd, then, the sudden transi- tion that must be supposed in the second, if one would carry out this theory of Mr. Harris and Pye Smith? In the beginning God created the Heavens and the earth: And the land (of Palestine) was without form and void; and darkness was upon the waters (of the land of Palestine), &c. And God said - Let there be light on the land of Palestine, &c.

Now aside from this mode of interpretation, that there is no collision has not yet evitable collision. There may be taken the scriptural account as far as the present is concerned, this and yet that according to the whole is, in the first place first and second millions of ages, as geologist can demand theorizing. Again instead of natural accommodation; sceptical geologist shape his ever-shifting to every explanation. This has, too, the excess entirely in deference to science shown that such as eternities, or days of warrant on the ver also maintained by Fathers, and by before geology was too, to the effects geologists are so in the minimum amount the degree of violence to have attended the Scriptural explanation the great deep, or it furnishes warrant Plutonic or Volcanic and subsiding arrangement, which reduce our earth to comparative chaos. strength of the globe from the perfectly the laws and prot animal, and vegetation same rate of movement this utterly unprovenic changes in the present world, in movement perfect changes of the humenly greater due its existence than in.

All that the Bible that at a certain years ago, the earth condition that might the Hebrew term chaotic (according to the word), or as Luther has it, which it might years (if any the original Creator of supernatural power which he removed everywhere rested tempest-darkened and its condition with new forms of vegetation, filled it with new species of animal life, and finally crowned the work by an event more astoundingly supernatural than any material creation, in the origination of that new spiritual and rational existence which the naturalist would style the genus homo.

But whatever force there may be in all or any of these modes of explanation, there is no

lowly labor doth not <sup>lessen</sup> the dignity of the <sup>work</sup> ~~work~~ <sup>unaccompanied</sup>, In the distance is pointed out by the brown hand of the countryman the site for the new church, and a fervent description is given of the "meeting" now held from house to house by the preacher. The preacher in the country is indeed "The Preacher"; his <sup>flock</sup> ~~sheep~~ know his voice and <sup>they</sup> do follow him.

Beautiful as is the Budd Road, it has its drawbacks; it leads inward through enchanting autumnal vistas, but affords no wide spots whereon to turn, unless, indeed, we follow the lead of old man Thomas and turn in space. The consolation is professed by our rural companion that "there used to be a place down here some time, when folks kind turn"; so we drove on in hopeful expectancy, and at last when apprehension has almost become vexation, a wide, grass carpeted spot is reached, and the desired revolution carefully performed.

slightest personal acquaintance with Mr. Kennard, we have been so much interested in the account of his patient endurance of the most intense sufferings, that we wish to place before our readers a brief sketch of his life and labors.

The incidents in Mr. Kennard's life were few, but mostly of a sad and painful nature; and are chiefly noticeable as exhibiting the

enjoying his cheerful conversation. In Mr. Peabody's own touching words:—"Never did the spirit achieve a more entire conquest over the body,—never can the independence of the soul on the mortal frame have been more fully manifested,—never can more of heaven have been witnessed on earth." Certainly such a spectacle must have been a most instructive lesson to those who thus daily witnessed the

and religious is always tale of a which an esents, and, nfluence, of look with reer of Sir ember his his coarse nd reme- e personal nnumerable ly resist the rel between of Wales, ther minis- e for Chat- en he went annels, and he had been ase. They when they hesitating ill as a de- s of inces- cases; but kingly indi- ches to Mr. tion which ho, in public ers from the young man, or obstacles. It is the ent degrees or less num- e it is the nd renown; of personal

the twen- g Kennard his native mercantile his fifteenth more than a lameness in o-relinuish "From this r, "his life, one of pro- to him sick- nment, were they are too suffering he invigorated, le character of the truth urks uttered onds which and Sher- is, if any- e's country, inates every ard's suffer- ds gathered share with nistering to many were ssed around g for him, or

15-

The sun is declining threateningly as  
 "beyond the utmost-purple rim" of the  
 billowy hills, as we whirl rapidly back  
 over the curving road, to deposit  
 the pleased and  
 a grateful country woman at her  
 cabin door, and hasten onward  
 to homes and fire sides.

Later on, it is revealed that  
 Youngest has been sitting for several  
 hours with her triskay heels planted  
 in our collection of persimmons,  
 Not a word of reproach is visited  
 upon her, for in golden red, bitter  
 -sweet and purple aster <sup>note: fitly</sup> is written  
<sup>true and</sup> the abiding record of this <sup>autumnal</sup> holiday  
 down the ~~Road to Round~~ Road.

ves us from a spot  
 and woe as earth!  
 custom this,  
 Christians should be wened;  
 ashers us to this  
 painted as a fiend."

looked forward to Death as the  
 he had too confiding a trust in  
 ness and mercy to complain  
 riness of the flesh. Only the  
 n death he said:—"Although  
 of death, nor doubt of future  
 would willingly recover and  
 my life has been so happy."  
 tial faith in the great truths of  
 d to this we may trace that  
 was so gently diffused over  
 d which enabled him to sup-  
 t trials with a patient, hopeful  
 e took a deep interest in all  
 ellectual, moral, and religious  
 his native town; and many of  
 re originated by him and dis-  
 his bed-side. Besides this, he  
 nd constant contributor to the  
 rnal, the Knickerbocker Maga-  
 r periodicals. Such were the  
 and sufferings of James Ken-  
 or those who will rightly read  
 ich they teach they are full of

ary merits of Mr. Kennard's  
 ed say but little. The painful  
 ng to his life must, of course,  
 actitious importance; but many  
 s sufficient merit in themselves  
 e independently of any adventi-  
 tances. Most of them have  
 ed in print; and we remember  
 rticularly struck with several  
 time of their publication, and  
 knew anything of their author.  
 of lectures, essays, and prose  
 numerous pieces in verse. As  
 Mr. Kennard displayed a mind  
 profitable reading, and exhibit-  
 the Yankee shrewdness. His  
 n and forcible, and marked by a  
 vit and humor hardly to be ex-  
 subject to so many depressing in-  
 a poet, he possessed great facility  
 n; and some of his humorous  
 d us of Tom Hood. But he did  
 e higher qualities of fancy and  
 n any great degree. It should  
 thoughts took a metrical form,  
 s easy and pleasant for him to  
 way. Upon a somewhat careful  
 ose of his writings which are  
 the present volume, and with  
 ve are acquainted, we are disposed  
 ably of his literary abilities, and  
 better opportunities should have  
 for their exercise. But the great  
 life is to be found in the fact, that  
 ick, and a constant sufferer as he  
 still always actively employed.  
 as never idle. He preferred to  
 ther than to rust out; and cer-  
 se wisely. Above all, there was  
 ng, childlike gentleness about his  
 which took off the edge of suffer-  
 m always cheerful, and rendered  
 his sick room a pleasant resort for others.

dependent on the kindness of his numerous  
 friends, who were both willing and glad to act  
 as his amanuenses. He could only be moved  
 with great difficulty and caution; and was  
 forced to remain in a darkened room. Yet he  
 never despaired for a moment; and dictated his  
 letters and other writings with as cheerful a  
 tone as if he had been in the enjoyment of  
 perfect health. To one of his cousins he

Dezember und ohne, nehmend er wird  
 From his deliverer, with affright.

"And not until his prison-wall  
 Is left, although unwillingly,—  
 Not till his galling fetters fall.  
 And leave the long-bound prisoner free,—  
 And not until his quailing eye  
 Is strengthened,—can his gaze embrace  
 The look of calm benignity  
 That beams from his deliverer's face.

"And this is Death! O, paint him not  
 As yonder canvas shows him forth,

Revolutionary Incidents of Suffolk and Kings  
 Counties; with an Account of the Battle of  
 Long Island, and the British Prisons and  
 Prison Ships at New York. By Henry  
 Onderdonk, Jr. New York: Leavitt & Co.

This volume is a selection from contemporary  
 records, correspondence, Revolutionary Bio-

ALL AGREEMENTS MADE SUBJECT TO STRIKES, FIRES AND OTHER CAUSES OF DELAY BEYOND OUR CONTROL

*Dean. Brothers*  
*Steam. Pump Works.*  
*Indianapolis. Ind..*

*Jet and Surface Condensers.*  
*Vertical Economic Vacuum Pumps.*  
*Steam, Power and Electric Pumps.*

July 15, 1903.

Dear Miss Nunemacher,

New Albany, Ind.

I congratulate you on having rediscovered a comet. No doubt by this time you have seen the dispatch sent out from Lick Observatory regarding this comet. It was discovered by Borelli at Maracalla three weeks ago. It is moving westward about 3 degrees a day and is increasing in brightness. It is about 20,000,000 miles from the earth. It will be visible during July and the first half of August. Its course will be toward the southwestern horizon.

I shall be glad to give you any further information that I possess on things astronomical.

Yours truly,

*John Medran*

gotten."—*Holt's N. Y. Journal.*

The expression, "the Personage represented by those letters," is remarkably cool.

The only instance of shirking the work of Revolution we have found, is the following:

"Flatbush, Ap. 15, '75. At a meeting of the committee chosen by the several towns of Kings County, at the County Hall: present from Flatbush, David Clarkson, Adrian Voorhies, &c., it was resolved, that — be appointed Deputies to the Convention for choosing Delegates to the Continental Congress. Justice Cowenhoven appeared and said, that Flatlands would not put a negative on the proceedings, but chose to remain neutral."

A slight change in the name of this important village, which kindly forbore to "put a negative on the proceedings," to "the Land of Flats," would have been advisable.

Our concluding extract gives a pleasant account of some of the incidents of a Presidential excursion of Washington's on Long Island. With the exception of the kissing prerogative, which we were not before aware had such grave and good sanction, it is in marked con-

tacted passages may reconcile us to the absence of wit or of well-discriminated character, but in a prose comedy we have none of these reliefs. Another severe test is given to a play by printing, much less translating it for perusal. Deprived of all the adjuncts of acting, it must depend entirely upon its literary merits for success. Brilliancy of dialogue can alone save it, for our interest in the plot of a comedy can never be very great. Try Sheridan in this way, and see how well he bears the test; and to make it more severe, let us pass by his two immortal comedies, where the interest of the reader is excited by the broad contrast of character between every member of the dramatic personæ, from Sir Anthony Absolute to Mr. Fag's fag, or Sir Peter Teazle to Moses, to a scene in which all the interlocutors are of about the same age, of similar condition in life, and consequently without the marked contrasts and broad humorous shadows we have mentioned. We refer to the First Act of the Critic, in which, without the aids we have referred to, or without any interest of plot, the reader's attention is steadily maintained by the ceaseless brilliancy of the language through

text with stage directions.

Dorval, aged forty-five, has been persuaded by Geronte to sue for the hand of his ward Angelica, aged sixteen, who of course is already provided with a lover of less mature years. He has just made his proposals:—

"ANG. Mean—without the consent of my heart. My uncle is so good. But who could have advised him—who could have proposed this match? (*With temper.*)

"DOR. But this match—Mademoiselle—suppose it were I? (*A little hurt.*)

"ANG. You, Sir? Heaven grant it. (*With joy.*)

"DOR. Heaven grant it! (*Pleased.*)"

The author should trust his language and his auditor or reader more.

We are far, in denying the highest rank to these Italian Comedies, from wishing to detract from the great merits which they possess. The plots are ingenious and well managed, and the language flowing and natural. They will be found easy, pleasant reading for summer days. The translation is well executed, and an agreeable, well-written essay on Italian Comedy is prefixed.

20.

LETTER FROM

GENT:—Of your criticism of my book I have no protest against the motive. The publisher put me out in the assertion, "manufacturing as big as the expedition in Syria, camp upon the Dead Sea have comprised about 2000 men, which was anything but anxious that it should be as cheap as possible. Difficult however, I deferred to the opinion of those who thought that the matter should terminate where it does."

Your supposition that I had not such own reference, if not prior to the first part was sent to the reader, if it were, I gather from the information I could get in our route. Although the first part was sent to the reader, it was fair game, for it was criticism would take into preparation consequently been made to forestall the criticism.

With a full conviction of impartiality, I beg leave to leave instances where you have been in the wrong.

My remark upon the sex in Turkey, was not intended as a reflection upon the handling refreshments to the sex.

As to the custom of entering a room, I had no assertion that it was a custom.

I was very careful in my description of persons and places, and Rev. Eli Smith, at Beirut, in giving the correction. This gentleman Robinson in his eastern tour is, I believe, a scholar which this country.

I have not pretended to shall deem myself fortunate in more than those you have.

As for the descriptive part, it must take its course, however, to what most extensively copied.

About the village of Mejamiâh, I made no questions elicited by similar notions of names.

I did not coincide with the opinion of Capernaum, and in besides many other words and travelling companions.

The name Jezrael instead of Esdraelon, but as soon as the work was reprinted sent to the printer.

In speaking of the spirit that I can be just superstitious or over exacting to define exact the spirit that in a question. In my remarks I particularly honestly doubted, and only of those who were of intellect.

I do not say that the ledge is the measure of "too often" so. Vol. others, might be cited as evidence.

I objected to the use of tape line and rule of the redemption, which carried a measuring instrument.

## Memories of Quida. -

By Baroness Van Roque.

Barthle says that "each man carries under his hat a private theatre wherein a greater drama, than is ever performed on the mimic stage is acted, beginning and ending in eternity." If that can be said of any man, of most men, may we not ask what kind of a <sup>play</sup> stage or a plot is there enacted under that Scotch Glen gary cap - Quida's favorite "head-piece".

We have had revealed to us in some half-dozen three volume novels the kind of men and women who people her mind - we have read with thrills of intense and responsive emotion "the thoughts that breathe and words that burn" coming to us from the depths of

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their being those  
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on the Holy Land  
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Sermons. By th  
LL.D. Illustrative  
try, 1798-1847. P

The sixth volum  
Works. The perio  
the half century of  
Chalmers's minister  
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from the last. Th  
righteous" in the fi  
ten when the auth  
eighteen, would ha  
vective of Burns.  
Chalmers, who liv  
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thought in sincere si  
manliness and hatre  
sion of his views h  
never sank the man  
carry with them a  
which only an unf  
reader can reject.

The Domestic P  
fifteen engraved ill  
jects, from Drawing  
By Edward Johnson

The Hydropathic  
much to the diffusio  
ject of health, part  
the care of the skin  
temperance regimen  
and exercise. The  
institutions has no  
cases for cure, part  
of habits on the s  
been necessary, from  
is much danger in  
physician in all cas  
seems invited by the  
lications. Hydropa  
removed from its fir  
to have settled down  
subordinate position  
call attention to old  
ments to medicine, t  
ancient pharmacopa  
thou wastest thyself  
nine and mercury—  
in the mouth!" D  
book entitled "Life  
dates the preface to  
lade Hall, a hydro  
wickshire.

Voices of Nature  
By Sidney Dyer. L

The preface to the

her but little known <sup>2</sup>personality. — as the  
Saturday Review has it — "The lady  
who shrouds herself under the myster  
-ious title of Quida — and whose books  
are a compound of audacious extra  
-vagance — whose characters are masses  
of virtues and vices heaped together  
regardless of expense — whose plots  
are frank in their <sup>early</sup> leave-taking of  
all possibilities — in whom, in spite  
of the glaring absurdities of her style  
there is evidence of talent which  
could attain great things if well  
directed." \* Spiteful Saturday Re  
-view that cuts her up thankless  
-ly while it acknowledges it likes  
the reading of her books.  
But then the Review is privileged  
to run a tilt against women —  
their ways and their works — none  
of the fair and frail seem to mind  
it much — not more than the wind  
-mills did don Quixote — only a  
harmless amusement resulting

No food nor rest had I  
And now the Evening  
With joyful heart he sa  
Beneath the shadow  
Telling his beads, and  
The Hermit rose to  
You seem o'erspent  
must be.

"Except my cell, there  
But you are welcome  
And you can share with  
To which your appetite  
I will arise, and lead  
You then can say  
In these secluded wild  
He sought all power  
And prayed the Hermit  
bring.

The Hermit said:—  
Where you will find  
A few miles yonder is  
Which you must find  
day,  
From golden morning  
But I will tell you,  
So follow me, my son  
Until they reached  
The Hermit stopping  
dwell!"

At morning's break the  
His steps as he was  
Upon the foaming str  
A roaring from its  
Of ceaseless thunder—  
The drowning wret  
Their dying shrieks n  
So scorning self the  
And plunging to their  
graves.

A weary time he wait  
Helping the weary  
From day's first birth  
One night between  
He thought he had  
implore  
Assistance 'mid the v  
From his rude cou  
o'er  
With verdant boughs  
The Giant nothing  
flows!

Returning to his rest  
A child's low voice  
And moaning loud a  
Again he went—bu  
To sleep once mo  
Still in his ears the n  
For the third time  
But seeing naught—  
His cloak upon the  
sprung.

And when he reached  
There sat upon the  
Half dead and shiver  
When Jerome rea  
And begged for sh  
"O take me to your  
Said the poor Orp  
The Giant placed hi  
Then leapt into the  
tuously!

Higher and higher r  
Fierce on his face  
And drops of anguish  
While the child's  
That he could s  
The whelming wave  
And now his sinking

from a ludicrous<sup>3</sup> mistake—that  
is all.

We—all of us—of the novel-reading  
world—know what Quida can  
think, and say, in her books:  
but few of us know what she  
is like—what she can say—  
in real life. Independence—  
the reward of the working mind—  
the thinking brain—the earnest  
heart—is hers.

I had seen her photograph long  
since—there are some persons  
whose appearance interests me  
so much that I would climb  
mountains and ascend the  
highest towers to gaze upon their  
faces without interruption—and  
having done so, I should never  
forget it. To see Quida—face to  
face—I had the strongest desire—  
some time before I had given me

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a line of introduction to her from one who stood high in her friend-ship and esteem - but the opportunity to present myself had come to me late.

One bright October morning, I hurried through the briskly crowded London streets, and soon was at the door of her hotel, waiting her pleasure, with my mind full of expectancy and vague unrest. I always approach the great intellects of the earth with a mental salarant, and much wonder how they can be what they seem. I waited - not long - and was ushered into a low, long room, bright and sunny - yet having shadows - as it were, of thoughts - crimson curtains mellowed the light - quaint furnishing recalled the past. In the centre a table heavy with books - among them gleaming the green and gold livery of

rowth of pri-  
these desi-

ont.

STATES.

God has mani-  
estellence, which  
land, it is fitting  
en on His Pro-  
re His Throne;  
sions, ask a con-

d that the first  
out the United  
n, and Prayer.  
ious branches of  
recommended to  
abstain, as far as  
1 to assemble in  
to acknowledge  
hed over our ex-  
as with manifold  
in His own good  
is now lifted up

Z. TAYLOR.

ourth of July  
musical per-  
guns, pistols,  
igony, closing  
s magnificent  
st week, had  
n, it was well  
imboats, and  
as population  
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s a day better  
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iren under the  
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and scenery.  
ot few, though  
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have been so  
e thing goes off  
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out for a page  
r Council: Im-  
or the Narrows,  
ampagne in the  
e reception of  
a stock speech  
uman beings on

the housetops through Broadway, and a final bringing up, for free quarters at the expense of tax payers, at the Irving or the Astor. Five hundred Americans are celebrated and feasted with one stranger. The benefit is obvious, and the execution of course commensurate. In addition to the ordinary routine Father Mathew was seated on the evening of the Fourth, in the Park, before an immense firework, which burnt green fire in honor of the Emerald Isle. He has since visited the "Institutions," and received a letter from his repealing countrymen in reference to his pension from the English Government, which he repudiates on his own account, but honorably assigns to his creditors.

—Something has been said in the newspapers on the comparative advantages of the study of the ancient and modern languages in the Free Academy, growing out of the fact of the Classical Professor receiving fifteen hundred dollars *per annum*, and the Professor of French but five hundred. This, however, is to be accounted for, as in our other colleges, by the disproportionate duties of the two. The students have a choice in studying the languages. Out of one hundred and fifty, more than two-thirds, as we learn from the *Courier*, preferred the ancient literature. There can be no question, however, of the necessity of a knowledge of the French language at the present day, and it should be especially looked after in the Free College of a great commercial city. We are glad to see, at this early period of the history of the Academy, the advantages of a classic education so fully recognised. On the general question, thus incidentally raised, the *Courier* vindicates the deeply-rooted hold of the ancients: "It would not be at all fair to exclude the study of Latin and Greek from the Free Academy. One of the strongest arguments used to induce electors to vote for the establishment of this Institution was, that it should give a complete education, and we are thankful that the day has not yet come when any education will be considered complete without the knowledge of the Ancient Classics."

"Ages of experience have proved that the study of these is the best means of disciplining the mind, best fits it for the study of other things—and admirably fits a man for general business. We dare not say that it is the best means of learning English and other modern languages, but we ourselves have seldom met a man who thoroughly understood any language who had not studied Latin and Greek."

"The secret is, that he who studies these languages successfully, must learn to think, must weigh evidence, and balance arguments much more carefully than he who learns only mathematics or any of the exact sciences. And further, what is of the utmost consequence in this country, he learns to express his thoughts; if he be not a speaker he can put his thoughts intelligibly on paper; this is surely one end of a good education. Greek and Latin are said to savor of the cloister, but let it be asked at West Point what course best prepares a pupil for that Academy? He will be told Classics. Let it be inquired at the Free Academy what lads excel in all their studies, Mathematics, the purely practical, &c., and it will be found to be the classical students. With these facts staring us in the face, we do not believe the mode of teaching Mathematics to be so vastly superior to the method of teaching the ancient languages. It will be found on a fair examination that those who teach Latin and Greek know as well how to expand the mind, to draw out and strengthen

its powers, and do as much for these great objects as those who instruct in the exact sciences."

—A correspondent of the *Evening Post*, in whom we recognise an old friend and valued contributor to the *Literary World*, writing from the steamer Panama on her voyage round the Cape to St. Francisco, catches a glimpse of "Typee" in an island which we fear will not very long retain its virgin beauties. A coal yard in an orangery—it is a type of the coming desolation:—"The Panama was at anchor for three or four days off the island of Taboga, to take in water and coal. This island is about nine miles from Panama, and will probably be the depot for the steamers, presenting as it does every advantage for that purpose—a well protected harbor, an abundant supply of excellent water, and provisions and fruits in sufficient quantity. Taboga reminds me of the descriptions I have read of the South Sea islands. The people are quite primitive in their manner of life; they live in bamboo huts, under the shade of the orange and cocoanut: the men fish from their Indian canoes, and the women pound the maize; and the fish and the maize made into a cake, with the various fruits which grow upon the island—the cocoanut, the plantain, the pineapple, the orange, and the other varieties of tropical fruit—are their chief means of subsistence. The natives are gentle and kindly—the women handsome and gracious, and they go about in the most natural, half-clothed manner possible, while the children run and gambol about perfectly naked. Every bamboo hut is kept as open-house, and the stranger is made welcome to its hospitalities, whether it be in the shape of a swing in the cool grass hammock, or of a well-filled calabash of cocoanut-milk, or of an overflowing bumper of chieha (a fermented liquor made from the pine-apple). This race is like that of all the South American continent—a mixture of the Spaniard, Indian, and Negro—but they seem to have lapsed into the primitive habits of the native Indian! There is just enough civilization left among them to contrast picturesquely with the inartificial life of Nature. The speculators have already their eyes on the beautiful island of Taboga, and talk of clearing away those groves of cocoanut trees, erecting an Astor-house where those bamboo huts have such a tranquil picturesque air, at the base of the hill, and would no doubt convert those hospitable bronze lords of the isle into hotel waiters, and their handsome, gracious dames into washerwomen. There can be seen already from the bay, an enormous dark heap of smutty coals, stored up between the shade of a grove of cocoanut and orange trees, in a charming valley, down which trickles a stream of fresh water into the sea. A spot fit for Arcadian felicity is turned into a coal yard."

—MR. KENDALL, in the Parisian correspondence of the *Picayune*, celebrates the latest brood of Journalism of the unmodelled Republic.—"Those persons who in our country complain of the noise made by newsboys while selling their papers, should have been here in Paris last week, or rather the week before. Along the Boulevards in front of the different passages, and facing the more frequented restaurants, the cries of those who were hawking election journals were stunning—absolutely deafening—and one was fairly obliged to run to get clear of the terrible din. Even the clatter of the huge omnibuses, and the thousands and thousands of other vehicles, was drowned by the loud

shouts of the itinerant venders of electioneering literature, each man, woman, and child, straining their throat and lungs to out-shout their neighbors. And then the names of the catch-penny journals they were vociferating were frightful. 'Look here! here's the "Hell of the Aristocrats!"' some gamin would din in your ear on one side, while some other would croak in the opposite ear that he had 'The Rose-Pot of Socialism!' for sale. 'The Cossack in Paris!' is the name of another electioneering paper; 'The Social Troubadour!' is another. And then a pamphlet entitled, 'The Treasons of Ledru Rollin!' finds lusty cries, or did find until the Prefect of Police put a stop to it, while 'The Porridge-Pot of Lucifer!' 'The Electoral Screw-Driver!' and the 'Flaming Shoe!' are other names which resounded on the air a few days since. But perhaps the most terrific thing of all was a paper called 'The Guillotine!' printed in blood-red ink, and which the fellows who hawked it about held up so high that everybody could see it. It was not enough to screech it in the ears of the passers, this paper called 'The Guillotine!' but it must be exposed to the gaze in all its sanguinary enormity. I have given the names of but a moiety of the new journals started within the fortnight preceding the election—the titles of some of them were even more terrifying than those I have presented. To such a pitch were things finally carried, in the way of crying these papers, that, as I have already intimated, the Prefect of Police was finally compelled to put a stop to the annoyance by ordering that every seller should carry a tricolor lantern, having on it the name and price of the publication he had to dispose of. The next night, as any one passed up the Boulevard Montmartre, he would have thought he was falling upon a Chinese procession celebrating the Feast of Lanterns. Especially in front of the Passage des Panoramas and the Passage Jouffroy did these illuminated advertisements shine forth, well nigh wearying the eye as much by their brilliancy as did the ear previously suffer from the din of the brawlers while crying aloud their calling. But since the election is over, we hear no more cries, and in comparison see no more lanterns, although the venders of the *Moniteur* and the *Patrie*, the two principal evening papers, some of them stick to the flaming advertisements to save the wear and tear of lungs."

—Lady Blessington had scarcely gone to her grave in the midst of the warmest sympathies of her friends, who knew her only by her kindness and many virtues, than a London authority, as if to revive the recollection of a scene in Hogarth, sets the physicians at loggerheads over her remains.

Touching the nature of her death, says the London Correspondent of the *Liverpool Albion*, we find the following in to-day's *Lancet* :—

"The Countess of Blessington, whose misfortunes had driven her from this country died a few days ago, in Paris, of apoplexy. The unfortunate lady was chiefly under the guidance of the homœopathic quacks when living at Gore House, and Mr. Simon, a homœopathic doctor, was summoned to her assistance (?) in her fatal illness. The quack stood by her bedside, and pronounced her disease to be apoplexy! For this malady, of course, homœopathy had no remedy, no treatment. Such events bring this absurd form of quackery to the true and severe test. All must see the perfect impotency of an infinitesimal dose against a ruptured blood-vessel within the cerebrum! What can a globule do with a

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"Granville Le Vigne" - "Chandoo" -  
"Idalia" etc. - Flowers were grouped  
on mossy stands, and by the window  
stood a small inland writing-  
table and high reading-desk-  
over which bloomed a large bush  
of heather. Near by ~~was~~ an easel, on  
which rested a half-designed-  
half-finished oil-painting - with  
palette and brushes wet with fresh  
paint - flung carelessly, as if but  
the moment before, upon a low  
stool before the picture - which  
somehow fascinated my gaze  
and caused me to turn again  
and look - it was half-sketches  
dark ruin - lying in deep shadow  
and weird outline - at its foot-  
crept pale, strange weeds from out  
dark yet clear waters - a heavy  
mist seemed falling on all, while  
from some where fell a ray of  
light - down through the mist -

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—*So. Literary C*

upon the weeds - into the water - upon  
a face - an outlined face - that was  
all - a wild, weird picture - that - prompt-  
ed me to look behind it - feeling  
that its story was but half told.  
I turned, and stood before "Quida";  
With the easy indifference of a  
"femme du monde" I was received -  
as a stranger, with courtesy - yet -  
as a stranger - of no possible in-  
terest to her - nothing in her man-  
ner that asked for liking - much  
that demanded homage - English  
in every line and angle - in  
every movement and glance the  
"gifted authoress" rose to meet me,  
and putting forth a limp hand,  
after the conventional English  
manner, allowed the society pres-  
sure - and then she sank down  
into her arm-chair, as if every  
spring in her body had sudden-  
ly given way - resulting in entire  
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face - with the clearest eyes imaginable - not beautiful - nor soft - nor winning - but hard as widow-bright and piercing as truth - eyes that could look through and beyond and never tire - that could gaze on ruin and wreck - sorrow and pain - and never flinch - eyes that could approve - never worship - hair of a dark, lustreless brown - as if the gold light had been burnt out by life - a tint pale and wan - features strong and prominent - yet not unfeminine - on the lips firmness - and a look as if passion might curl them - a figure straight and shapely - a hand and foot - whose proportions, as said - photographic art - has embalmed - a voice clear and cold, with a ring of steel in it - tones that could cut - seldom deal - if I mistake not.

We talked of many things - I chiefly

MAGIC.

on for members - wife had fore- e succeeded in who the glorious wo writers ad- the author of door? Danchet, raguier, Bosvin, ortail, Languet, livet, Fleurian, een that small sted in France, reat number of en the door is is.

bels and satire one day when off, in marotic its application and Fontenelle. r the name of a blind. Danchet, re, was painted allusion to his ne satire ran all ades no longer z the avenues of t sought to ruin ay had no trouble this odious de- these lines in t use to remark, on in the history ies of Crébillon, y charge against ind in his plays his character. an, according to e he did."

d up abandoned tattered cloak, the prefaces of ged with all the d I am still re- man who is not be believed that nd Fontenelle, I ld have persisted nan, artless and l only the tyrants the royal censor, e to grant his ap- st, the few pro- presented to the somewhat more ary manners, La matur: "I have - the Chancellor, le Crébillon, and ramis, in default tolerate the pub- What could be as and the style ?

only gave the ome, but we are e of his life.\* .fter a discussion e Café Procope, much agitated, leeping infant- ned?" "I am g and looking y, you are afraid es, I am afraid of

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If the interest felt in America in all her works - and we laughed over the many "ou dit" that - like a large flock of "Canards," were flying round her life, her work, her genius; and I must acknowledge, I did not discover the truth of the story of the friend who crossed the Atlantic to dine with her, and after passing twelve hours in England, was within three weeks back again in his American home.

Of Quindao's family and origin, little if anything is known - "They say" she and her brother are twin children of an old Norman family - they tell of a youth devoted to this brother, who for years was in delicate health, having been wounded when an officer in the Crimean war. She went out to him in a transport<sup>(2)</sup> - and nursed him until he could be removed to the rear, and then clad as a common soldier remained with the sick and wounded, in general

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hospital until the close of the war. In this way, it is stated, she obtained her intimate knowledge of barrack life and "slang" - learned to smoke - to swear - to game - to walk and to talk like a man, and, perhaps, to feel like one. Subsequently, still clothed in garments which she preferred to her own, she traveled with her brother for his health's sake in Algeria for a year or more - from which excursion she draws her store of Franco-African experiences, so lavishly spread before her readers in several of her stories. Her tales of fast-life at Hambury and other watering-places are ascribed by the same account to the same personal kind of acquaintance with the scenes described.

She writes a large, bold hand, rapidly and clearly - never re-vents or corrects her Ms - writes

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\* Tuck, L  
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only as a pleasure - "when the spirit  
males her - and always regrets when  
her books are finished - looking upon  
them as friends whom she knows  
well enough to miss when absent  
from her brain. Of the many she  
has written her favorite is "Idalia."  
Her conversation is sparkling and  
striking, and she doubtless carries  
into her life many of the "creeds" she  
gives her heroines - fully impressed  
with the rank her intellect gives  
her, she hedges herself about with  
her scathing sarcasms from the  
outer throng of worshippers who  
crowd round the Temple of Literature -  
keenly appreciative of the pecuniary  
value of her work, she enjoys the golden  
sheen her thoughts have so lavishly  
cast over her path.

I was several times received by  
Quida - with always a gracious  
courtesy, and I learned that she  
wrote with as much, if not more  
interest, for her American, as for  
her English public.

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Contarine was a suddenly struck by the opportunity of testifying in sense of that genre. In an instant his number of choice purchased and paid and it was not until he bethought himself of the money borrowed. Too proud, however, and too ashamed to travel on foot, and good luck for the and it is said that of the Continent, one spare shirt, a

"Blessed," say with a good spirit, and with the happy disposition tomorrow, he continued, in spite of his amusing narrative "Philosophic Wakefield," we find he pursued music, with a to what was once means of subsistence harmless peasant such of the French be very merry, for in proportion to approached a peak fall, I played one that procured me assistance for the most own, when persons of a high my performance any return for me.

At Paris he attended the Rouelle, then he witnessed as graced the court theatricals, also, mances of the cell Clairon, with which He seems to have society with the have read the prophetic eye of a the environs of the immense quantities most in a tame and rigid preserve luxury of the privilege the slavery of the predicted was

"When I consider members of which and the president immediate direct privileges and freedom directions from humility; when help fancying the entered that king have but three sively on the throne, aside, and the could be free." Even forecast of the present

During a brief to have gained a to have had the the acquaintance after years, he was companion," says he,

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Those who sit in judgment upon all things written may find but words of eulogium and cold analysis with which to greet her - We, the novel-loving - novel-reading minds - still hope that Quindia will continue to give us her passionate plots - her wild desires and strivings - so above and beyond the possibilities of the "world of every day" - the glimpses into the "vie-intime" of places where our steps may never lead us - the throes of excitement under denunciations which otherwise would never open under our feet - like, amid the gorges and oppressive luxuriance of tropical vegetation, our feet become often tangled in the wilderness of vines and flowers - and the path is as lost to us - and our eyes become dazzled with the masses of color, and prodigal wealth of its fruits - running not where to

## THE SEA

BY SIR

[From his "Second  
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12

bread or where to lunch - we can  
 not sink into a luxurious repose -  
 a voluptuous acceptance of the  
 warmth and color and beauty  
 that surrounds us - unable to  
 explain, we can not enjoy.  
 Real romance is not history - Life  
 as it is lived is more wonderful  
 and touching than life as it is  
 shaped by fancy. History gives  
 us the substance of existence;  
 fiction gives us the shadows.  
 The highest conception of genius  
 is meagre when compared with  
 the drama that humanity is  
 enacting in time and space.  
 Most of us have lived a romance,  
 more beautiful, more pathetic  
 than ever yet has been described  
 by pen - we know when the historian  
 writes fiction instead of truth for  
 within us is the test.  
 Truth to the life we always demand,  
 and yet -  
 "Thought is deeper than all truth,  
 Feeling deeper than all thought."

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13

Soul to soul can never touch,  
 What never to itself was taught;  
 We are spirits clad in veils,  
 Man by man was never seen;  
 All our deep communings fail  
 To remove the shadowy screen.

Written in 1865 - after an  
 interview with Quida which  
 Mrs Chandler - du Barry - Van Ruyne  
 obtained in a letter of introduction

at Nahant, near Boston, when  
 I was swimming very near the  
 shore. They were all convinced that it was  
 one animal, and they saw it raise its head out  
 of the water. He added that there were at that  
 time two sea serpents fishing in the Bay at  
 once.

Among many American narratives of this  
 phenomenon which have been communicated to  
 me, I shall select one given me by my friend  
 Mr. William M'Ilvaine of Philadelphia, be-  
 cause it seems to attest the fact of the creature  
 having wandered as far south as Cape Hat-  
 ters, in North Carolina, lat. 35°. "Captain  
 Johnson, of New Jersey, was sailing, in the  
 year 1806, from the West Indies, on the inner  
 edge of the Gulf stream, in a deeply laden  
 brig, when they were becalmed, and the crew  
 and passengers were-struck by the sudden ap-  
 pearition of a creature having a cylindrical  
 body of great length, and which lifted up its  
 head eight feet above the water. After gazing  
 at them for several minutes it retreated,  
 making large undulations like a snake." The  
 story had been so much discredited that the  
 captain would only relate it to intimate friends.

After the year 1817, every marvellous tale  
 was called in the United States a snake story;  
 and when Colonel Perkins went to Washing-  
 ton twenty years ago, and was asked if he had  
 ever known a person who had seen the sea  
 serpent, he answered that he was one of the un-  
 fortunate individuals who saw it himself. "I  
 confess that when I left America in 1846, I  
 was in a still more unfortunate predicament,  
 for I believed in the sea serpent without hav-  
 ing seen it. Not that I had ever imagined the  
 northern seas to be now inhabited by a gigantic

about thirty feet long, called *Delphinorhynchus  
 micropterus*, of which only three specimens  
 have ever been met with. One of these was  
 thrown ashore forty years ago on the coast of  
 Scotland, and the other two stranded on the  
 shores of Belgium and France, and identified  
 with the British species by Dr. Melville.

(To be Continued.)

From Boston's Union Magazine.

GABRIEL BUCCHIA.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

By his evening fire, the arid  
 Powdered with his secret shame;  
 Baffled, weary, and disheartened,  
 Still he toiled and dreamed of fame.

'Twas an image of the Virgin,  
 That had looked his utmost skill;  
 Not since his fair hand  
 Vanished and resumed him still.

From a distant Eastern land  
 Had the precious wood been brought,  
 Day and night the agonized master  
 At his toil striving wrought.

Not discouraged and despairing  
 But he now in shadowy sleep,  
 And the day's hour of travail  
 Found oblivion in sleep.

Then a voice cried, "How Constant!"  
 From the burning brand of ink  
 Shape the thought that still within thee lies;  
 And the starting artist woke.

Woke, and from the smoking anvil  
 Dived, and quenched the glowing wood;  
 And therefrom he carved an image,  
 And he saw that it was good.

O thou sculptor, painter, poet!  
 Take this lesson to thy heart;  
 That is best which hath no cost;  
 Shape those that thy work of art.

HENRY FORTY, it is said, will undoubtedly visit  
 this country next fall. She will probably be ac-  
 companied by Mr. FORTY, an actor of high  
 repute in the English provinces.

## Iked About.

Mrs. MADISON at Wash-  
 ington, aged eighty-three  
 or days of the Republic,  
 widening interval fast  
 to familiar experiences  
 or fathers. With them  
 and refined hospitalities  
 wife of the Secretary of  
 the President of the  
 matters of personal expe-  
 rience to history. The  
 Mrs. Madison's life had  
 incorporated in Mr. Inger-  
 ston War—her participa-  
 tion in the barba-  
 rous British, lately, by the  
 senced by the London  
 will remember Mr. In-  
 gerstons flight from Wash-  
 ington's Portrait of  
 Madison (Lit. World),  
 Madison was born 20th  
 cents were natives and  
 who joined the Quaker  
 slaves, and removed to  
 agree, the future Mrs.  
 to a young Quaker,  
 she was early left a  
 became the wife of  
 member of Congress;  
 son in 1801, on her  
 cretary of State, when  
 ed for Jefferson at the  
 was an easy transition  
 cle when her hus-

The charms of  
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 spoken of as cha-  
 racterfulness, hearty  
 small unnecessary  
 ly has Mrs. Mad-  
 ist the homage of  
 ington, surround-  
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has just added to  
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 B. Oakes, who  
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\* See "Boston's Journal," vol. II, p. 154.

By J. B. Lippincott & Co - Quida's  
 American publishers - Barnes Van Ruyne  
 is the mother of Florence Maybrick - sentenced  
 for life to Woking Prison - her husband - Van  
 poisoning her husband

Written for the Audubon Journal.

## Half a Day in Saranto.

Seeing Saranto is one of the pleasurable amusements of the Niagara excursion; <sup>but</sup> the one dollar trip to Saranto is entirely too cheap, and not to be indulged in by self-respecting persons.

Two years ago this too cheap excursion was part of our itinerary and before the day was over we were beset with a sensation of being units in a crowd of a thousand dunces; we were glad to have escaped with our lives and the crushed remnants of our once respectable garments. Vivid in recollection are the packed train to Port Dalhousie—everybody standing

and India, 1496-1631, with Early Records of the Hon. E. MSS. in the Brit. Museum, work, "The Conquest of Messrs. APPLETON announce

ans, the publishers of "Punch," Poetical Works of Alexander arranged expressly for young s, by W. C. Maeready." This believe, prepared by the emi- he use of his own family. have issued "The Woodman," James—"Julius Cæsar," another ular histories by the Abbots, complete of Southey's Com-

GE BANCROFT, our minister at James, received the degree of w, from Oxford University, on upon opening the Convocation, r alluded to the distinguished to have the honorary degrees n, and Mr. Bancroft and James d, F.S.A., were then introduced by Dr. Bliss, the Registrar of a lengthy Latin oration, which the ceremony of conferring the those gentlemen.

says the *Glasgow Examiner*, state of Glenormiston, Peebles- chased by W. Chambers, Esq., ade above £25,000.

vertisements.

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The most popular Pen

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an everybody's toes,<sup>2</sup>—and the alarmingly  
packed steamer across the lake;—  
vivid also the man from Lunnar  
who jerked a chair from under  
me because it had been his recent  
property, and the woman who wailed  
all the way in my ear her fears  
lest she would not have time in  
Swanto to buy Benny a pair of  
"pants."

In the abstract, excursions are  
grand affairs; we are grateful  
that all sorts and conditions of  
men, women, and children should  
have cheap opportunities for the ed-  
ucation of travel. But when it  
comes to having hundreds of these  
rude citizens tramp <sup>it in your lap,</sup> on you, crawl  
over you, jam your best bonnet with  
their elbows and gauge your favorite  
eye with their tin-handled un-  
brellas, you are indeed ready to  
put ashes on your head and won-  
der why you didn't have sense  
enough to stay at home.

3

The agreeable way to go to Toronto is at the regular price, by rail to Lewiston, and thence across Ontario by the roomy steamers "Cibola" or "Chicora", which are seldom unduly crowded. This ensures peace in your mind which is better than money in the purse.

On Toronto day we were up belines, and on the N. Y. Central train at 7.30. While we waited on the station platform an interesting thing happened. An attractive blonde young woman in a neat grey suit and natty blue sailor hat stepped up to us and asked us if we were going to Toronto, and if so might she attach herself to our party. She was a Business Girl taking her vacation in Niagara, was anxious to see

K.

## HISTORY.

College.

position of its own. The related materials in the notes of the correctness of the The work is characterized the want of a library such

UNITED STATES, the Organization of Government. 3 vols. 8vo. muslin, \$2; Vol. I. now ready. literature. The labor and study research and hard labor. It is not good, and it is adapted, as a whole, first to fact. It has those features for it an enduring legacy to the

for the student of American history. "Era. eth for this work, which will contribute

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reet, New York.

Oh Memory, who shall pain  
Who shall embody thee, since

Shaping from self alone  
Conception of its own,

Doth o'er thee its peculiar art  
Sometimes thou watchest o'

Like sweet Cordelia by the d  
Smoothing with pious han

Or blue-eyed spring, a vict  
By winter's shrouded bil

Sometimes thou sorrowest o'  
Like Venus by Adon,—a me

Thou stealest behind the wa  
Gleaning with needful care

Remembrances of faded hope  
The loose ears shaken

sheaves!  
Sometimes thou sittest like a

In pleasant Dreams of Youth  
Reading his burning letters o'

Kissing the relics of his with  
Pressed in the pages of a fav

Opening thy casket, twenty t  
Glowing and weeping o'er its

Love gifts, and tokens, precio  
And more than all, the minia

Thick-set with jewels, in a cl  
A widow in the soul's dese

Entranced in reveries of  
Communing with the pictur

The portrait of the lost a  
A mourner, pale and wan, di

Flitting amid the sepulchres o  
Clasping the urns, and strewi

The mouldering dust of Ho  
Love!

Thou hast a thousand votaries  
A thousand happy hearts deli

What dost thou want wi  
I love thee not,—Enchantress

In mockery, the ghosts of va  
A host of shrouded spectres,

And haunt me, dashing wi  
The brimming chalice of Del

Spilling the bravest wine on thirsty sands!—  
I would,—I must forget, my early life,  
My feverish dreams, my wild ambitious strife,

4

Toronto, but had been terrorized by some women at her boarding-place into thinking it hardly proper that she should go alone. Of course we ratified the proposed alliance with cordial pleasure, though deprecating the ideas of the women-at-the-boarding-house. Conventionalities, in their restrictive sense, are not for the Business Girl: she is an American institution, and it is part of the American idea that she shall do as she pleases, her own womanly character being her best protection. If she is clever enough to go to New York alone and buy goods,—"dealer in Ladies' notions" was on the neat card of our Business Girl—she is certainly clever enough to escort herself to Toronto, or anywhere else. Nevertheless we consolidated our respective packages of sandwiches and ginger-cakes in <sup>one</sup> satchel, and the bonds of friendship were <sup>thus</sup> established.

entirely across the Bay, with the exception of two or three narrow passages.

Having passed in safety you then find

treme case, and it might be doubted whether, under similar circumstances, many who claim to be more civilized and less sanguinary than

5

Ontario, on the trip across, was as blue as Ontario, and as placid as a mill-pond; we <sup>much</sup> regretted the absence of those disturbing waves which were to indicate our fitness for <sup>future</sup> ocean-travel. The only blot on the perfect time was an intemperate temperance advocate, in the bow of the boat, who exhorted noisily on the dangers of what he was pleased to term "tipping the intoxicating cup." Over the blue, blue horizon Sonanto became, first a faint-white line, then a cloudy ridge, dissolving into a well-defined collection of roofs and steeples, and we walk on the big, barn-like wharf to find the sun high and lunch-time ringing its inward tocsin.

All along the wharves and on vessels the Union Jack flutters on high, recalling "God save the Queen" and Kipling's verse;

ordinary concurrence of indication of his propensity, following narrative will

He was honestly enthusiastic disposition, it having progenitor who had left, therefore, he determined much abused and much fortune, who, according to most usually waits upon doors, he was at least run- no "stake" in society.— t. He ventured his life, it was a commodity which he was not in the habit of high value upon it. He and by some means, immamarrative, wandered into Nova Scotia, where for a contentedly in the famed but while wandering, one the wharves, gazing at the ing to the merry "yo ho" as suddenly seized with a fortune on the sea. There in port a British frigate and on an exploring expense arm of the Atlantic, the inadequate name of immediately applied for em- essels were on the eve of e was but little leisure for te chanced to be not quite our hero's seamanship being he was at once employed. may be easily excused for an to be capable of shipping or the North Pole, who had ne water. The result was been foreseen. That most of the sea, which lights force upon landmen, took the tyro, and held him long its thrall. In vain was he erated. For several weeks d almost helpless, and when, overed, it was only to find to new troubles. Although ready skill and tact so valua- s, he was, unfortunately, in a ere nothing could supply the ce. His total incompetency as of course fully apparent to were thus afforded an oppor- g a sort of poetical justice to at the same time indulging in etical joking, of which sailors fond. During fair weather ith tolerable dexterity to fulfil ned to him. A heavy gale an opportunity of testing his lity to the utmost. He was trying to maintain his footing ing to the shrouds, and won- e who had the power of re- a firma should ever venture y an element as water, when y ordered aloft to assist in ils. Sam gave one despair- s. He saw or fancied he saw ng towards the zenith, and the scending with majestic sweep, ry depths of the watery abyss- ted, the order was peremptorily his companions were already ke, up the shrouds. In vain inability. The mate was in- short parley ensued, during er becoming exasperated, ap- to the shoulders of the delin-

6

"You may get in the wings o' the mornin'  
 And flop round the earth till yer dead,  
 Yer'll never get rid o' the blamin' old song,  
 So the blamin' old flag over head."

Things to eat obscure sentiment,  
 however - excursions being mainly  
 made up of hunting something to  
 eat - so we direct our steps to  
 Harry Webb's. Harry Webb's is  
 apparently the choicest restaurant  
 of Saranto, but the service in the  
 dining-room up-stairs is so abnorm-  
 ally slow that tourists with only a  
 few hours in the city had better  
 do as we did, scramble on the  
 preposterously high stools in the  
 lunch-room below. Our doing so  
 was evidently a shocking thing,  
 as a neat girl came forward to  
 where we were perched and remarked  
 that ladies generally went up stairs.  
 The American idea <sup>however</sup> sustained our  
 "social departure" so we clung to  
 our stools and consumed a blame-  
 less sandwich, a salt-stirring piece  
 of blue-berry pie and an incomparable

about as much was pro-  
 at similar ceremonials in  
 ps it was as well that our  
 not fully comprehended,  
 unity to inform his gaping  
 many a smile and amiable  
 considered them a pack  
 d cutthroats, with as vil-  
 d sinner for their chief as  
 re. After these compli-  
 s, Sam was politely con-  
 hich he was informed by  
 for his especial accommo-  
 other proof of good will, he  
 ied with food, of a quality  
 l the sauce of hunger to

True, the generosity of  
 not extend to feeding him  
 ear's flesh, although sup-  
 it of the commoner dain-  
 lmon, and wild turkey,  
 Sam fortunately belonged  
 of weeping philosophers.  
 s well, and as he continu-  
 with great liberality, gave  
 easiness about the future.  
 soner, watched day and  
 d. For several weeks he  
 ration. He received fre-  
 the chief, and principal  
 thies, it is true, rather  
 ove to converse with him.  
 ation was not a little sin-  
 bld of their guest, one by  
 by the leg, and felt of him,  
 im in the side, and looked  
 niled. And Sam smiled  
 aughed outright. They  
 laugh. It's a mistake.  
 Sam smile.

nny day, the sailor per-  
 loophole of his retreat,"  
 and stir in the village.

al passing to and fro be-  
 The children manifested  
 and occasionally a knot of  
 savages would run up to  
 rough the chinks of the  
 whoop and hurrah bound  
 ething was evidently in-  
 tle to employ his mind, he  
 nself by closely watching  
 t length he thought he  
 of an approaching feast.  
 It in an open court, and  
 nary utensils from time to  
 pearance. He was evi-

There was to be a  
 an to wonder whether or  
 vited. He reflected how  
 ar been treated, and con-

He was not left long  
 At about noon he was  
 f the Indians, and receiv-  
 cious smiles as he could  
 hereby to intimate that he  
 teness, and would recipi-

venient opportunity. His  
 not seem disposed to be  
 opened the door, and  
 that he must accompany  
 obeyed, and was conduct-  
 where the whole band  
 the vicinity of the fire.  
 and he considered it no  
 at the place assigned to  
 r that cheering and vivi-  
 was a little surprised,  
 he eyes of all were fixed  
 whom they had already  
 preparations for feasting

were still apparent, with the anomalous exception of food. No game of any kind was scattered upon the plain—no fish, flesh, or fowl, was visible. Samuel was not blessed with what is usually termed a quick perception.

where some twenty meagre young men grew pale over Greek proofs, and ejected a misplaced accent with furious zeal. Strange reminiscence, and pleasant withal. It recalls to me Charles Lamb and his friends the Cock-

diculous exterior it seemed as if something formed of pure intellect was before you, passing the bounds of matter, shining through outward form, disporting itself like the light, overflowing from all parts. There was neither

OFFICE of THE EDITOR

THE READER  
MAGAZINE

The BOBBESMERRILL COMPANY  
PUBLISHERS: INDIANAPOLIS

My dear Quaker

Here is the money

that shined, but for my carelessness  
has gone to you long ago.

Please drop the change in your  
other pocket and forget about it.

I personally conducted two friends  
into the Arts and Crafts and called  
in a loud voice for Spice chains.

Net results: 2 chains sold. I

shook my whips the business  
brooming. I wish I could give

you my personal impressions  
of Tame and I will but

bellished Chancery  
my then youthful  
Charles Lamb, the  
I performed my first  
He would have writ  
Chancery Lane; he  
prose writer, one of  
ing, amusing pages  
and (which is also  
the author.

This corner of  
Valpy who inhabited  
vividly in my memory  
background of the  
scape from which  
I have to speak  
pardon of the London  
at this day their  
tutiful street, like Rue  
stone or of marble,  
rainbows trembling  
was mistaken. I was  
old. This sort of  
passage between two  
double regiment of  
arms, and those great  
cates and tip-staffs  
rises up before me.  
with their crowns of  
fession, irreproachable  
cavern, that cave  
office, which occupies  
of this mysterious  
door where reams

being passed in to come out transmogrified to  
Lexicons and Graduses. It was there, at  
Valpy the printer's, that was kneaded all the  
erudite dough employed for the alimentation of  
Oxford, Eton, and Cambridge, for *variorum*  
editions, translations, annotations. Greek ac-  
cents showered down like hail in that cave,

seemed to gush forth in torrents from his ex-  
traordinary countenance. As soon as you  
fairly saw him, you regarded no more this ri-

\* This erudite gentleman, we imagine, is introduced by  
our author as one of the family of Professor Teufelsdröckh.  
The English signification of his name is "sorrowful from  
much writing."

too much ale with his friends, smoking too  
much, spending in puns nine-tenths of his  
talents, in old books of the fifteenth century  
three-fourths of his little income—this ro-  
mantic being, who mocked at romance as the  
Chevalier Cervantes did at chivalry, was not  
only a strange man, but of great heart,—a man

atomical  
covered with  
by extraordi-  
which, placed  
vly after the  
saw nothing  
ave attention  
rehead, over  
ed naturally;  
expression of  
sive fineness  
a delicacy of  
example; to  
that of Jean  
his, with the  
the exquisite  
ne position of  
dignity, the  
nd disproportion-

La Bruyère,  
one will ever  
ot to do so—  
the savants  
ed by the au-  
y sobriquets,  
speak of him  
(mb), the good  
er one of his  
young man,  
reover, some-  
esting, whom  
back, and em-  
the chase of  
a collection  
gularity or a  
to a man; he  
broken reeds,  
hazard along

ure punished  
robbed him,  
minated him,  
rich man, and  
clerk in the  
is assuredly a  
and lost chil-  
ents, officers  
on of authors  
out a public,  
of a morn-  
n and not help  
ll; but he still  
did a human  
y. The need  
was in Lamb  
a poor man,  
were poor and  
og follows his  
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ets—the Tar-  
would I think  
ung a negro-  
ches, and re-  
dimensions set  
or human folly.  
everything in  
smiling, often  
inking a little



8

The large, airy cars were drawn by enormous horses, whose Percheron proportions and well-fed condition were a mute reproach to natives from the land of the *Ex pluribus unum* mule. Sairey Gamp sat by us on the cars - or was it - Betsey Prigg? Sairey, I think, for she was generously colloquial, though not knowing much more about Toronto than did we: that being her first trip around the Belt - "the bop that she'd better see the town" - she said. Her nose was dimly suggestive of the teapot on the mantel-piece where she could put her lips to it when so disappointed, and her large, lumpy person was <sup>so</sup> bulgy that I "knewed" she had a cucumber in her pocket and probably a cabbage and a ham.

Toronto is visibly an Americanized city, as the natives say

looked upon with so much  
ago in certain portions of  
is not blame the inconsis-  
ul for the improvement in  
day.

happy effects of the Spirit of  
employment of the best  
ish, is the holy and refining  
xerted on Art herself, and  
artist. Is he not likely to  
er thoughts while decorat-  
while decorating a steam-  
, and is not that a gain?  
ens at once the wide and  
ristian Art, on which the  
not the time to enter.

Truth we have already  
but our author, not confin-  
error of imitation of stone,  
nces, shows that the same  
d when material or form are  
inconsistent with their na-  
ple is carried out very fully  
tails of Gothic Architecture,  
partment of Tracery, so im-  
auty. These remarks are  
valuable in the book. The  
val Architecture is shown to  
rom the cupidity or violence  
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ples. The independence of  
he high stand he takes for  
ational prejudice, are nobly  
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ic, - a late and debased form of  
finest examples of which are  
ngland, and which have been  
eat pride by all English Archi-  
ated Henry the Seventh's Cha-  
e of the buildings referred to.  
popular in England, and re-  
onal, that it is followed in the  
Parliament, the most costly  
in England since the Refor-

of Power is expressed "the  
forms of noble building, with  
sublime in natural things."  
ad the management of Size,  
asses are considered. A fault  
n from the neglect of this prin-  
celebrated church of the Made-  
often struck us in examining  
it probably has many of our  
noticed in the following pas-

#### IN THE MADELEINE.

hand, after a building has once  
of majestic size, it matters, in-  
ely little whether its masonry be  
ut if it be altogether large, it will  
ish the magnitude for want of a  
gether small, it will suggest ideas  
terial, or deficiency in mechanical  
interfering in many cases with the  
gn, and delicacy of the workman-  
unhappy instance of such inter-  
the façade of the church of St.  
ris, where the columns, being built  
stones of nearly equal size with  
ok as if they were covered with a

is example from a well known  
se our author takes most of his  
towns in the north of Italy,  
ally but hurriedly examined by  
His correctness as regards the  
her for the same virtue in the  
ossible references.  
proceeded sufficiently far in our  
is volume, we think, to show its

great value to those in a class by no means perfect, but which should inhabit a house or before concluding, the reader's attention on a class of Architecture though not very dignified too important a part of streets, to be passed over. Fronts:—

## FINERY AND

"Hence then a general sense, not to decorate poses of active and occupation rest, there decorated so is beauty. You must business, any more than Work first, and then rest gaze, but do not use gold ledgers in enamel. Do flails: nor put bas-relief it will be asked, are we Even so; always and familiar position of Gr days on shop fronts. The sign nor shelf nor counter our cities, which has not were invented to adorn palaces. There is not in them where they are utterly without the power only satiate the eye, and Many of these are in the copies of fine things, which shall never, in consequence Many a pretty beading is in wood or stucco: cheesemongers' and hos the tradesmen cannot but be had only by selling cloth, and that people of nesty, and their readiness not because they have windows, or their name their house fronts? how to have the power of London, pulling down and large names, restoring capital they had spent in them on honest and name in black letters or down the street from the with a plain wooden sign panes in it that people were in order to be sent to put for them would it be much wiser, to put their and industry, and not customers. It is curious, a national probity on the one other, to see the whole ration based on the idea to a shop as moths are to

Our author's enthusiasm far in some points. A not be in less correct letters, and a sheet of beautiful object than a as well as more useful light, and exhibiting a stage. Our remark extended. With glass fronts occupying of the ground floor, and means of support to no sympathies.

The engravings in the similes of the author's edition. It would have copied the design on the a reference is made to the volume.

it is. Barring the <sup>9</sup> odd <sup>English</sup> names in the business signs - Judger, Gamsby, Piddington, Snatter, Cotherton, Tozer, Scaddington, Hogg, Crumpton, Dwyer, and the like - not much that was odd was seen. Among the residences, squares and squares of trim grass plots without fences, and blooming window-boxes as in American city homes, made it almost difficult to remember that we were in Canadian soil. About the greatest novelty we saw was the implement or weapon, which ever it was - carried by the conductor on the street-cars. If you can imagine a cross between a dark-lantern and a square-cornered Britannia molasses pitcher with a slot in the lid, you have it. This <sup>unearthly</sup> queer article the conductor presented for fares with a sort of money-or-your-life air that was very diverting. I am not convinced yet - but that the droll affair ~~was~~ <sup>had</sup> a load in its chimney nozzle, to be discharged at cab-travel-passengers

[abound with events which wait only the ana- (a dubitation over the possible authenticity of a

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in case of financial dispute. The Prince of Wales may have his faults, but Toronto is a beautiful city. With Horatio we may "love England but hate the English", while we admire the good results of English ideas.

Wide and beautiful streets, preponderance of handsome and comfortable homes, a general expression of content and prosperity mark this attractive city.

At the end of our circuit St. James's Cathedral caught our recognizing glance. St. James's great doors were open and its bell was tolling. We hastened from the car, and with the assurance of a policeman who was walking about the church-yard among the numberless benches and loungers, we entered the cathedral. Noon-prayer was evidently in progress. Three persons only were in the <sup>great</sup> audience-room, and when we slipped quietly into one of several back pews, labelled "Miss Veal's School" - the congregation numbered six. The Business Girl

sions were genuine. On the princess was to sleep she was, and on the top of them covering these again with beds. Upon this luxurious bed princess retired to rest, and she was asked how she felt.

"Oh, dreadfully!" she replied; "there I lay in my bed which distressed me and has bruised me all over

that her pretensions were not but a real princess could not sufficient delicacy of perception to little peas under twenty mattress feather beds!

#### THE TYRANT.

is a dreadful weapon of domination. Many a household can tell of a selfishness which under the form of delicacy of

Many are the tears of vexation, of disappointment, of unfeeling temper and inconsistency which are the legitimate attention to personal comfort. The observant of what is about him sometimes been driven by acquisitions of the self-indulgent, the hair-shirt, the pulse-and-ty bed of the anchorite could reform of such. Provision to discipline these people in sensitiveness they have voraciously cherished, until it becomes that which nothing in nature is strong. They are crushed by the hands have set up.

#### THE PEOPLE OF NICE PEOPLE.

ings spurious, fastidiousness is not with itself; the coarsest, the cruellest things said by vulgar people. Horace Walpole of epicurean particularity of the vulgarians whom he never relish for a coarse allusion falsehood. Beckford, of that life should be thrice his use, but what was his life? "insolently nice" in some he in others? If we observe of a reputation for fastidiousness always find that the egotism will at times lead him to say disgusting. We need expect no delicate, silent self-watching for others' tastes successful yielding up of privileges and trifles, on which wait no is." They may be kind and to a certain extent, but when the service involves anything disagreeable, give to the taste on which they rest, we must apply elsewhere. of nature sifts common duties, practice only those which will and conscience is not hurt, for she has given her a bribe.

#### THE MENTOR OF DULNESS.

fruits of misplaced fastidiousness and intolerable tameness in society. We ask for truth in poetry and painting, and find nothing but flashes of natural nature; but in society everything is dead level, and by what? By

a tyrannical something good taste, but which This resolute frowning whatever is spontaneous good taste, but the people, who, having advantages, use them pressing in others who disturb their empire. view that this should and the reason why it is one. The power in which we have no It has ever been so whoever becomes the extra thousands, has the surface of society or learning can possibly live in society he must which has been given. We need not then without intellectual pretension. It suits not the free pleasure in the exercise to spend its precious hours every emotion of the and every independent taste," if it do not happen of the circle. If intercourse the charm often regret, we must between true delicacy and quality referable to pride to fantasy,—and that ness, which claims desecration its sceptre so capriciously ask a fool to "render a

## Chips from

A MISCELLANEOUS  
FACTS, FANCY,

And quoted odes, and  
That on the stretch'd  
Sparkle for ever.

## THE PHILOSOPHER

Sing aloud, His praise  
Who hath made the Universe  
He the boundless Heaven  
All the vital orbs has  
He that on Olympus sits  
Tends his flocks with  
And this eye has multi-  
Midst each flock for to  
Thus as round about the  
Toucheth each with  
Nimble they hold on to  
Shaping out their Night  
Summer, Winter, Autumn  
Their inclined axes bring  
Never slack they; nor  
Dancing round their earth  
In due order as they  
Echo's sweet be gently  
Through Heaven's vast  
Which unto all corners  
Music that the heart of  
Moves to joy and sport  
Fills the listening sailor  
Riding on the wand'ring  
Neither speech nor language  
Where their voice is not  
God is good, is wise  
Witness all the creature  
Is confess'd by every tongue  
All things back from whence  
As the thankful rivers  
What they borrowed of  
Now myself I do render  
Take me whole, I all  
Save me, God! from self-desire,

was a church-woman and sank on her knees for that brief prayer which might fitly be made preliminary in all worship of whatever denomination. At the reading-desk in the far-away dim chancel was the officiating clergyman, at such a distance that the prayers and the lessons sounded like the indistinct droning of a dejected bumble-bee in the rook-chamber of a United States holly-hock blossom. So we heard nothing intelligible, but sat in the seats of "Miss Veal's School," thinking of Shuckerau, Becky Sharpe, and the dictionary that spicy damsel threw out of the carriage-window as a tribute to her educational experiences. Canadian folk are either devout kneelers or great ease-lovers as such pews contained from six to a dozen hassocks. When service was finished we knew it because the distant wraith of a minister had vanished from the chancel, and a little, squarely-built, red-whiskered, bar-legged sexton began bustling about pulling

hasty and extravagant praise, by which we Genesis, and the Paradise Lost, and the ludi-

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cushions and piling up prayer-books. The other three worshippers had "trickled out" as Henry James <sup>puts it</sup> says, but we begged the little sexton for five minutes' grace, that we might see the cathedral. He gave a surly consent, and we skurried hastily up one long aisle to see the beautiful brass reading desk surrounded by images of the apostles, and "Sacred to the memory of — on the base; then down another long aisle to an elegant baptistery in bronze and marble, in an alcove, on a marble floor, reached by marble steps, and separated from the two curins by a handsome bronze railing and a heavy silken cord. All about the great building were mural labels, some memorial of lords and ladies; then to plain Canadian gentry — all levelled by the sharp scythe of that old <sup>impartial</sup> Common Sense.

At a curtained door, we paused, but the Business Girl, with prompt investigative celerity, parted the curtains to disclose the robing-rooms of the vested choir, their many cassocks hanging in rows along the walls.

said that this mane extended to within two feet and a half that it reached to the which may entitle us to call it continuity of the mane back. So strong was the land to believe that the sea serpent of the Mr. Neill himself, after the Wernerian Society his own the different accounts he called it *Halsydus*

apular arch, fin, and sen to Dr. Barclay of at that time the finest native anatomy north of the ceived them to belong to a unknown monster. on of good zoologists could s to cause them at once to sion that the Stronsa animal sea serpent were one and not be surprised that the placed the most implicit That they did so, is proved ntly published in Beattie's where the poet writes thus, ebruary 13th, 1809:—

he see what I have heard for irst, a snake—my friend Tel- wing of it—has been found ey Isles; a sea snake with a four feet thick, and fifty-five is seriously true. Malcolm saw it, and sent a drawing of

ee the great inaccuracy of yled contemporaneous testi- educated man, who had no tion to misrepresent facts. rian Transactions and Mr. arn distinctly that Malcolm to the shore of Stronsa to

veral of the vertebræ were 9, to Sir Everard Home, in nce pronounced them to be- *alus maximus*, or common figures of other portions sent Dr. Barclay, were also pub- he Wernerian Transactions, well with Home's decision; ar, from Barclay's Memoir, agry with the English ana- him right, and declaring it to as indeed very difficult to be- the most convincing evidence hich was fifty-five feet long e to a species, the largest of which has never exceed- forty feet. But there seems Home's verdict; for the verte- the College of Surgeons, n them, quite entire, and so ose of the *Squalus maximus*, is unwilling to imagine they y other species of the same

s me in his letter, that the s by no means uncommon in ere it is called the hockmar, was killed in Stromness Har- en he was there; yet it was th whom he spoke in 1808, animal was double the length hockmar ever stranded in their

no one observed the habits

Life, vol. ii. pp. 169, 170.

and motions of the monster ashore: but the Rev. Small Isles in the Hebrides draw up a statement of what the creature which had so frightened the fishermen in the summer of 1808. Before he penned his letter as an appendix to Barclay's history, he had clearly been questioned were under the full persuasion, and the Stronsay fishermen with Pontoppidan's sea monster informs us, that it was seen in June, 1808, when the huge creature, which looked at a distance like a rock in the sea, gave chase to a boat, and was seen from the boat, and the land.

Its head was broad, of an oval; its neck rather small, undulations up and down, was above water, its motion when most elevated, it appeared of distant objects. It directed head," which still continued towards the boat, and then under water in pursuit of it when he saw it from the shore with its head above water a mile before he lost sight of it. "About the same time the fishing boats, off the island, were terrified by this monster; a boat saw it coming towards Rum and Canna, with its water."

Mr. Maclean adds, evidence in question put by his correspondent nothing of the mane; and at least to me it did not raise its head above water, so that the neck could perceive no shining filaments it had any." And he also says, "no fin that I could perceive, but to move progressively by undulations down." Most of my readers will be satisfied by this time, that the accounts come down to us but oral and published accounts without the creature seen in the Hebrides, as well as that afterwards strange reports we should all of us have felt that they were one and the same other than the sea snake or that so often seen on the east coast of America. How much delusion has been dispelled by the few bones! May we not think that other sea serpents were also deluded by this hypothesis? It was suggested by Dr. Fleming, in his "History of the Sea Serpent" (1828 p. 174), that Maclean's creature, which raised its head and viewed distant objects, was an idea of its being referable to the shark, or to the large eel-like fish, or to the laginous fishes, for no shark of the sea as it swims. I think that the descriptions common to the Norwegians and North Americans agree better with the appearance of a shark, chased by a ship, than with a sea serpent.

But when we question the matter closely, we must make great allowance for the incompetence of observers in zoology. In the first place, from our minds the image of

and recalling the <sup>13</sup> dozen graceless little chaps of an Indianapolis boy-choir, who were once entrusted in daylight with their surplices to be taken home for laundering, and who grossly betrayed this confidence by donning the white robes in the alley behind the church, and capering up street with them on, catching in street-cans, vaulting over gutters and fences, and shinning up lamp-posts, and otherwise imperilling the good fame of the Episcopal church. It was sad fun for those wicked seamps, however, when "the Bishop and ~~all~~ the other clergy" got wind of this shameful lark. By the time the short sexton let us out the side-door of the Cathedral, he had evidently conceived an interest in us, and remarked with a droll twinkle in his eye; -

"Ye are from the States; where are yer men?"

We embarrassed ourselves by confessing that we had only a few uncles, <sup>uncles</sup> mothers, mothers-in-law;

\* Wern. Trans. vol. i.

† Wern. Trans. Edinburgh,

and similar unavailability continents, where-  
 upon he added in a sympathetic tone; —  
 "Well, well; maybe ye can pick  
 some up in Canada; Canadians  
 are nice boys" — In the shadow of  
 St. James we stood a moment to  
 discuss whether, indeed, the pleasure of  
 attending service in a real cathedral  
 was not somewhat marred by having  
 a red-whiskered, bow-legged man pat-  
 ronize so far our condition of detachment  
 from the sex of which he evidently  
 considered himself a noble exponent.

At the end of College street we  
 find the Queen's Park — a beautiful  
 plot of ground, beautifully kept;  
 not far away the University  
 of Canada which fine building  
 once suffered such a disastrous  
 fire on a gala-night, but which  
 is now in prime and perfect  
 condition, with a <sup>marble</sup> central door-  
 way which is a vision of ar-  
 chitectural grace and beauty.  
 Near by, an exquisite library  
 building is in process of con-  
 struction, from a pure, white

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stone resembling <sup>15</sup>marble, and which  
a workman told us, came from "the  
Slates." In the shade of all this  
educational architecture we sat  
down to eat ginger-cakes - and shake  
Soranto pebbles from our shoes. Just  
in sight are the new Parliament  
Buildings, of grand and elaborate  
architecture, the stone used being  
a rich dark red stone, also  
from "the Slates" we ~~are~~ <sup>were</sup> told.  
These ~~buildings~~ <sup>edifices</sup> have been building  
six years, and they are the very  
largest-assembling of stone and  
marlar, pillar and buttress, tower  
and dome, that our eyes have  
ever beheld: we felt the gracious  
influence of their grand proportions;  
heard the voice and eloquence  
of beauty - <sup>noted</sup> the power of benediction  
in these massive walls.

Walking down Yonge street we  
~~take~~ <sup>look</sup> in "the shops" on our way  
to the steamer. Into the dry goods  
mart the Business Girl disappeared

to gather items for <sup>16</sup>her commercial interest. Around the back-stones and china-stones we hovered, aghast at the wickedly low prices of coveted articles. There we established a new tariff reform: to be free-traders when we buy and protectionists when we sell. Toronto clerks were invariably courteous and attentive; we missed the aristocratic indifference and impertinence of the free-born American saleslady. Polishing off with a throng occasionally noted visibly improve <sup>commercial</sup> public manners in "the States".

Aboard the "Chicora" again at half-past four, with Toronto fading <sup>behind us</sup> into a blurred white line, we found Ontario lively, and many disturbed passengers succumbing to the choppy waves. The Business girl <sup>declined</sup> ~~would not~~ be sick because it would be uncourtous to us, and similar consideration held off down on our side to our triple satisfaction.

The event of the return trip was the Canadian custom-officers inspection. Every valise and satchel on board was visited and

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ORIGINAL

POETRY.—A Day Dream.  
A MONTH AMONG THE CATAMON  
LEONATUS—A LEAF FROM CYN  
APHORISMS FROM JEAN PAUL.  
REVIEWS.—NEW YORK STATE  
LYELL'S SECOND VISIT TO TH  
racteristics—Agency of Ice  
—English Spoken here—Me  
not like to settle here!—Der  
the "Times"—Mr. Morse's  
graph, &c.  
SOUTHEY'S COMMON-PLACE BOO  
Wither's Praise of Woman—  
by Dr. Fuller.  
TRUMBULL'S M'FINGAL.  
THE ACTUAL AND FANTAST  
MELVILLE, Translated for th  
French of Philarete Chasles  
GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS.—J  
HILDRETH'S History of the U  
MEMORIES OF MARIA EDGEWOO  
the London Art-Journal.)  
SCENES OF THE SIEGE IN ROME  
residence in the Tribune).  
What is Talked About.—M  
Freeman—Free Academy—  
Mr. Bancroft—Letters of By  
Orleans Journalism—Copy  
Prefaces—Money Making.  
PUBLISHER'S CIRCULAR.—Liter  
and English.

Original

A DAY D  
To L—

I WATCHED the Sun de  
Till it vanished from  
Its hues of crimson bl  
With the sombre tints  
The twilight softly sh  
All objects far and ne  
Till one by one they f  
And then would disap  
The page that I was r  
Grew indistinct and pa  
And thoughts escaped  
The eye that traced th  
And far away they tra  
To a vision bright and  
And God the spell un  
I seemed transported t  
It was an antique dwe  
Embowered among the  
Its broad piazzas tellin  
Of luxury and ease.  
Upon the lawn are stat  
Old oaks of family pri  
And flowerets just exp  
Are springing by their  
An opening hedge disc  
The gardens trimmed  
And the breath of earl  
Perfumes the evening  
A soft repose and holy  
Rests on the quiet nigh  
The clouds unfold ther  
And the moon pours fo  
And each remembered  
Revealed beneath its r  
Like an old familiar pi  
Tells me of other days  
The days when we we  
And the world seemed  
As our whispered vow  
While we sat together  
That night of our first  
'Neath the rich and cl  
With love our hearts were beating,  
And thy hand was clasped in mine.

opened <sup>at</sup> <sup>17</sup> by the request of these blue-  
-coated minions of the Dominions,  
who then chucked the leather bag  
with a big round Q, if not contain-  
-ing any dutiable articles. One  
unfortunate man was found  
to have a pair of new shoes in  
his valise, and was walked off  
below by the officers, carrying  
with him a very pallid and  
dejected countenance. What  
became of the shoes we did  
not learn, but the poor fellow  
returned looking as if he  
had been through a siege of  
typhoid fever. The Business  
Girl suggested that it was be-  
-cause he was a man that  
he had not sense enough to put  
on the new shoes and carry the  
old ones in his valise. This idea  
seemed to make us feel better, and  
to equalize matters with the bow-  
-legged sexton of St. James.

tailed to chop open the cranium of the sailor approaching very near to these ceremonies  
for the amusement of the rest. With this took place. Nor were they without a species

18

After all, it takes a conscienceless woman to sit in smiling unconcern through the pencils of a custom in spectacles, with a china-cup and saucer in her cracker-bag, two books in her umbrella, two more in her laps under her wraps, and a souvenir-spoon up her sleeve.

- Emma Carleton

New Albany Ind.

tribe was then more powerful than now, and this was one of the preparatory to admission. Its interior, at the feet, was lined with a yellow of which it was customary to see that the feet had been

put "Eureka," but his delight were scarcely inferior to that of a philosopher of Syracuse. He danced. He turned half a circle and terminated his strange performance by his thighs and crowning the chief, accustomed to the council board, looked on with extraordinary proceedings, that his guest had gone mad. He was impaired when Sam should set out on the morrow with his companions in arms, for the chief did not reply, but shook his head with great gesture said that he regarded as a great warrior, and that he would go himself to the top of the mountain, if he could. The Catamount braves would be not a little galling to him to count largely upon his own strength, to be obliged to explain the superannuated companion. The circumstances were fully explained with no opposition to his own men in council gave it their consent. The young men were anxious to see the ancient Catamounts, and were fired in the breasts of their own of the succeeding day, of infantry, duly equipped, for a perilous adventure.

On the second day they went to the base of the volcano, where the tracts of hardened lava gave evidence of the eruptive nature of its eruptions. It had already attained a great elevation. The level of the bay, the mountain rose them to an immense height. They postponed the ascent until the next day, which happened to be the summer solstice. They had no doubt that the whole day would be occupied in such unquestionably would be the case, but for a circumstance singular, and to the travellers' surprise. The sun did not set. On the contrary, although giving a while of going down in goodly saffron around the edge of the horizon, it was conspicuous that something was required unusual attention. The traveller's story, it is proper to say, was received by him with becoming diffidence. He did not expect to gain credence in his story, but he thought on the whole he might as well require it. He nevertheless retained its truth, and since surely it was one of the signs of the times, certain sectaries have been so covering. He had before been told by the shortness of the nights, that he was prepared to see one altogether new and marvellous the phenomenon have appeared to the sailor and it will probably not startle the propriety, nor be found very strange. A traveller within the tropics, at midsummer, would be in little danger of being benighted, particularly at an altitude of eight thousand feet from the ground, in any circumstance, however, nearly

For Bertha Guynes  
[10 cts]

Queen Anne's Lace

Ah - Queen Anne's lace hath many curious ways -  
Along the road-side dust - it rambling strays:

Across the field it lingers where 'tis bright -  
And lures in deep ravines where shines no light:

'Tis sweet companion-ship beside the path -  
Yet deeper moods of feeling - too - it hath:

To burial-grounds it flocks in silken hosts -  
And dances - mayhap - with dim, children-ghosts:

Over barriers tall it climbs to mansion-plots -  
Then crowds up to the doors of humblest cots:

Dear democrat it is - brave, common ways -  
Though relic of a queen of long-gone days:

- Emma N. Carleton

failing profit

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AS, AND OUR

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out; we are,  
r own suns."

assage from  
m which we  
expressed.

that I turn a  
week's life is  
myself what I

for Bertha

Aug

7-1915

A Toast

To Julia - and Bertha - I scarce can  
tell which

Shone lead off this rhyme, for they both are  
so rich

In goodness and kindness - but - oh - why  
begin

To praise all the gifts of my nearest of  
kind?

To Bertha - and Julia - I cannot say  
here

The depth of my feelings; they both are  
so dear.

So - fit in this tribute! Oh - woes of a  
friend!

Let leave them to guess with what  
name it hath end. Author Unknown

[Aug. 4.

vites studious  
The "History  
h he made so  
written. His  
d, part of the  
us, has only  
single chapter  
attempt these  
ks to Robert

AL.  
July 20th, 1849.

your journal  
history, touch-  
NGAL. I find  
dress recently  
William Wood-  
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tern country,  
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Under these  
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essional labors  
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e for which it  
r and caustic  
battled soldiers.

Please  
return  
if  
not  
available  
at  
regular  
rates

(Mrs.)

New Albany  
Ind.

Unk'  
~~Unk'~~ Henry's Girl x

Unk' Henry sat there - one big smile:  
His face just beamed; his eyes so blue  
Were lost in twinkles; all the while  
His long beard crinkled sunshining, too x

"Unk' Henry" - <sup>she</sup> I said - "seems to me  
You're <sup>quite</sup> ~~just~~ the nicest man I know:  
I'd like to come here frequently  
To see you sit there - smiling so x"

Unk' Henry still smiled on; - said he -  
(The old man's gallant - through and through -)  
"This smile aint always here - you see;  
I only smile like this - at you!"

— Emma Carleton —  
Katharine Wigley —

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Annie E Lewis, widow of William M Lewis  
died April 28-18 - at the residence of her son  
Henry B Lewis in Los Angeles. She is survived  
by two sons Wm Phelps, of Huntington Ave ~~for~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~the~~  
Bangs, <sup>of L.A.</sup> She was born Sept 10 - 1837 - was a resident  
of New Albany from 1858 - till 1907 - a member of  
The 2<sup>nd</sup> Pres Church during the time.  
Her death came, after a 2 1/2 years ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> sickness  
~~confined to her bed~~, which she bore with courage & grace.  
Those who knew her - held her in love and esteem.  
It was the writers privilege to spend many hours at  
her ~~bed~~ <sup>bed</sup> side in her later days, and often she spoke  
of the happy years spent amongst her friends  
& loved ones in dear New Albany. The old generation  
is swiftly passing & few of her contemporaries are  
now living - New Albany was always home to her, where  
her children were born.

Change  
in any way  
you like -

I am not  
of mood to write  
So you get it up  
Emma

Please  
return  
if  
not-  
used

Emma Carleton  
New Albany  
Ind

91

it seeming to interfere  
me exceedingly."

ER SCOTT.

uffered bitterly during  
ked much, and sorrow-  
and Captain Basil Hall.  
themselves," she said,  
ample; even Sir Wal-  
destroying himself; he  
a day, at works of ima-  
: adding that he had

T BREAKFAST.

all you," she exclaimed,  
ing over several of Sir  
rs, "one thing I must  
SCOTT was almost the  
never tired me; Sir  
a clever talker, but he  
though my sister once  
n things he said worth  
ing at breakfast."

NDENCE.

ollection of autograph  
most interesting I ever  
t's were, I had almost  
the correspondence of  
a Baillie, Miss Seward,  
rs. Grant; packets of  
titudes from America,  
h said was "a letter-

EWSPAPER.

ublin from Edgeworths-  
of the truth of Miss E.'s  
wing habit of thinking  
waiting for change of  
the carriage was, as  
beggars, one after an-  
everything they could  
pence, your honor, just  
reland and good luck;"  
hat, or a fourpenny bit,  
mightn't dirty yer glove  
pence;" "Maybe ye'd  
anything, to stop the  
my lady;" and, at last,  
about to start, an old  
then lave us the bit of a  
se us whin ye're gone!"

SIEGE—IN ROME.

ne by MARGARET FULLER,  
ine 10.]

een much at the Hos-  
noble sufferers. They  
n: this time was no  
to Novara, no Milan.  
en up by wicked chiefs  
reshedding their blood  
red. All were only  
n and be at their posts.  
at those who died so  
to; perhaps they were,  
to yield, and how can  
ided against the four  
these noble youths fly?  
the Italian youth; es-  
nards are some of the  
ever seen. If Rome  
there is no spot of  
can abide more, and

certainly no Italian will wish to take refuge  
in France. Truly you said, Mr. Lesseps,  
"Violence and friendship are incompatible."

A military funeral of the officer Ramerino  
was sadly picturesque and affecting. The

## The Long-Distance Funeral x

"Sometimes, funerals are funny,  
and nobody is to blame: I  
go to a funny funeral, now and  
then," remarked a club-  
woman — "I went to one not-  
long ago x Out in my old  
home-town last month, an old  
family acquaintance <sup>Sister Anna</sup>  
~~friend~~ died: mother and I were  
late in reaching the house —  
on the morning of the burial,  
and when the funeral-director

king, which the prisoners had taken, was prose-  
cuted by Leisler's son. The Committee of the  
Privy Council, to whom the matter was refer-  
red, reported that the forms of law had been  
observed on the trial; but they recommended

Scott's pen, given to her by him when in Ire-  
land,—placed before her on a little quaint, un-  
assuming table, constructed and added to for  
convenience. Miss Edgeworth's abstracted-  
ness, and yet power of attention to what was

attempted to usher us <sup>2</sup> into the front-rooms, they were packed to suffocation & we protested, as he took us around the long, rambling, disjointed old farm-house, and gave us seats in a little dark back room — the fifth room from the front rooms, and with no connecting-doors, four other persons were in the room when we ~~too~~ entered; three ~~or~~ elderly spinsters in deep black, and a timid looking man. The room was as dark and still as a dungeon: but the old-fashioned clock ticked with an in-harmonious loudness, it seemed to me. After what seemed a half hour of

inducements to fill up as possible, indicates discipline at the outset, sustained as the means of education advance. Suppose that the people are flimsy and easily ac- They require an education second to none in the country. As far as its motto of the motto of the education in the State. No royal road to learning any democratic road. and zeal on all sides.

Annual Report of the Superior Schools in Connecticut, legislature at its recent session at the Normal School. The law of that State is one from each county. Principal and one Assistant, give a thorough course of studies usually pursued in the State with instruction in the principles of governing a school. The number of pupils is Persons entering are to complete their purpose is to become Teachers. The full term of two terms of 20 weeks of the School \$2,500 annually for four years. No expended in buildings and it is expected, be further town where the School location rests with the Observer.

Annual Commencement of the "Doctor of Laws" by the Hon. Judge Eustice Richard Fletcher, Associate Justice of the Court of Massachusetts, of Newton, Member of the Senate of Massachusetts, and Hon. of Cambridge, Dane of the Law School at Cambridge the degree of "Doctor of Laws" conferred upon Rev. G. W. Rev. Levi W. Leonard, and Rev. Chas. Kittredge

his announcement of the from the United States simple, energetic, dignified, touched the hearts of many people:—

been received at this legation lately President of the United States of Japan last. Unlike his life before the evening of old time an illustrious and memorable of his countrymen ever services. Raised successively to be chairman of the most important; head of the House of Representatives; American people; supreme command; President of the Republic approved his fitness for the more in station, than in labor, and fortitude. He defended the boundaries of his country of the American Union on his influence and his councils and Treasury on the principles apply the rule of freedom to try. Most beloved where best and died in the midst of his popularity, which his own magnanimity.

and vice-consuls of the United States fellow-citizens now in the sorrow of his family and his public man lives in honor, and our country will be formed to the glory of his private life."

in existence prose letters of Bazon's from his from the press the occasion it de-  
 sixth year onwards to li much beyond the usual  
 cocity. "We never sa  
 writer, "to equal the  
 childish feebleness of t  
 pencilled lines) and the  
 language, in which thi  
 often generous, someti  
 but all unmistakably By  
 some of the very earlie

— The new numbe  
 also an allusion to th  
 which the respect of th  
 law is handsomely ad  
 are dangers which mu  
 the broadest republican  
 popular institutions like  
 the United States, and  
 into the citizens, can  
 coming calamities." Q  
 Review says:—"It was  
 from all quarters, and  
 peating, to surpass the  
 gentlemanly, we might  
 of Mr. Macready."

— We understan  
 Critic, that "The Woo  
 JAMES's labors, as a nov  
 — The new num  
 Review has an article o  
 of England, which may  
 indirectly, if not direct  
 cal attacks upon that  
 duction.

— SERJEANT TAL  
 in the London Corresp  
 chester Examiner, is to  
 — The *Picayune*  
 something more than a  
 type to prove how muc  
 of intelligence is by the  
 of three or four lines, t  
 cles as Northern Journa  
 with; but we are very  
 our excellent Southern  
 out a case: the leader o  
 whit too long. Its phil  
 ingenious—particularly  
 lowing on the telegraph  
 its manuscript characte  
 thing of the ethereal fir  
 tor, flashing intelligence  
 meet the eye. The ma  
 gilt on the gingerbread  
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 munity like ours, it is th  
 ing, wit, and philosophy  
 rate specialty should p  
 article—the *multum in*  
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 attar, the whole world  
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 tear. We read to act, n  
 received our cue, we, in  
 on the stage to perform

— It is gratifying  
 thermometer is in the ni  
 decidedly cool, whether  
 gentleman in nankeens  
 specimen like the foll  
 romance of "Kaloolah"  
 a decided hit. No trav  
 complete without it. I  
 among other places, it s  
 the *Newburgh Excelsior*  
 the progress of a complet  
 nal American copyright  
 columns, writes thus:—

3  
 this awful quiet, we heard what—  
 seemed to be <sup>the</sup> singing of a hymn:  
 it sound dim, way-off, — way-  
 — way-off — as if it were down  
 the river on a steam-boat, or  
 out on the edge of town. Then more  
 dead silence, except the <sup>ticking</sup> clock &  
 After that a far-away, <sup>muffled</sup> sound  
 of speaking fell faintly in our  
 ears — as if the preacher  
 were blocks away — out on  
 a vacant lot some where  
 back of the village. More waiting.  
 more clock-ticking: the timid-looking  
 man went-sound asleep and  
 fell nearly off his chair with a jerk &

it is quite as well large body of new notes. The translator, in a

Then more distant music - oh - far,  
 far away - and much more muffled  
 than the first <sup>hymn</sup> & dead silence  
 again; we waited - and we waited -  
 and we waited; <sup>the clock ticked on, but -</sup> nothing happened &  
 finally, some one wandered in, or  
 out, I forget which; and told us the  
 funeral was over & we came out of  
 that dark back-room; but saw no  
 signs of the recent <sup>dead</sup> event; all had  
 vanished & we had attended a funeral;  
 but we hadn't <sup>even</sup> seen the ~~coffin~~ <sup>coffin</sup>,  
 nor the mourners, nor the preacher,  
~~nor the flowers~~, nor the people; nor  
 the hearse, nor a hack, nor the flowers &  
 we had been buried ourselves, in that  
 little dark <sup>distant</sup> back room & maybe it  
 was wicked; but we <sup>clearly</sup> laughed nearly  
 all the way home; and ~~uttered~~  
 dubbed that long, old, rambling "

[Aug. 4.]

tishments.

Published,

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New Edition

OF

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with Additions and Correc-

tious Index of Passages.

Illustrated

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New Edition.

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 1849, and splendidly illuminated and

OF MEMORY,

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# THE LITERARY WORLD.

A Journal of American and Foreign Literature, Science, and Art.

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PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

## Parisian Critical Sketches.

THE ACTUAL AND FANTASTIC VOYAGES OF HERMAN MELVILLE.

BY M. PHILARÈTE CHASLES.

(Concluded from our last.)

BEFORE we return to Mr. Melville's last work, let us follow the young cabin boy awhile in this unknown valley of the Marquesas islands, in the midst of a tribe of the interior, scarcely visited by the missionaries, strangers to the half-civilization which European contact has imposed upon the aborigines of the coast, who have become patterns of pretentious barbarity and coquettish ignorance. Mr. Melville does not tell us explicitly by what title he found himself, at so young an age, on board of the American whaler, the Dolly, then on holiday at Nukuheva, in 1842. Neither does he inform us to what circumstances the little favor which he enjoyed from Captain Vangs was attributable, nor the motives which decided him on the first opportunity to play truant, that is to say desert.

[Here follows a translation of the passage descriptive of the entrance to the bay of Tior.]

It is this identical descriptive style, this talent of the colorist, perhaps a little exaggerated, and choosing from preference vivid and brilliant touches, that has obtained for Mr. Melville his reputation as a fanciful writer.

[The critic continues his analysis of Types, accompanied with long extracts. He remarks, after quoting the passage descriptive of the *taboo* rites—]

The situation was not in truth very reassuring, but it must be confessed that we are indebted to it for a narrative that may pass for a model in the art of communicating to the reader vividly-felt sensations, and above all, that nervous thrill which has relation rather with physical instinct than with thought.

The real value of these two works consists, as we see, in their vivacity of impression, and lightness of touch of the pencil. Led away by his first success, the author afterwards at-

tempted to write a new humoristic book, *Mardi*, and a *Voyage Thither*. Irritated by the false reputation for invention which had been bestowed upon him, he took the pains to merit it, he endeavored to make use of the treasures of the imagination which had been lent to him. We shall see how he has succeeded.

In starting, like a good man of business, he was unwilling to lose the credit which his first speculation with the isle of Tior had brought him, and so did not leave Polynesia, which was the first fault. Then he pretended to be perfectly original, his second error. Originality can hardly be had for the wishing. Criticism is absurd when it reproaches the Americans for being wanting in originality in the arts; originality is a thing which is not to be ordered, and which comes late. Nations and individuals commence by imitation. Originality belongs only to ripe minds, who have a perfect knowledge of their depth and their extent; infancy is never original. This pretension to excessive novelty has in this case resulted only in an awkward and singular mélange of grotesque comedy and fantastic grandeur, which one may look for in vain in any other book. Nothing is so fatiguing as this mingling of the pompous and the vulgar, of the common-place and the unintelligible, of violent rapidity in the accumulation of catastrophes, and emphatic deliberation in the description of landscapes. These discursions, these graces, this flowery style, festooned, twisted into quaint shapes, call to mind the arabesques of certain writing masters, which render the text unintelligible.

A humoristic book is the rarest product of art. It is a voyage without compass on a limitless ocean. Sterne, Jean Paul, and Cervantes have alone been able to accomplish the task; Mr. Melville has certainly not succeeded in it. Although he commences by a fairy tale, continues with a romantic fiction, and afterwards attempts the ironical and symbolical, his ill-compacted implement breaks with a crash under his novice hand. How much study, reflection, and labor, what skill in style, what a power of combination, and what progress in civilization, were necessary to create Rabelais, Swift, or Cervantes! Let us not be surprised that *Mardi* should have all the faults of the rising Anglo-American literature, and let us seek for what it contains that is new and remarkable. Let us observe the curious development of a nationality of a second creation, and let us remember that there are maladies connected with growth, and that men like races do not develop themselves solely by their virtues.

An American, Mr. Melville himself, is engaged as a sailor on a whale ship bound for the Sandwich Islands. This engagement, which is only for a limited period, is only valid for certain latitudes, but the wind and the waves are variable. A long calm enchains the ship; the captain, cut off from his chances of profit, changes the ship's course, and announces to the crew that his intention is to make for Spitzbergen in quest of cachelots and whales. "You have failed in your engagement," Melville said to him, "I agreed to sail with you in other latitudes. I do not wish to follow you."

"Leave if you can," responded the captain, who returned to his cabin after throwing this strange defiance to his subordinate. The American tacitly accepts it, mounts the shrouds and holds a conference there with old Jarl, his friend from infancy, as to the means in which to get possession of one of the whale boats suspended at the ship's stern, and all well provided. Jarl is a sea-wolf, athletic as a Scandinavian of pagan times, bronzed and silent as a statue, devoted to his friend, incapable of trembling before any peril, nevertheless prudent and redoubtable, a veritable Viking, one of those sea-kings which Denmark and Norway cast upon the shores of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in the fifth century. Jarl is none too much of his friend's opinion, but Melville wills and Jarl obeys. In the middle of a dark night, the vessel making but few knots an hour, and the helmsman half asleep at the wheel, the boat is softly lowered, and the two fugitives, provided with stores which they had previously secreted, launch upon the great Pacific Ocean, and their enterprise is accomplished. The nocturnal abduction of the boat, the peripatetics of the eighteen days passed upon the sea, the hurricane which follows the calm upon these transparent and unfathomed waters, the examination of the strange tribes (scarcely known by the naturalists) who inhabit this ocean, would have a vivid interest if the author had not stifled life and reality under a luxurious maze of circumlocutions, exclamations, divagations, and hyperboles. To the Americans, as to all nations not yet possessed of an individual literature, it appears that simplicity must be vulgar and truth of detail contemptible. The hyperbole, heaping Ossa upon Pelion, and Pelion upon Ossa, the envelopment in clouds, which destroy the delicacy and severity of the color, is one of the most prevalent vices both of infant and superannuated literatures. To this first fault is to be joined the incorrectness arising from rapidity of execution. Mr. Herman Melville does not use the English language with learned ability, like Wadsworth Longfellow; nor like Bryant, another remarkable poet, with a somewhat timid grace. He misuses the vocabulary, reverses periods, creates unknown adjectives, invents absurd ellipses, and composes new words contrary to all the laws of the old Anglo-Germanic analogy—"Unshadow—tireless—fadeless," and many other monsters of the same kind.\* Nevertheless, in despite of its unheard of style, the emotions of the sea are admirably rendered. At one time from the deck of the ship, the sailor sees in her the powerful and rebellious steed whom industry, patience, and science have subdued to their will; at another, from his frail shallop, she seems an herculean force which plays with man as the wind tosses about the feather in the air.

Melville and Jarl have reckoned that by

\* Un, which expresses negation like the a privative of the Greek, can only precede adjectives, adverbs, and verbs—*un earthly, un willingly, unlie*. Less, an adverb expressing privation (*less* in German, the *Götterless*), should only be placed after substantives—*father less, penny less*. These principles, emanating from the special genius and inseparable from the logic of the language, govern in all the idioms of the Germanic and Scandinavian stock, the vigorous and extensive formation of compound words. To be unfaithful to these essential laws is to destroy the idiom and sap its roots.

DR. E. P. EASLEY

624 E. SPRING STREET

NEW ALBANY, IND.

Mch 23 1917

Dear Mrs. Callison:

Dr. Linn, the arbiter of all questions concerning the S. J. H. S. will decide the fate of your nomination.

If you and I cannot meet on common ground of antagonism to England, we can at least agree in love of her greatest poet - also in admiration of Falstaff - of old Jack Falstaff. Kind Jack Falstaff, sweet Jack Falstaff, who has added vast regions of wit and a good humour in which the poorest man may revel. His definition of honor is most amusing, and alas! only too true. "Honor? who hath it? He that died O' Wednesday!" To me his most laughable utterance was, "Lord, Lord! how this world is given to lying!" Sir John is one of the immortals, conscienceless, but so intellectual, so good natured and so witty that we almost love him. We shall never look upon his like again.

I read with much pleasure your articles in the P.P. Some of them made me live over again my early school days. Oh for those days of webbed blueback spelling book and Goodenow's readers!

Very sincerely yours  
E. P. Easley

## The Little Children

["Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven"]

Don't you love the little children that you have never seen?  
As shown in every story-book and in each magazine;

The ones in colored supplements - the Tommy, Grace, and Bells;  
And martyred ones in accidents which give us pang and thrill -

Dear orphans who are brayed about by parents and by kin;  
<sup>Also</sup> ~~And~~ they come by letter, and they all their plaudits win -

"Smart-Savines" which bring dollars that help pay for their well "ends";  
Long-lost ones in the little graves beneath the calvin buds -

~~Those photo-shopped for~~  
~~Prize books in the~~ Baby Shows, the least ones and the fat -  
The fat ones look so stolid, but quite prizes for all that -

Oh, Heaven bless these little ones - they do their work I mean;  
Yes - yes? - we love the children that we have never seen -

and is it egotistical? If so, I cannot see;  
For much I love ~~that~~ <sup>the</sup> little child that once I used to be -

- Emma N. Carleton

New Albany Indiana

powered her, and prevented her taking any decisive measures in or on the premises until too late, or doubtless broomstick in hand, Peggy had sallied forth and pegged away with remorseless violence at both the trespassers upon her soil.

On the day after the battle, however, she determined that the victorious General should feel the full weight and power of woman's first, best weapon of offensive or defensive war—her tongue; and so, in not the most amicable mood in the world, presented herself before Houston.

Without obtaining permission, inquiring if he were in, or with any in fact of the customary preliminaries, in she marched boldly up to the bed where the General lay—fretful and irritated from the effect of a wounded leg.

"Ginral," said she, "take yer men off me legge," (league—of land.)

"Madam," began the General, always urbane when the fair sex are concerned, but his speech was cut short by Peggy's reiterating,

"Take yer men off me legge, I say."

"Indeed, madam, the army will move as soon as possible."

"But I say take yer men off me legge immediately." At this last volley, accompanied by a corresponding approach upon the part of the assailant, as though, like the old man in the spelling-book who found words and grass ineffectual, she was about to commence the *vi et armis* mode of argument, the usual patience and urbanity of the sorely tried commander resigned its functions; and poor Peg was hurried home under the protection of a military escort.

No stranger is ever ciceroned over the field of battle without hearing of her speech,—it will be quoted in after ages. And all must admit that although her style of oratory might not have been classically beautiful, it was certainly to the point.

On leaving Brown's Island the Bay assumes the appearance of a river, the width not exceeding a mile; and after a detour of some two or three miles to the left, you arrive at the junction of the two streams.

Upon the right bank stands Lynchburg, and upon the left San Jacinto—two pretty hamlets, with a few huts, dignified as houses and stores—the latter driving an insignificant trade, with whiskey, tobacco, and coffee, for its staples.

Each place also boasts now of a saw-mill; and had this been the case in 1836, or had the new steam-mill been in operation upon the Bayou, it is rather doubtful whether the Mexican army would have camped so quietly in its vicinity.

The ignorance of the Mexicans who composed the army of invasion was almost incredible; everything that they saw was new to their eyes, and very simple and everyday affairs to us, became to them, matters of great wonder and profound astonishment. Such ideas as steamboats and saw-mills had never hitherto crossed their benighted minds; and thereby hangs a tale; which, as I have no particular desire to fight over the renowned battle of San Jacinto until my next, I may as well now relate:—

As soon as the invading army entered the settlements, the privates commenced loading themselves with miscellaneous and heterogeneous plunder of every sort and description; that they knew not the use of an article was to them no reason for letting it alone, as long as it had evidently been of some value to some one; off it went, and if too large to be trans-

ported by one, was divided. Unfortunate spinning-wheels found themselves divorced for life from all their former ties and connexions; shovel and tongs that had kept company for many many years, parted to meet no more: in short, the entire army—each man with his back load of assorted plunder, resembled for all the world some huge association of foot pedlars, got up on "social" principles, for the express purpose of victimizing at one fell swoop (or swop) all the old women in the country. That their backs groaned under their unwonted burdens made no difference to them, nor did it prevent their making fresh addition to their treasures every day.

Old booty was rejected for new, and the road over which they passed presented something such an appearance as the streets of our city might be supposed to exhibit, if at that precise moment, on some first day of May, when one half the furniture and luggage of the inhabitants is in a state of migration, an earthquake should suddenly occur, and all the contents of the various vehicles of transportation be thrown helter skelter, promiscuously, and sown broadcast over the pavements.

Fate so willed it, that while Urrea's division was upon the Colorado, one of his scouting, plundering parties, fell in with a saw-mill. Had they discovered the longitude without ever having heard of such a thing before—or had that very uncertain individual, the "Man in the Moon," with dog, and bush, and lantern—all his paraphernalia complete—made his appearance, and invited them to partake of the green cheese of which his kingdom is supposed to be formed, they certainly could not have been more astonished.

What use in the world this curious affair could be put to, they could not imagine; but ever treacherous themselves, they are ever suspicious of others; and after a long and warm consultation upon the subject, all pronounced it some cunning and devilish device of the enemy, one not to be approached save with an overwhelming force. Had they lived a few years later, and been sufficiently fortunate to have read Macaulay, something like a new "Rye-House" plot, or a "Guy Fawkes" affair of that kind, would have probably suggested itself to their vivid and fear-excited imaginations.

Be this as it may—off they started to procure assistance. This being obtained, the dubious and dangerous affair was regularly invested; and when after a slow and gradual approach on all sides, they found that it did not go off, their valor, cupidity, and curiosity combined, so got the better of their discretion, that a general rush was made for the building. Here was something new, surprising, and unheard-of. What could be the use of all that complicated and curious collection of wheels and levers; what did that enormous saw and the log carriage mean; unless indeed this was some newly-invented and horrible machine of those "diablos-los-Yankees," to shoot off that pile of huge logs, as so many gigantic arrows, against the invincible and glorious army of invasion.

One sentiment, however, prevailed—that of regret, of deep, unfeigned regret, that the whole affair could not be carried off bodily as it was; and to remedy this as well as they might, they laid their heads together to concoct plans and devise ways and means to detach the more portable parts of the vast machine and pack them off.

Some went to work upon the wheels, some upon the saw, and all were making themselves busy and useful, doing or trying to do some-

thing, when an unfortunate wretch, whose day of birth must surely have been marked with a black stone, seized upon the lever of the saw-gate as his share of the plunder, pulled it down, and off she went, with more than an extra head on.

Language fails to describe the result; and the reader must imagine if he can the precipitate retreat of the valorous foe. Some mounted their horses, many had no time to spare even for that, and not a hero turned head, or drew rein, until within sight of camp, and when the ceaseless and horrid din of the overtasked mill had faded away in the distance.

Had Mrs. Lot been one-half as wise, she never would have been changed into a moral pillory, or remained above ground long enough to have been chipped in bits by the "Dead Sea" gentry, and brought home by them to give an antique flavor to their Expedition.

P. P.

#### A MONTH AMONG THE CATAMOUNTS.

(Concluded from the last number.)

THE mouth of the gulf was large, and its sides just sufficiently rough and irregular to admit of climbing down by the exercise of the most unremitting care and toil. Each was solemnly impressed with a sense of the imminent peril of the undertaking. They felt that one false step might prove utterly irretrievable. After an hour's progress the little party came together on a ledge about twenty feet from the top. Blanched with terror, two of the Indians here signified their determination to go no further; and notwithstanding all the entreaties of their leader, actually set out on their return. "Go then," cried Sam, "you who call yourselves Catamount braves. Hasten home, that you may catch fish for your masters the Wallygoshers." Galled by these taunts, the poor fellows paused and looked irresolutely into the abyss, and then, mournfully shaking their heads, continued their ascent. The sailor's reproaches were, however, intended less for effect on the individuals addressed, whom he had no hopes of recalling, than upon the one who had as yet shown no signs of defection. This was a remarkably athletic man, on whom Sam had bestowed the merited cognomen of Big Fist. He maintained, however, an ominous silence; and although he recomenced the descent with his leader, it was evidently with great trepidation. After a few yards' further progress, there was another pause. The sulphur line was still nearly thirty feet beneath them.

"Big Fist is a great brave," at length said the Indian, "but he hears the voice of his squaw and her pappoose. He will go back."

Sam pointed towards his pistols, and the Indian shook with terror. The idea of being driven at the pistol's mouth into the depths of what seemed an infernal cavern, completely overcame him.

"Big Fist is not a brave," he said, "he is a child; let him go back."

After waiting a reasonable time for the other to recover his composure, and finding no likelihood of that event, our hero dismissed him, and continued his journey alone. After several hours more of persevering effort, he succeeded in attaining the locality of the long-coveted treasure. At this depth he also found more safe and commodious resting-places; and while taking breath in one of these, he began to reflect on the singular and unexampled character of his recent adventures. The whole marvellous chapter of events, subsequent to his being placed in irons on board the Thunder-

Please  
return  
if  
not  
used x

Emma Carleton  
New Albany  
Ind

## The Two Thompsons x

"Nine times out of ten," remarked a peaceable looking citizen—"when a man tries to do the right thing he does the wrong thing & that's fate's little way of getting even with us for trying to manage our own affairs x The other day I was standing on the corner talking to a man named Thompson—a geologist—

ified were some of the fugitives, retained serious doubts whether, of the cork leg, they might not gressive motion.

revealed to the victors but few le. The enemy had succeeded f their killed and wounded, who y not numerous. But the victory e, and had been accomplished slightest loss to the conquerors. my returned home in a sort of ocession; where festivities and picings ensued. Sam had reached e of Arctic fame. He was the his country—the great father of nt nation. But notwithstanding al paternal honors, he began to g to return to civilized life. He en about two months on shore. spending a winter in his adopted upportable. But how should he ere seemed but one feasible plan, t was fraught with danger. of the ships might soon be ex- he felt if he ever again trode oil, it must be through their t the chances of being able to of even these hazardous means dingly small. He determined, be prepared to take advantage of nity, if it occurred. Fortune had so lavish of her favors, that he k with some degree of confidence tinuance, and resolved, if possible, en his enemies contribute to his abode was on the immediate coast and his own lodge, in particular, eminence which commanded ew of that element. It had been deed, for that especial reason. d of assistants, who were kept in gnorance of his designs, he main- almost continual watch for the the meantime he had still an eye ain chance." The silver fox, the otter, and several other varieties rmless little animals, upon whose overings mankind look with such yes, abounded in the Catamount He now encouraged frequent hunt- rapping parties, in which these r" became the principal objects of a taste for their flesh was easily maged, and while his companions the carcasses with epicurean gusto, ully cured and stored away the this way he soon accumulated a ch, if he could successfully trans- is own country, would prove a no inconsiderable magnitude. t the dawn of a September morning nging eyes of the exile were glad- the sight of a sail standing down

safer his store of peltry from the a large canoe, which he had long adiness for the purpose, was the few minutes, and long before the his adopted brethren had snuffed

the interior. A council was summoned at which much sage advice was wasted. In the midst of their deliberations, another messenger glided noiselessly into the room and stood beside the council board. Although evidently freighted with tidings, he waited to be addressed.

"Wind-wing has news," said a chief, "let him speak."

Thus adjured, the scout replied that the enemy were encamped five miles distant, and that their numbers had not been exaggerated. They evidently meditated a night attack. All

to the blush. But the contest was too unequal to last. Dismay pervaded the enemy's ranks. The mysterious weapons could not be withstood, and the signal for flight was given. If the retreat was not conducted with skill equal to that of some masterly performances of that kind on record, the chief object of the movement was, nevertheless, gained.

It has been said that there were three hundred warriors in the invading army. They fled in three hundred different directions. And

the morning air, Sam and his richly freighted craft were outward bound. He had continued to wear his Indian dress and paint since the affair with the Wallygoshers, and now relied with confidence on the sufficiency of his disguise. There was no difficulty in attracting the attention of those on board the ship, which proved to be the much dreaded Thunderbolt. The sight of a boat was too unusual in these desert seas to pass without notice. The vessel even deviated from its course to meet him, and he was readily admitted on

and a highly <sup>2</sup>entertaining man & I like to hear him talk - but was in a dreadful hurry; so I seized another man who came along just then - also named Thompson - and, with a great intention of being quite funny, I said; -

"Mr. Thompson, let me introduce you to my friend Mr. Thompson & now, gentlemen, I hope you will enjoy yourselves - then I made off & "

lander, and if he goes, will probably not return empty-handed.

THE AGE.—"The great misfortune of the present age is, that one can't stand on one's feet, without calling to mind that one is not standing on one's head."—*Guesses at Truth.*

more entire, since on the last of repeated demands for the complete works of our older dramatists, will answer well enough for a full, elaborate edition, and to this we offer no objection—these are for bearded men; but in selections for schools, the very term selection ought to imply the exclusion of anything indelicate,

that could give a wrong bias to the process of development, at a point most susceptible. The several volumes, we acknowledge, are made, and generally free from allusion or grossness of expression; the notes of the editor (distinctly letter E) are commonly clear, and giving credit where it is entering very little into matters of their proper sphere. Yet we find they were still more frequent in many allusions unintelligible to school, or even in College, are in silence; in some cases whole passages are skipped over

laid down in the preface, that of those scholars who study without notes is not to be commended," is one with which we cannot much do we wish that the case, had given no encouragement. On one point we are that he has enlarged; and the analysis of the odes, and the versification. His remarks are quite satisfactory, though we are at the printer has sometimes a clature contradict his metrical or two instances we differ from arrangement. In *carm.* 30, we calling the last foot an iambus trochee; in *carm.* 34 we would divide differently, and substitute an amphimacer a choriambus, an iambus. We think Ramsay's of notice, that the initial foot is a trochee (for which, several substitutions were admitted) the final iambus, a second choriambus; we consider the remark about it, for it is contradicted by the 61st ode:—

halamo est tibi,  
ulo nitens.—V. cxxxii.—iii.

or ab omnibus,  
tiam sum.—V. clxiii.—iv., &c.

ing upon the work itself, both mechanically, due praise, we to our readers and to the editor at there are many typographical errors those collected in the list of errors either from the editor's want in correcting the press, or from some of such drudgery. In *carm.* *am ligatum*, and in note 7 *lac.* 15, in the extract from *Juv.* 8, l. 6, *fiébunt*; on p. 25, note, *es* wrongly marked; on p. 36, *nio*, and *Bythynia* for *Bithynia*, occurs on p. 48, and a similar, in *Ithythia*; on p. 54, in text, p. 138, in text, *Interia* and *met* elsewhere, *Luodamia*, *dabour* for *for vulpinus*, statute twice in a number of others, which we a hasty perusal, on the margin

y one or two remarks to make *r's Annotations.* *Carm.* iii. v. "on account of you," more literally your doing;" we can hardly regard the latter as "more literally;" it is at any rate a very free kind of literal rendering. *Carm.* vii. v. 11, "*Curiosi*;" the editor might have compared *Hor. Epod.* xvii. 77, "*ut ipse nosti curiosus*," &c.; and on the satiric employment of "*Pudica et proba*," in *carm.* xlii.,

last line, the "Tu pudica, tu  
Epod. xvii. 40. As he deemed  
to mention the singular departure  
in the use of the long syllable  
foot of l. 25, carm. lxi., he mig  
the equally singular introduct  
lv. l. 10, of the tribrach, as  
of the base. The editor has abst  
purposely, from correcting sever  
predecessor, but we cannot see  
son—the boy reads and receives  
faith, and thus may, we think, ju  
editor's door a charge of leading  
Surely it is inaccurate, in carm  
to say that "Apisci" is *another*  
pisci," as it is also in verse 202  
cretius as an authority for the  
being long.—Lucret. bk. i. v. 89

Ex utraque pari malarum parte pro  
Sin ea, que fructus quinquae es, per

And so in a dozen places where  
the last word, and its first syllab  
syllable of a dactyl. In fact the  
is the only instance of the lengt  
first syllable in any respectable p  
time of Avianus, Claudian, &c.  
selection, carm. xx., last line, pr  
in a pure iambic verse, with  
short.

Before closing we must ente  
against the resuscitation, in the  
of progress and this now classic  
abominable Greek types that dis  
York reprints of classical works  
or thirty years ago. We mean  
the accents are separate from th  
appear to be scattered by the pri  
random, as a sower would scatter  
some fantastic results in Greek  
consequent on such a process, we  
the "curiosi" to the extract in  
We have pointed out these sma  
the expectation that a second ed  
speedily called for, in which we  
them corrected, and the editor exe  
freely his powers of critic and  
for which in these selections th  
need, and for which by tact, talen  
tion he seems admirably qualified

#### LAW VERSUS THE DEMAGOGUE

A Lecture on the Nature of Law  
before the Chrestomathian Society,  
College, New York. By Rev.  
mings, D.D., of St. Patrick's Cal  
Tribune Printing Office.

THERE is a sentence of Lyell's b  
against which this address would  
is this—"It ought to serve as a  
afford serious matter of reflecti  
publicans of America, that a chu  
quires the prostration of the intell  
of faith and discipline, and which  
bitious of worldly power, is also  
the most willing to co-operate w  
democratic party. Are the prie  
of having embarked in a commo  
the demagogue, and that they m  
derive their influence from courtin  
prejudices, and ignorance of  
Whatever ground there has be  
pression of this opinion, we have  
manist clergyman, before a socie  
College, denouncing demagogueism, and as  
serting that authority of law which is at times  
so unpalatable to the passions, &c., of the  
people.

The orator considered law, ethically, as a  
principle of eternal obligation, with its seat, in

"In about <sup>2</sup>ten days I again  
run across my friend Champ-  
-son, the geologist. He came up  
to me with a menacing look  
in his eyes, and said:—

'Say, what did you mean  
by introducing me to that  
other Thompson man the  
other day? He was the biggest-  
bone I ever came across—  
and can't talk a thing  
but foolishness, I didn't  
get away for half an hour—  
and had to hear all about  
his country-places—his  
crops, his cattle, and

superior reason, or will not be so guided. If it  
will be so guided, then the people are not supreme,  
and the modern theory of their right to legislate  
falls to the ground. If it will not be so guided,  
then it must offer guarantees of a wisdom that will  
not deceive nor be deceived; a goodness that will

not a word, the single utterance of which can turn  
iron into gold, vice into virtue, wrong into right.  
Liberty has its rules and its bounds, its depth, its  
breadth, and length, like other contingencies. Men  
may call the night day, and black white, and  
round square, if they see fit, but that does not

his old mare<sup>4</sup>—what ~~do~~ I  
care about any man's old mare?

Of course, I smoothed Mr. Thompson  
down as well as I could— I  
told him he must have patience  
with other men's hobbies—every-  
body couldn't be as highly  
intellectual or ~~his~~ as scientific  
as he was—that the world was  
full of <sup>valuable</sup> men who didn't know  
a penicillin from a febriocite.  
He seemed to forgive me; but  
in a few days my other  
friend Thompson came  
at me on the suburban  
car x Great goodness,

oil is, so the crop,  
ancer, so the hop.  
ree is, so the pear,  
na'am, the maidens are.  
oldier, so the battle,  
ardsman, so the cattle.  
ord, the servants be,  
arent, the progeny.

*Sancta Clara."*

lines are printed anonymously.  
he pen of Horace Smith, who  
any graceful contributions to  
the day, and of whose death,  
Wells, the last steamer from  
st brought us the intelligence.  
a noble band of authors who  
e first half of the nineteenth  
all of whom have now de-

#### DRAL COSMETICS,

ld save your features florid,  
bright eyes, unwrinkled forehead  
evastation horrid,  
t this plan;—  
in climate cold or torrid,  
le old man.

th Luxurious diet,  
passions' lawless rio  
nestic quiet,  
rily gay;  
pite of age's fiat,  
st decay

Manmon's worship pleasure  
richest, dearest treasure,  
nds, music, polished leisure;  
mind, not sense,  
e scale by which ye measure  
r opulence.

olence, this the science,  
, sweetest, best appliance,  
ints not man's reliance,  
ate'er his state;  
yes, with calm defiance,  
e, fortune, fate."

l precepts are worth separating  
s they cover a particular sani-  
of Dr. Brigham, which he has  
in an annual report of the In-  
which he presides—the value in  
lth, and particularly as a tonic  
diseases, of a sufficiency of good  
He recurs to this point fre-  
ssings," said Sancho, "on the  
nted sleep, it covers a man all  
ment:"—

e could impress upon all, the vast  
euring sound and abundant sleep;  
feel that we had done an immense  
ow beings, not merely in prevent-  
other diseases also.

t the great praise of early rising  
effect, to make some believe that  
tle consequence. Though it may  
with the sun, or when it is light  
ever), yet this is of minor conse-  
arison with retiring early to bed.

ays taken care," said the worthy  
ter he was above 100 years of age,  
proportion of sleep, which I sup-  
uted to my longevity."

ion the most frequent and immedi-  
anity, and the one most important  
t, is the want of sleep.

good sleep, it is important that the  
be disturbed for several hours he-  
rest.

thus extols sleep:—

child, sweet father of soft rest,  
approach peace to, all mortals

discourse in the premises. The selection is  
made with taste and judgment. What is a  
true consolation to the lover of his race, in this  
glance at the most painful of sufferings, is the  
simplicity of the means of its prevention, and  
the re-establishment of health. The processes

As the spawn is, so the usn,  
As the cook, so is the dish.  
As the cobbler, the shoe will look.  
As the writer, so the book.  
As the leech, so is the salve,  
As the cow, so is the calf.

thunderer dost to shepherds and to kings,  
Sole comforter of minds which are oppressed;  
Loe, by thy charming rod all breathing things  
Lie slumbering, with forgetfulness possess'd."

A JOURNAL OF SUMMER  
IN THE COUNTRY

In one of the very first number of the Literary World (March 6, 1847) we were sure of presenting to our readers some of the most interesting passages of the work and highly cultivated English criticism of "Jeremy Taylor, a Life" by the Rev. Robert Aris Willmott. It noticed the many happy instances which exhibited the writer as understanding an interpreter of the language of Divinity. Taylor's exceedingly descriptive and associative passages of scenery found in the "Incumbent Wood" a genial illustrator. The modesty of the work in its fiction, always from choice authorship, obscured the merits of the editor, whom it would appear to be probable associated with the good and the great. The power to appreciate sense the power to create, and the text in taste and purity sometimes original authors.

We have just received another pen of this writer—"A Journey in the Country," with overflowing of the love, painted thusiasm of an ardent student of nature; of the poets young and old; of man and woman; of birds, sharing Wordsworth's outpourings and Southey's literary inspirations cannot conceive any book more from one of the beautiful ivy-crowned country parsonages of the is all of a piece with the rich landscape, the evening calm, the which are around. There is too, of not too much talk about but you have the things themselves the flowers, the birds.

Without more preface we shall readers companions with us in this pleasant volume, as yet untried country, and continue our gleanings from the Literary World in a number or two.

The simple dedication of itself to progress, after the winning title passes, with deepest love and thankfulness.

The Journal opens May 1, with Gray, whose refined style in his Willmott has not unsuccessfully in his own composition; for example sentences:—"The wish is felt by that Gray had given us more diaries; or had composed them in principle. His stories of home communicated to Dr. Wharton, are. But, for the most part, he hid his learned thoughts in his own bosom. The lines which we have placed very like Gray: they convey, too, the writer's own purpose in the project.

Of course the entries of different as variable as the winds, true atmosphere of the spot.

Here is, with a pardonable vagueness subject—

## A MORALITY ON SHADOWS

"Did you ever spend a summer making notes of shadows, with a view to their history? Then you would be astonished to find how the spreading, lengthening, and vanishing of a shadow, represent the growth, fulness, and decline of genius or life. In a

volume of his Literary Remains, observes of the theological school of Smith—"Instead of the subservience of the body to the mind (the favorite language of our Sydneys and Miltons), we hear nothing at present but of health, good

language. Why did he not give lessons? I should like to ask this nightingale a few questions about his travels; such as—Whether he compared the dark sea, streaked by deepest purple, with our lake? marble pillars of ruined

he ~~said~~ exclaimed — "I'll never die  
get even with you for dragging  
me into a conversation with  
that other Thompson of yours x  
Had many <sup>other</sup> Thompsons <sup>have</sup>  
you ~~known~~ any way? Why,  
that man's a deadly bore—  
I never was so imposed  
on in all my life x He's an  
awful bore — he's a geologist—  
I couldn't get away <sup>from him</sup> for an  
awful long time — and he  
couldn't talk about a thing  
but rocks x"

temples on green hill-sides, with gables and porches of old Berkshire farms? or dim islands—Cos and Ithaca—glimmering through a cloud-curtain of silver, with our country towns, just visible in the early dawn? Perhaps he preferred a tour in Egypt, long a favorite winter-home of his kindred. What food for those 'bright, bright eyes,' in the land of sphinxes and mummies! What a stare at the Pyramids, and longing, lingering look at Rosetta! Our Loddon—the tranquil and clear-flowing—is a pretty river; but think of the Nile, sprinkled with spreading sails, and bordered by gardens. Pleasant falls the shade from vast boughs of sycamore and fig-trees! I can see him plunging into the twilight groves of date, citron, lime, and banana, and covering himself over in gloom and fragrance. There, truly, he might sit 'darkling.' What bowers of roses! But no—our wood challenges the world for roses; and here Hafiz might have contented his own Bulbul. Surely that 'bright, bright eye' drank in with wonder the living figures of the landscape—and, strangest of them all, the Arab in his long blue dress at the door of the Mosque of Abu-mandur. How different from our parish-clerk shutting the church windows in the evening! One is curious to know what a nightingale, on his first tour, would think of his own feathered brethren and the quadrupedal race: Of that rare fellow the pelican, with his six-men-power appetite—and the buffalo, his black nose snorting the Nile into foam, as he crosses from side to side.

"But the sweet musician who sits on his branch rejoicing, quite heedless of me or my speculations, may have taken a different road. If he visited the Archipelago and Egypt in former years, did he turn his wing to Syria? Again I sigh for the bird-language. Touching stories that tongue might tell of the field which the Lord hath blessed with the dew of heaven, the fatness of the earth, and plenty of corn and wine; of the woody tops of Carmel; the sunny vineyard and grassy upland; the damask rose; the stately palm of the Jordan; the silver sands of Gennesaret; and the sweet flowers—

That o'er her western slope breathe airs of balm;

the hum of bees' in clefts of the rocks; the solemn olive-garden; the lonely wayside! For think of the reach of that large dark eye! A French naturalist has calculated the sight of birds to be nine times more powerful than that of man. Belzoni himself would have been nearly blind by the side of this little brown explorer. But, oh! unmindful nightingale! a broader, brighter eye was bent over thee—the eye that never slumbers nor sleeps—as thou screenedst thyself in the orange branches. If even young ravens that call on Our Father are fed from His hands, and the sparrow, sitting alone on the housetop, does not fall to the ground unobserved or uncared for; surely thou art ever seen and watched—in the rose-gardens of the East, and the green coppices of English woods—dear pilgrim of music and beauty. I think thou art God's missionary, publishing abroad His wonders and love among the trees—most eloquent when the world is stillest. Time and Sin have not touched thee or thy melody. Where thou art, Paradise grows up before the eye of faith, as when the burnished boughs flung long shadows over Eve, dreaming by moonlight within

—a circling row

Of goodliest trees, laden with fairest fruit,—  
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue."

The distant and retired glimpses of this favorite bird of genius, in the sketch we have just

given, find an illustration in the philosophy of the next passage:—

#### A LOOKING OF THE EYE INTO REMOTE SPACE.

"May 13th.—I was interested to-day by the remark of one of our most accomplished portrait-painters. He says that he has observed, in every celebrated person whose features he copied, from the Duke of Wellington downwards, a *looking of the eye into remote space*. The idea occurs often in literature. Milton, perhaps, led the way by his description of Melancholy:

— with even step and musing gait,  
And looks communing with the skies,  
The rapt soul sitting in her eyes!

Sterne assigns the same peculiarity to the face of his Monk, in the *Sentimental Journey*. His head, 'mild, pale, penetrating; free from all common-place ideas of fat, contented ignorance looking downwards upon earth; it looked forward, but looked as if it looked at something beyond the world.' Nothing can be more exquisite than the iteration. The late Mr. Foster probably had this portrait in his remembrance, when he described the Christian in society—in the world, but not of it: 'He is like a person whose eye, while he is conversing with you about an object, or a succession of objects, immediately near, should glance every moment towards some great spectacle appearing in the distant horizon.'

"Mr. Moore's elegant tale of the Epicurean supplies another example: Alethe raises a silver cup from the shrine—'Bringing it close to her lips, she kissed it with a religious fervor; then turning her eyes mournfully upwards, held them fixed with a degree of earnestness, as if in that moment, in direct communion with heaven, they saw neither roof nor any earthly barrier between them and the skies.' And a fourth illustration is furnished by Mr. Keble, in his picture of Balaam foretelling the happiness of Israel, and the rising of the Star:—

O for a sculptor's hand,  
That thou might'st take thy stand,  
Thy wild hair flouting on the eastern breeze;  
Thy transc'nd yet open gaze  
Fix'd on the desert haze,  
As one deep in heaven some airy pageant sees."

(To be Continued.)

#### SUGGESTIONS FOR AN ESTIMATE

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE last number of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, a journal which in the hands of its editor, Dr. McClintock, takes rank among the foremost periodical publications in the country, opens with an admirable biographical sketch of Goldsmith, appreciative, liberal, yet discriminating—a just account of one, of whom it may be said, that his failings obscured all knowledge of him while living, as his virtues have overpowered all candid inquiry since his death. The article is, we understand, from the pen of the *Rev. Daniel Curry*, of Brooklyn. It may be read as a happy introduction to the detailed exhibition of Goldsmith's career promised in a few weeks from the pen of Irving. We present a passage or two from the summing up, which has the novelty of looking at "Goldy's" character from the point of view of a religious journal.

"But how can we account for the concurrence of qualities, thus securing for their possessor at once admiration and contempt? Two mental properties, apparently contradictory, yet capable of co-existence,—self-esteem and self-distrust,—distinguish his history and his character. By the combined action of

these he was rendered extremely sensitive. Esteeming himself highly, he was quick to feel any seeming insult; and, conscious of a want of power to enforce respect, his spirit writhed under the tortures of unmerited contempt. Had his self-esteem been seconded by self-confidence, it would have given occasion to towering pretensions and pride of opinion,—he would have borne the patronizing air of superiority, and even his kindness would have had the appearance of the condescension of self-complacent dignity. But, in the absence of self-confidence, self-esteem is vanity, and becomes the occasion of a thousand ridiculous schemes to gain applause, and of most poignant disappointment when it is withheld. How fully all this is manifested in the life of Goldsmith must be plain to every one acquainted with the subject.

"But the influence of his self-esteem was not always evil. Its effects upon his style were highly favorable. It has often been a subject of wonder, that a style of unequalled purity was attained by one whose associations were so generally vulgar. His self-esteem affords a ready solution. In his low estate he always felt that he was wronged and degraded by his position. He esteemed himself too good to commune in sentiment with his low-minded associates, and so, although he lived among them, he never learned their language. This also kept him from the low vices of the vulgar; for higher motives would hardly have availed him, and fashionable crimes and follies had little deformity in his sight.

"His self-distrust, on the other hand, which ever attended him as his evil genius, was constantly paralysing his energies and frightening him from asserting his just claims. In childhood, among his playfellows, it made him a cowering underling,—afraid to lift up his head and to assert his rights. In school and at college it crushed his ambition, and forced him to despair of success among his inferiors. In his painful and protracted struggles for a place in society, it constantly stood in his way, and made him falter, when perseverance would have secured success. And when, at length, his genius forced him above his degradations, it followed him still, and, in innumerable instances, betrayed him into deep and painful humiliations. Respect is never given as alms,—it is seldom awarded to the claims of justice, except in view of the power to enforce those claims. That power Goldsmith had not, and so was laughed at and bantered by his inferiors wherever he came.

"Intimately connected with this distrust of self, and perhaps resulting from it, was his want of self-control;—for he was accustomed to act from momentary impulses rather than fixed principles. His beneficence, though it often robbed him of his last penny, was not charity; nor was his prodigality, at the expense of others, dishonesty. He gave from the impulse of pity merely; and, when his own wants gave the present impulse, he gratified them at any expense,—whether by pawning a borrowed suit, or by borrowing a sum that he would never attempt to pay. The immediate impulse was always his paramount law.

"Without fixed purposes or decision of character, it is wonderful that he succeeded so well as he did; and the world may thank the hand of hard necessity for its property in the fame and works of Oliver Goldsmith. He wrote that he might eat; and because the demands of hunger were oft-recurring and

imperious, he wrote steadily; labors became habitual, not from necessity of his purposes, but from demands of his necessities. Thus came unasked to the aid of his friends, and by their united agencies, the power of habits formed more were produced those exquisite irradiate his name.

"As to a religious character, I find none at all. He was a Christian, because he lived in the Christian community; he was the Established Church—as Smollett, and Fielding—became fashionable, and his self-esteem that course of action. As to religion, he declared that he left his professional spiritual counsel to life answers to his declaration. Of his writings, though for the Christian origin, is stripped of ties of that system, and somewhat from its high standard; while Christian motives are relied on for efficiency to his instructions. The philosopher maintains his assuages very consistently, while acting in the manners of the first Protestant Christendom. His want of the sustaining power of a religion is especially manifest in the languor of the letter to his brother, which he betrays his utter want within himself upon which to the world's support failed him.

"But, if destitute of religion, he had its best, though infinitely inferior;—as to himself, his self-interest instead of a conscience; and, a spirit of genial and sympathetic occupied the place of charity. His interest in the joys and sorrows of him. This forms a prominent part of his personal history, and has given most of his works. His associations the time while his character was formed, were with the poor. The clergyman, he had gone through sizar; and for years afterwards a constant companion of want, and of associations to which want of victims. His sympathies were with the poor. Hence, we have views of society, his suggestions, forms, his pleas in behalf of the debtor and the novice in crime, fallen victims to unequal laws, and administrations of laws. To this his mind, thus circumstantially we indebted for all that is most in his writings."

### Poetry.

#### TO MY GUITAR.

BY S. ANNA LEVY.

So dear a friend as thou I never knew  
Such truth, and faith, and love, and  
From evanescent hearts I never drew  
As I have drawn from thy soul-me  
When I am sad thou chan'st some  
Until my woe is lost in woes of old;  
When I am glad thou singest of knightly glory  
Till heart and brain in magic spell are held:  
And here, all day, thy voice my spirit drinks,  
While rapturous rapture steals along my veins,  
Till every pulse inebriated sinks  
Beneath the power of thy delicious strains;  
And softly beautiful harp-notes roll—  
And seraphs sing around the altars of my soul.

1 (9)

"No class of men deprecate English peculiarities more than Englishmen who have become Americanized, by long residence in this country," remarked a citizen whose tan shoes still had Chicago dust on them + "A refreshing illustration of this fact came under my notice at the World's Fair. We had just been turned away from the English building by that austere English official whose duty it is to hold the framing American public at bay, when a slender, English-looking, blonde man—evidently an Episcopal clergyman—

pretty hardly nearly all parties in literature, theology, and politics, but with such genuine wit and so much good humor that none could take offence. But a large part of the oration was better suited to the fourth than to the nineteenth day of July. It was such a self-glorification as anybody without the brass of Brother Jonathan would have blushed to

a high non gallery running around the walls of the room, and into the alcoves. At proper intervals there are five graceful spiral staircases leading to the gallery. This room contains about forty thousand volumes, and is favored with all the light and air which the most fastidious lover of those luxuries could desire. The two anterooms are yet unfinished, but when completed, with alcoves and a

approached the <sup>2 (d)</sup> steps & thinking it might be interesting we lingered to witness his reception from the "strong official &

"No sir," that great dignitary announced in pompous tones, "you can't get in here, sir, except between the hours of ten and five, sir - except with a special permit - sir - get it down in the city, sir."

"Oh well," responded the English clergyman with a graceful and benedictory wave of fare well - "That'll do - never mind - good bye - I don't care to get in any way - couldn't see anything any more English than this if I got in - good bye - good bye!"

"With this caustic comment on

ment than any other of the younger English poets. \* \* \* \* Many English dramas have been written within a few years, the authors of which have established their claim to the title of poet. But it is only in Mr. Browning that we find enough of freshness, vigor, grasp, and of that clear insight and conception which enable the artist to construct characters from within, and so to make them

agements have prevented his finishing before the present time.

Messrs. Crosby and Nichols are preparing to publish a "Cheap Religious Library," comprising volumes of Sermons, Sacred Poetry and Biography, and Devotional and Consolatory books. A new volume from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Burnap, of Baltimore, and one from the Rev. Mr. Muzzey, the author of the

en," will be published in the series. Messrs. Crosby and printing a little English book, lately spoken of by Professor recent course of lectures at titute, entitled "The Stars and Thoughts upon Space, Time,

C. B. F.

#### The Fine Arts.

*Art Journal* (now always lived for American subscribers tue, 26 John street) amply supply number, its promises in remember and interest of its engravings of the Vernon Gallery is with variety and spirit. Apropos on of Etty's pictures now open the *Art Journal* furnishes us a specimen of that painter in "The rised by a Swan." There are objects from the Gallery in the er, Roberts' elaborate "Interior Cathedral," and a marine piece by ch Boats in a Calm." The literature, particularly the frank career, accompanying the frank of the artist, J. P. Knight. Pas- Hall's appropriate memorial of orth we have already given to The articles on Thorvaldsen's continued, with an abundance of model utilitarian illustrations in artments. There is also a notice lean Art-Union, sufficiently com- enough with a studied reservation prity of English engravings. If it as a comparison between the of the London Art-Union and of n Art-Union, we should dispute In the selection of the subjects execution the latter will maintain position. Nothing is said of Mr. ine illustrations of Rip Van Win- probably have not yet reached the eir originality in freedom of draw- and force of conception, cannot knowledged. We look for some ception of them in the *Journal* hall reach England.

HERS WESTERMANN (651 Broad- sued parts III. & IV. of RETZSCH'S Outlines, illustrating Hamlet h. The introduction of these circulation is a well-conceived e of success. They have one ecommendation which we do not have seen urged, the effective sub- they offer for the performances of the intense dramatic action which ading characteristic. This sup- imaginative enjoyment to the nuses who read Shakspeare and do theatre. A good general idea of stage management and acting in y be had from these plates. They guides to the text, parallel inter- Schlegel, Coleridge, and Hazlitt. they present scenes almost en-

urely overlooked, as in the plate representing the lying in state at the conclusion of Hamlet. In the long list of serial books of engravings offered to the public, none have had stronger claims, on the score of taste, permanent value, and cheapness, than these which are issued from the original Leipzig publisher.

The AMERICAN ART-UNION is weekly adding

the iron-clad eccentricities of  
his mother-country, the blundering  
Englishman departed, leaving  
the thick-headed English func-  
tionary looking as if he  
wanted like to <sup>permanently</sup> call him  
'a blamin' hars x'

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THE troubles in Italy have driven many Ameri-  
can artists from their residences in that country.  
It is believed, however, that BROWN, the landscape  
painter, and TERRY, still remain in Rome or its  
vicinity, although nothing has been heard from  
them of late.

HICKS is in Paris, having lately recovered from  
an attack of Cholera. It is expected that he will  
shortly return home. He has been for some time  
past engaged in copying pictures of the old mas-  
ters. No originals have been received from him  
for more than a year past.

MCCONKEY, of Cincinnati, arrived at Paris  
about two months ago, and was preparing to start  
with a corps of artists to make a series of sketches  
of Swiss scenery, with the view of painting a  
Panorama of Switzerland.

WHITRIDGE, another Cincinnati artist, has ar-  
rived in London on his way to the continent; but  
the troubles in Italy will probably postpone his  
visit there for some time.

T. H. SMITH was quietly pursuing his studies in  
Paris at the last accounts. His first picture,  
"Columbus explaining his Plans," which has  
been received here, shows considerable improve-  
ment. It will probably be exhibited before long  
in the Art-Union Gallery.

C. P. CRANCE, with his family, sailed from  
Havre for America about the 20th of June, and  
before this is issued from the press, will probably  
have arrived here. He has completed a number  
of pictures, but few of which have been seen by  
the public.

CROFSEY was to have sailed in the steamer  
Europa, on the 14th ult. from Liverpool, in com-

mission since, has taken apartments in conjunction  
with ROSSITER in the Lyceum Building. He is  
about completing a large painting which will  
shortly be exhibited to the public.

CHURCH is again rambling among his favorite  
haunts in the hills of Vermont, studying the  
mountain scenery and atmospheric effects in which  
he so much delights.

WHITE has retired to South Hadley, Mass., his  
incessant application having made some relaxation  
necessary. He has some works of a historical  
character in hand, which will probably maintain  
the reputation he has acquired.

PEELE remains in seclusion at Clifton Park.  
His time has been devoted for many months to an  
allegorical picture which has been at the Art-  
Union Rooms, but not publicly exhibited, and  
which shows many admirable qualities.

MATTESON is rusticated in the valleys of Che-  
nango County, at Sherburne, where he is princi-  
pally engaged at present in making designs for  
book illustrations.

KENSETT, and his old companion CASILEAR, are  
sketching among the rocks and falling waters of  
Greene County, in this State, and the wild  
scenery of that neighborhood.

STEARNS is now at Guilford, Conn., where he  
is working on his picture of the "Marriage of  
Washington," which has already engaged his at-  
tention for several months past.

BOUTELLE resides at Basking Ridge, N. J.,  
where he is sketching from nature. He is at  
present engaged upon several large works for  
which he has received orders from two liberal  
patrons of art in this city.

Weehawken. He has had  
months past a composition  
entitled "Boone," taken from  
the life of the pioneer.

He is travelling in the  
State, gathering material for

PHILADELPHIA ART-UNION  
have Huntington's "Mercy's  
bers of the current year, in  
Ritchie. This painting be-  
longed to Philadelphia, and will be  
shown to our readers.

ENGRAVINGS will probably be ready  
soon. The engravings are

We hope to notice this  
particularly in some future

of "The Judgment Scene  
Venice" has been received  
and will be seen in the Art-Union

### Talked About.

report of the Executive  
Board of Education relating  
to it, it appears that of the 56  
candidates to whom the choice  
of 50 have chosen Greek;  
admitted class of 58, 46  
of Latin. This is a  
proof of the natural develop-  
ment of education under  
purely republican

gives a highly satisfac-  
tory progress of education in the  
second Municipality at  
branches of a preparatory  
school are fully taught. One  
noticing: "In each of the  
schools observed that the pupils  
were playing on a piano-forte, and all re-  
sulting in instruction in vocal and

Commencement of Union  
Society was addressed  
by AGOON, whose text was the

comprehensive subject, "Man." This, with  
the discourse lately delivered before the New  
York University, will not be published in the  
usual form, says the correspondent of the  
Watchman and Reflector, as it constitutes a  
portion of a work which has been for some  
time in preparation for the press. The Senate,  
one of the College Societies, composed of the  
senior class, was addressed by JAMES T. BRAD-  
DY, Esq., of this city. The Phi Beta Kappa  
address of Prof. TAYLER LEWIS is thus spoken  
of in the journal just alluded to: "The speaker  
commenced by alluding to an address, on a  
similar occasion, three years since, by Bishop  
Potter, I believe (of Pennsylvania), in which the  
orator took occasion to oppose a growing natu-  
ralism, which tends to destroy a belief in  
ancient miracles, the inspiration of the Bible,  
&c. This suggested to him his topic. Al-  
though it was not distinctly announced, his de-  
sign in his address was, to vindicate the great  
doctrine of Providence, as opposed to a still  
fuller development of naturalism, which re-  
gards every important movement in society as  
the result of great laws existing inherently in  
humanity and the age. Social, moral, and  
political reforms, or what some term the work-  
ing out of ideas, he contended was the result of  
God's providential designs and agency; while,  
what this philosophy deems the cause, he re-  
gards as the means employed by the Divine  
Governor to effect his purposes. The address  
was philosophic, able, and conclusive. It is  
delightful to the Christian, disgusted with the

(2)

It was Sunday afternoon in a fourth avenue car, and the usual varied assortment of humanity was represented - "mixed pickles" - as somebody cleverly calls a gregarious assembly. Among the passengers sat an elderly maiden, thin and distressed looking, with a rusty black dress, a disheveled false black bang, and a silver four-leaf-clover pin at her throat - emblem of good luck strangely affixed to an individual who looked as if she had never met any good luck in her life. In the rusty black lap of this elderly girl - diagnosed as a spinster by the faintly fizzled bang and the silver bangles on her deflected wrists - nestled an immense clock, of the variety that generally has a whole mantle to itself. An old newspaper was wrapped about the body, but the square black ends protruded,

appearance any of the persons belonging to the 'Squalus Maximus,' he had not a blunt head, or mane, or fin, or hump, the appearance of humps arising from his mode of moving through the water. I had the good fortune to see him the last time he was seen on our Eastern shore, for nearly an hour under very advantageous circumstances. I can assure you the original was neither porpoise, whale, nor shark."

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and it was easily <sup>2(2)</sup>identified as an old-time chonized clock with pillars down the sides, red roses around its face, no doubt, and a painted waterfall or cottage scene underneath the dial. As the car whizzed along, and the inquisitive person wondered how on earth that chop-warm spinster came to be traveling about on Sunday afternoon with a clock in her lap, a strange whirring noise arose - it developed into a bang - then into a bang, and the mysterious old clock, with great clamor, proceeded to strike about fifty or sixty o'clock. After the shock, everybody tittered - mixed pickles are never very earnest, you know - but the elderly spinster preserved an unmoved countenance. Beyond the Auditorium, the car was nearly emptied, and the spinster turned to the inquisitive person with a weird smile and said: -

"Them folks was a heap tickled over this clock, wasnt they? 'Saint no sech great joke to hear a clock strike, I dont think'. The strikers is way off, but the pintens is all right. I'm a-goin' out to see my aunt - she haint no clock - I tick mine along so's to come home fine the cars quits."

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Mrs. Emma Carleton,  
913 East Main St.,  
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Dear Mrs. Carleton:-

Your letter of January 19th is received, and if I hear of a log-cabin ink-bottle, I shall certainly let you know of it. I have one myself, and only one, but would gladly lend it to you, if you desire. I thank you for the address of Mr. Laidacker, to whom I have written.

Sincerely yours,

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and people of Lynn are Shu-hites  
Sullivan and Tom Hyer, Hit-ites; all  
-ites; and that numerous class of  
ladies who carry one column more  
in the Herald; belong to the tribe of

ating Milesians, in search of the  
burnt wood for soap boilers, are of  
ibe; keepers of intelligence offices  
is; and blacksmiths devoted to the  
of wheels, must be descendants of  
filies of Tyre.

opinion, all witty ladies, smart at  
ould be Sallies; diminutive men,  
e-brained youths, with their heads in  
il whirl, Eddies; and a confirmed  
ld be A-bi-rom.

ow no more appropriate name than  
aton, who seems bent on having his  
upon all occasions; and we are  
ined to believe that the determined  
ad his tigership of South Carolina  
y good pair of loco-foco matches.

there is one subject which has often  
ur inquiring mind; in the hope of  
ome new light, we make it known—  
pper Red River, or that Eastern lake  
d tar, the proper modern representa-  
classic River Siyx? P. P.

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introduces us gaily to the eight-  
ury. Let us pass with a smile into  
ry of Portraits, by turns charming  
e, representing in all their shades  
air contrasts the ideas, passions, hu-  
e age of Voltaire and of Madame de  
r.

y is a poet in action, such as I love  
oo love without doubt,—a poet who  
aight course to the ideal land of the  
is not turned aside by the "deceitful  
of the world, but gathers in passing  
fe all that the sage should gather—  
love; often seated beneath the vine  
rather to dream than to gather the

et, always in love, in spite of his  
and innumerable mistresses, always  
te of the two millions given him by  
., always singing even when in ill  
lescended, in a more or less direct  
a poor devil Prince of Navarre,  
ve, for a long time poor, always  
a word, from Henry IV.—and  
been poets of worse descent. He  
age of his great-grandfather, and  
great-grandmother, the pretty gar-  
of Anet, "the fairest rose of my  
Henry IV. called her.

us of the Arts cradled the infancy  
y. He came into the world at  
18, amidst the barricades of Cardi-  
; he grew up during civil, foreign,  
is wars, but dwelt far from their  
poke, passing his tender youthful  
iprecations on books and school-  
l in sunlight as well as starlight

The Borg

Indeed—God never made a Borg—  
Be sure, wherever you find no chug  
of joy, or entertainment, you  
Should polish your dull mirror more

Aye—truly—there's no Borg alive;  
If so you deem your brother man.  
Then sadly warped is your own plan—  
For Keener in sight—humbly strong

If still, for Borgs you will contend—  
Hark on—good luck!—and earn your fate;  
In sooth—though choice you feel—and great  
You'll be the first-Borg yet—my friend!

—Emma Carleton

[Foot-note:—

These lines I've sent, in search of peef—  
from door to door—nor welcome found!  
And so—my logic must be sound—  
I doubtless am that-Borg myself!

E. C. 7

Apple-Checked-Gin x

[His cheeks were <sup>as round as an apple</sup> ~~still round~~ a sign of eternal youth x — Charles Dickens]

Apple-checked Gin is a boy we all know —  
And what are his years? It matters not — oh!  
His cheeks are still round — his heart full of vim —  
So here let us greet him — Apple-Checked-Gin!

Apple-checked Gin has done good in the world —  
Never furling his cheer — his flag never furled —  
Life is a strife — but through gay days and grim,  
Bright songs he has sung — out Apple-Checked-Gin!

Toast with high honor then — Apple-checked Gin!  
Drink it in cider — and drink rim to rim!  
Eat it in pie, too; gold pumpkin's <sup>unto</sup> ~~for~~ him —  
Praise — love — and blessings for Apple-Checked-Gin!

October  
1915

— Emma N. Carleton

the past, abandon-  
freedom of youth,  
anters as well as  
s well as the fine  
of his poor grand-  
him. But the fine  
r-season and the  
he chateau were  
nptuous hotels of  
of the vagabond  
o? The Marquis  
n, conducted him  
ested an audience  
ou behold at your  
e pretty gardener  
said Louis XIV.,  
telt us innume-  
e, Henry IV., has  
usins. This one  
el, lively air, he is  
ything?—"How,  
sings like a bird,  
the best of ideas  
king about Greek  
one at tooth and  
s I no longer care  
" said the King,  
the valets of my  
e better than that  
can now scarcely  
—"He will have  
ng woman," added

kept somewhat in  
IV. beckoned to  
of his arm-chair.  
ed he.—"Some  
Charles Dufresny;  
both parties, I call  
if it please your  
name of your fa-  
er, Sire, but what  
who in this world  
ssurance, I know  
nither I am going!  
away for a long  
are a kind of per-  
sists in displaying  
eebler in color, and  
more distant they  
oint of observation  
and undetermined,  
e see faces in the  
eye of a lynx could  
to stretch beyond  
earch after family,  
ogs of antiquity the  
s as symmetrical as  
had moulded them;  
you sometimes see  
f men, horses, or  
well," said Louis  
on blazonry, which  
a one who pesters  
Thus," continued  
upon myself to dis-  
he distant fogs, but  
t. What is more  
a straight line from  
mon with plenty of  
nothing better if it  
IV. slightly bit his  
de his majesty and  
hese two pearls of  
lled them, suddenly  
elf. How could he,  
XIV., not be irri-  
rds from a beggarly  
rs! When one is  
Ego of God, how  
ord truth be passed

The Bore

No bore on earth - I here declaim  
 Where'er his name - whate'er <sup>his</sup> name  
 See - gatus - or - far - love or self  
 Can bore me as I bore myself x

Ways x

Don't talk of etiquette - ah - no  
 Who cares that rules are so and so;  
 In Dumpty sets where the purse is all  
 That make life's interests rise and fall x  
 Ah - give no - if truth be no myth -  
 Just "ways" - and <sup>kindly</sup> ~~pleasant~~ hearts there with  
 Let gladness show - and honest pride  
 In good old-fashioned manners bide

MY DEAR FRIEND:-

Now for Patrick Henry. I have dived on to my one hundred and seventh page; up-hill all the way, and heavy work, I promise you; and a heavy and unleavened lump I fear me it will be, work it as I may. I can tell you, sir, that it is much the most oppressive literary enterprise that ever I embarked in, and I begin to apprehend that I shall never debark from it without rattling ropes and rending

"from the kitchen to the parlor, and from the parlor to the kitchen." And then, to make the matter worse, from 1763 to 1789, covering all the bloom and pride of his life, not one of his speeches lives in print, writing, or memory. All that is told me is, that, on such and such an occasion, he made a distinguished speech. Now to keep saying this over, and over, and over again, without being able to give any account of what the speech was, - why, sir, what

open, sunburnt field, without shade or verdure? My soul is tired the days have come in which I have no pleasure in them. I have a notion of trying the plan of writing an account of the American-made speeches himself for his characters, imitating, in this, the Greece and Rome; but I think that this is making too free of history. Besides, Henry's are all so completely *sui generis* as to be by any other; and to make my rating him still worse, I never him. Even the speeches published by the Virginia convention by all my correspondents not to fall far short of his strength. Yet, in spite of all this monotony of materials, we have a fellow in the *Analectic Magazine*, or the *Commercial Advertiser*, I forget both have been at it, - exciting the attention on this very ground, among the copiousness and variety of the men in my reach. Those puffs mean I could wish them a little more

ere are some ugly traits in H.'s and some pretty nearly as ugly. He was a blank military commander, a blank politician, in all points which depend on composition. In short, it is, verily, as hopeless as man could well desire. I found it, and applied all the plaster that I could command; but the fig-ur, and every bud upon it indurated instead of life. "Then, surely give it up?" On the contrary, sir; I have stepped in so deep, that I am ruined, like Macbeth, to go on, or, like Duncan, should bawl out "keep no more!" I do not mean that I intend to publish. No, sir, unless I get it into a grace, and breathe into it such I have never yet been able to never see the light; Mr. Webster's to the contrary notwithstanding. I have determined upon it is to go on as I can, to embody all the facts; giving the whole, to lay it off into epochs, on Middleton's plan; and the first section, to make a last and end upon it, *per se*. If I fail, I surrender; if otherwise, I shall go forth, per section, conquering and to conquer if the public forgive me this time, I will never to make a similar experience of their good nature again.

Unique Poems.

## THE TENTH MUSE.

ORTALS! why thus to away,  
 Given to your dying day,  
 For the meat that perisheth?  
 Know ye not, that your first breath  
 Is the beginning of your death?  
 And that the life of king or slave  
 Is a pathway to the grave?  
 Who, looking on a gentle bride,  
 With the loved one by her side,  
 Sees in her delighted eye  
 The tears she shed in infancy!  
 E'en as little can we trace  
 The death-shade stealing o'er her face,  
 Which will soon, despite its bloom,  
 Lay and moulder in the tomb!

## THE PRAYER.

A bright-haired girl, with fair blue eyes  
 Lit up with starry ecstasies;  
 A heart that beat in full accord  
 With the feeling of each word,  
 As though its throbbings were o'erfraught

With  
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With

If but a poet's soul were mine!"

#### THE PROPHECY.

O'erwrought with this delicious pain,  
Sleep fell on the maiden's brain,  
And a vision dimly stole  
Like prophecy upon her soul;  
And one by one, in shadowy frame,  
Forms of bygone glory came,

A Lesbian maid, with tresses wild,  
On her own dear Phaon smiled;  
The deathless lyre by her was strung,  
The impassioned song by her was sung,

Shout to each other, with a voice  
Which loosens the vast avalanche.  
Creation chaunts in bough and branch  
Her mighty chorus; all rejoice!  
And there is one who more than feels  
The rapture which this hour reveals,  
For Nature's sacred page to her,  
Is Scripture to a worshipper:  
The hills and valleys, seas and woods,  
The very deserts and the floods,  
Are God's own framing; and the stir  
Of leafy forests, and the roll  
Of the majestic ocean brings  
Divinest voices to her soul,—

A sound like to a cypress stirred;  
And she beheld a figure there,  
Which slowly grew out from the air,  
A shape of mist, a starry frame,  
From which these solemn accents came:—  
"In me behold the sov'reign power,  
That gives the poet's soul his dower;  
But each thought that crowds his brain  
Is the child of some deep pain,  
And his life's a stormy fight  
With the millions' hate and spite;  
Every hour his heart is torn,  
And his daily bread is scorn;  
On the cross he doth abide,

Emma Carleton  
New Albany  
Ind

[Aug. 18.]

l sings.  
o a nook  
sweetest page  
sant book.  
to pass;  
l the grass  
while o'er her head  
were spread.  
was a spot  
ht be forgot.  
itude  
ached the wood,  
l recess,  
s,—  
uman soul  
n ally control  
s o'er the heart,  
form a part;  
e fervent prayer,  
e natural feeling,  
ure stealing—  
n earth and air!  
as she rested  
rdant-breasted;  
it fell  
e,  
a stream  
ruling dream,  
net her eye  
as the sky.  
ath not felt,  
ely scene,  
owly melt  
t hath been  
y, as lofty, as serene?  
ion, "I were  
ight roam  
e air,  
or my natural home;  
hat smile above,  
r arms of love!"

EVELATION.  
midnight now,  
r brow,  
with breath  
t life and death.  
d white,  
uisite,  
n awry,  
otony,  
laced,  
ing graced,  
silver light  
white,  
e of cheek,  
reak,—  
al was tossed,  
lost;  
on came,  
od in her young frame.  
midnight's gloom,  
red tomb,  
itb frantic mien,  
s Queen,  
e cried, "Behold  
l mould,  
ch wonders wrought,  
ns with a thought!  
hat I feel,  
elf reveal."  
when she heard

The State of "Botheration"

Matrimony as Regarded By a  
Cheerful Black Bachelor

The contented looking<sup>ed</sup> black  
man who was sweeping out  
a coal-office along-shore made  
a psychological impression on  
a loafer who was looking in  
the window as he smoked

Uncle Joe grinned &

Uncle Gus leaned his broom against the wall - glad of any pretext - for sitting down - and thus explained: -

"Mishah man - gittin' mah'ied iz  
veh'y keerfull bizness - dat's jes'  
wot it iz x I neverah did see  
no colored lady dat I wanted

And on her face so brightly pale,  
Life's tender flush yet lingered there,  
Like sunset which, though 'neath the wave,  
Still gleams upon the fleecy rail,  
Oh! rarest flower that ever gave  
Thy virgin sweetness to the grave,  
Rest,—rest for ever, free from care!

The shapes of light, the thoughtful Nine,  
Bow their heads in reverent fear,  
As though they felt a presence near.

THOMAS POWELL.

to the seventh edition of Mr. k contains suggestions so con-  
r own views, that we extract it  
nding the book to general notice

forth the seventh edition of his or feels himself called upon gratefully that kind appreciation of his which create a demand for the new. He is sensible that the merit lies in his not in himself, or his manner of. And this conviction affords him gratification than could possibly be ephemeral reputation of a popular successful delineator of scenes rarely

ing interest in the subject of American  
which has received a fresh impulse from  
to Mexico of so many intelligent  
connected with our noble army, is a  
young woman, and favors the hope that  
distant when there will be something  
of enthusiasm to appeal to in its  
surely worthy of a place in our sym-  
phonies. Pride of country; charac-  
ter; a natural love of the marvellous;  
desire to enlarge the boundaries of  
knowledge; an adventurous spirit of enter-  
prise no danger, that shrinks from no  
task is not readily discouraged by loss or  
these solicit our attention to this  
kind of inquiry, and indicate our fitness  
to explore it.

ro than to any other nation, it should to know all that can be known of in which we reside, and of which we important and conspicuous part ; to 'possible, to determine, when and by wonderful works which lie in ruins ound our borders, were constructed ; mysterious races, and whence they occupied and cultivated these wide , filled them with monuments of their ees, wisdom, and skill, long before of our race came hither. The enigma ut it should not discourage, inquiry, he most interesting investigations of ce, though the primary object has realized, a secondary and scarcely as been reached and established. It this case. Let us explore the ground. all that can be secured by thorough patient inquiry. Let us leave nothing which reason may command, or even e curiosity suggest. If we do not all that we desire, we shall at least utter oblivion and decay the relics that lowa to us. We shall enbalm, for monuments, if not the names and a departed race.

to the discovery of these ancient eastern continent was known only as a world. We had no antiquities but our high mountains, our hoary forests, and our vegetable remains imbedded in our rocks, these carry us back to the days of old, and the creation, they speak only for us, for the ages that have passed over our heads reveal none of the secrets of man's

timidity, of all works. They address themselves to our notice only as subjects of science, an appendix to the great unwritten volume of natural history. But these ruins are a new revelation, an unsealed volume in the history of our species. They speak not to our curiosity and taste alone, but to our human sympathies, to our social affections, to our family pride. For, like tablets of undeciphered hieroglyphics, or rolls of half-obliterated parchment, drawn out from the ruins of some ancestral eagle, they are the sole relics of a remote branch of our own family.

Norman, Stephens, Catherwood, and others, have done much, as individuals, in bringing them into notice. They deserve infinite credit for the toil and talent they have bestowed upon the subject. And we are happy to learn that the reading public in our country have so far appreciated their labors, as to maintain a steady demand for their works. It would be still better if the interest were such as to demand a further and fuller exploration, and to supply the means of making it. And better, far better still, and worthier of the republic, if she would make the cause her own, and become, to the inquiring world, the expounder of the riddle which the Sphinx has left for our wonder.

Please  
return

if  
not  
used

Emma Carleton  
New Albany  
Ind

The Wicked Little Wigx

At a casual glance, there  
wouldnt seem to be much  
art in making a stage-  
-ing stay on; but-doubtless  
every man and woman  
new to the profession could  
tell some droll experiences  
connected with this interesting  
piece of stage-property x

tions and directions with  
them."

fiction in this feature;  
very art, every science,  
or as occasion permits.  
the country let them be  
or not at all! On the  
building, which it is ex-  
arch, 1852, there will be  
livery of courses of lec-  
once promote "the in-  
if knowledge."

riety of means has there  
provision without inter-

port of Mr. Jewett, the  
and Librarian, is a paper  
only in its exhibition of  
es of the Institution, but  
ew of the libraries of the  
condensed in the follow-

Com- de- lin- No.	Ave- br- ter- No.	No. of vo- lumes	Age of books	No. of vols.	Date	Country
136,072	80,000	68	5,578,980	103	1845	Germany, including Austria and Switz-
145,000	80,000	21	4,771,000	241	1844	France
80,000	35,000	23	2,001,000	31	1840	Great Britain
23,000	63,000	16	1,321,115	120	1843	Russia
26,000	69,000	43	1,294,000	182	1847	United States of America
64,000	17,000	13	680,000	83	1840	Denmark
35,000	12,000	17	353,022	31	1841	Belgium
130,000	43,000	11	353,022	16	1841	Spain
130,000	150,000	17	353,022	21	1845	Norway
150,000	200,000	14	157,723	14	1842	

ms up the conclusions:—

in the number of public  
only country in the world  
ould be observed that the  
e are official and minute,  
ot more than 500 volumes.  
schools, however, possess  
ee, but they are not enume-  
ey were, they would swell  
n libraries far beyond that  
the world.

umber of volumes in public  
rance, Great Britain, and  
Were all the district school  
ollections in the United  
timate, we should probably

2

Miss Lulu Glaser is said to have had a very serious time with her first stage-wig & I wanted not go on, stay on, and look all right—over her ~~handsome and~~ ~~locks~~ ~~of~~ an abundant mass of hair. She did not wish to expose her newness by asking information from older actresses: and was determined to master the difficulty without assistance. So, as the story goes, she repaired to a barber ~~house~~ barber, and

ourney on a railroad, way, are introduced to nages in the train, and the haps and mishaps on. Have you reach- get acquainted with all es, scenes, and people present instance, we inger over the descrip- morely narrative with missing laugh.

y of a railroad opening th a graphic sketch of common to so interest- well worth the reading no openings and term- e hackneyed "Derby lly treated. You view spectacles of "an about t publishers and writers of one who is an old England to France and horrest time, but have sement on the route.

one on a Mediterranean ces the fact in a very self-

He has been over a nt of the London literary abroad for relaxation, is as you read you think of iter years of servitude . P. C. on the keeper's remembrances. Albert during his metropolitan ny agreeable things; but l the world at other times. aken leave of him with a pets and waving of hand- art.

#### ND HIS REVIEWERS.

of the Edinburgh Review on Macaulay's History. lence it is attributed, and y, to Jeffrey, who has come and judicial summing up its that have been stated 's character as an impartial In the Historian the review- champion of the Old Whig destined finally to disperse ental Jacobitism, which, ori- party and personal feelings enlarged currency when d by the genius of Scott, l and abiding reality to the is of history," till the stern th parties in the state were the questions at stake were were obscured and misap-

t triumph Mr. Macaulay has for future generations is, that ever this brood of distempered broad and searching light of poured in they have shrunk ver more to profane that sacred lonal liberty.

Ceterique fugi sub sidera lapsas et vestigia fidei relinquunt.

it back the public mind, with a le grasp, to sound, whole-some he great crisis of our constitu- aning our history from the and falsehood by which it had l sweeping into eternal forgetful-

bute them through several of our volumes and finish the publication of them in the course of a few years." This is in the spirit of the bequest, "an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."

It is satisfactory to learn from the Report

ing, but a character however unimportant and away dashes his pen, leaving plot and character to amuse themselves tarrying by the way side; and one naturally sees how provoking this would be to lovers of this same intense and ex-

ness the memory of a race of incorrigible kings. He has restored the much-abused term of loyalty to its true significance—allegiance to the laws and constitution, and high magistracy of the realm;

[Aug. 18.]

had her own hair cut short x  
 This made the matter worse;  
 the refractory wig then would  
 not-adhere at all: as it  
 had nothing <sup>worth mentioning</sup> to adhere to x  
 In the last stages of desperation,  
 Miss Glaser was forced to  
 consult an experienced actress  
 who told her that if she  
 had only plaited her own  
 hair in two braids and wound  
 it around her head, the stage-  
 wig could have been easily  
 and artistically adjusted x

tude being protected by the  
 in, as the conversation of rich  
 es is of so much more conse-  
 better sayings of poor devils.  
 or, knew far too much of the  
 at deal of himself, an unhappy  
 his own happiness; which, in  
 t him to an untimely death  
 is maxims, however, gained  
 ible cost, and their reflection  
 aking allowances for literary  
 btedly the secret of their con-

ay be considered to have  
 ight of his reputation when  
 aris read him in a school-  
 a distinction rarely accorded  
 , and it is still more seldom  
 an entire volume made up  
 a single author. Washing-  
 s honor in the *Crayon Read-*  
 at volume just issued by  
 with miscellaneous passages  
 Book, Life of Columbus,  
 Tales of a Traveller, &c.,  
 outh to entice the youthful  
 athway of knowledge. The  
 Crayon assumes the post of  
 ut without the ferula. He  
 ncorrigible urchin who shall  
 in all time to come over the  
 Book. What a gratification  
 ould be that he has hid no  
 ntricacies of his style, or  
 dant tyrants in the obscurity  
 ritors who anticipate becom-  
 take this into account, and  
 e young. It is the surest  
 old.

f the "Crayon Reader" are  
 and of the more serious  
 een a similar volume pub-  
 "Beauties," but the passages  
 he present is well made up  
 o go amiss), and noticeable  
 ment which runs through  
 make the young observant

sion of popular ideas and  
 of the now obvious but  
 glected habit of frequent  
 tedly been greatly fostered  
 stem of medical treatment.  
 of the faculty ever had any  
 es of a carefully nurtured  
 ar mind rarely gets fixed  
 comes with the force of a  
 s way a monomania or a  
 its. It cuts down admira-  
 shioned truism. To the  
 the water preachers a new  
 ough-ton, and published by  
 nd Forbes on the Water-  
 more. It preserves Bul-  
 azine article, in which he  
 tional repairs at Malvern;  
 the British and Foreign  
 Dr. Forbes; a couple of  
 Wilson's highly valuable  
 y Skin, with a few useful  
 tor.

bject, GEO. H. DERBY &  
 t issued the eighth edition  
 BE's *Universal Guide to*  
 course of food and diet, a  
 will find, with many other considerations, a  
 special account of the celebrated dietetic and  
 gastric experiments of Dr. Beaumont. Those

Teach nothing but to name his tools,  
 might be applied with as much point to the

nsned by GOWANS in Fulton Street. The  
 epigrammatic philosopher certainly looks more  
 imposing than ever on this ample page, an

will find, with many other considerations, a  
 special account of the celebrated dietetic and  
 gastric experiments of Dr. Beaumont. Those

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to be bothered w<sup>th</sup> an' I never  
 did see no colored lady dat wanted  
 to be bothered w<sup>th</sup> me - no - sah:-  
 so I never did get mah'ied to  
 her - an' she never did get mah'ied  
 to me - no - sah: "

"Then you think marriage is a  
 state of botheration, do you?" asked  
 the loafer.

"Yassah" - said cheerful old Jaz:-  
 dat's all it is - yes botheration.  
 Some ov' em gits so bothered dat  
 dey can't stan' it - an' dey goes  
 off - an' dont live to gettah  
 no mo' i. An' some ov' em

verses with Warburton's In-  
 Causes of Prodiges, as related  
 where he paints with singular  
 uty the fickleness of Sallust—at  
 advocate of public spirit, and at  
 ng in the robberies of Cæsar:  
 d the warm aspect of good for-  
 again, but all those exalted ideas  
 l honor, raised like a beautiful  
 work in the cold season of adver-  
 and disappeared."

—I called in the other day a lit-  
 has been owing, for a long time,  
 yers to Bishop Warburton. This  
 me upon another, which ought to  
 ame of the great poetical capital-  
 seventeenth century. Mr. Rogers,  
 tful fragment, Human Life, por-  
 yous indolence that sometimes  
 is in youth, when there is balm in  
 well as in the air:—

not, how oft the eyelids close,  
 he slack hand drops the gathered rose!

a most exquisite line, altogether  
 melted from Milton's ore; as may  
 urning to the ninth book of Para-  
 Adam, waiting the return of Eve,

—had wove  
 slicest flowers a garland to adorn  
 asses, and her rural labors crown;

early of suspense, wondering at her  
 nd with a foreboding at his heart of  
 , he goes forth in search of her,  
 her returning from the Tree of  
 , with a bough of fruit in her hand.  
 ates his questions by relating the  
 er temptation. Adam shrinks back  
 ment and horror—

slack hand the garland wreath'd for Eve  
 it, and all the faded roses shed.

a verse of Mr. Rogers previously  
 elegance of the application lends a  
 kind of originality to the borrower.  
 re acutely remarked of Boileau,  
 ations are numerous, that he seemed  
 he thoughts of other people—so in-  
 re the turns which he gives to a  
 xpression. He steals the metal, but  
 cription is his own. We may never  
 a writer worthy of fame, and owing  
 his ancestors. To speak in the un-  
 e language of Dryden—"We shall  
 everywhere in the snow of the an-

1st.—One seldom reads Fontenelle  
 swarming book-days; but what a  
 there is in his works? His scientific  
 its are so simple and life-like; and then  
 tasteful the frames—never gaudy, but set-  
 g off the complexion. Voltaire said that the  
 gnorant understood, and the learned admired  
 him. No French author has introduced more  
 elegant turns of speech, or embellished a nar-  
 rative with gracefuller images. His Eloges  
 are models in their way. Speaking of the  
 long illness of Malebranche, he calls him a  
 calm spectator of his own death. The sketch  
 of Leibnitz contains two or three choice  
 touches. He says that to appreciate the extent  
 of the philosopher's genius, we must 'decom-  
 pose his character,' and survey it in its ele-  
 ments. In this Eloge has been discovered the  
 original of a very beautiful image of modern  
 geology—"Des coquillages pétrifiés dans les  
 terres, des pierres où se trouvent des empreintes  
 de poissons, ou de plantes, et même de poissons  
 et de plantes, qui ne sont point du pays—  
 médailles incontestables du Déluge." I met  
 with an early theft of the metaphor in a letter  
 from Henry Baker, the naturalist, to Dr. Dod-

THERE is nothing in which, we think, critics  
 are more ungenerous than in their frequent  
 imputations of plagiarism. To detect a modern  
 author in the repetition of an old idea or a  
 chance expression is an opportunity of exhibit-  
 ing reading and acumen which would seem to  
 be irresistible. To nine tenths of such clever  
 discoveries not a man of sense in the world  
 would attach the least importance. Most of  
 those pointed out in learned notes of the poets  
 are ingenious illustrations and of interest in  
 tracing the operations of kindred minds, but  
 as, what they are too often set forth to be,  
 counterfeit detectors, the resemblances are

And say, without our hopes, without our tears,  
 Without the home that plighted love endears,  
 Without the smile from parental beauty won,  
 Oh! what were man?—a world without a sun.

The last line is the most striking of the four,  
 but it is at least twelve hundred years old.  
 Luther quotes the phrase from St. Augustine:  
 —'A marriage without children is the world  
 without the sun.' In the Pleasures of Memory,  
 which inspired those of Hope, the perishing na-  
 ture of that blessing is elegantly delineated:—

Lighter than air, Hope's summer visions fly;  
 If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky,  
 If but a beam of sober reason play,—  
 Lo! fancy's fairy frost-work melts away.

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lay a small portion of fragrant dust in the left hand, at the lower joint of the thumb. After these preliminaries, suppose him, with that inward sense of merit which may be recognised even in our parochial snuff-takers, to lift the pinch to his nose. Where have been the eyes of the congregation during these mystic ceremonies? I shall not presume to conjecture.

"In truth, appearances are not always to be trusted. A recent traveller in Canada was on a hunting excursion with a party of Indians; before retiring to sleep, all knelt in prayer,

don' let-on th deys bothah' d -  
an' des keeps on livin' togethak - de  
bes dey kin x Gittin' mah'ied is des  
gittin' bothah'ied - dat's all it is -  
Mistah man - an' dat's why I  
an' of' buck'lah - never did see  
no colared Cudy dat I want to  
be bothah' d wid - no - zah x  
Then cheerful Uncle Gog just-  
half - sighed - picked up his  
broom, and made the dust-  
fly x

North Pole and the Ganges. The slightest enlargement of stature would be watched with apprehension; and an island with one man of seven feet in it be altogether uninhabitable. Pope did not forget this providential adaptation of the organ to happiness:—

If Nature thundered in his opening ears,  
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,  
How would he wish that Heaven had left him still  
The whisp'ring zephyr and the purling rill.

Who will complain that he is more inaudible than the grasshopper?

forests; the Indian of the Oroonoko expects to find in the same luminary green and boundless savannas, where people are never stung by moschittoes. Thus the chain of compensation encircles the world."

(To be Continued.)

#### RETIREMENT.

I have heard some say,  
Men are ne'er less alone than when alone,  
Such power hath meditation.

Old Dramatist.

compensation in the fine-  
rald Stewart remarked of  
that it gives pleasure to  
ds; nor is it even certain  
species gratifies another.  
arrow pause in his imper-  
a lark sprang wavering  
ad? There is no reason  
wl considers his hooting  
reeable than the chant of  
therefore, we have a  
s look for and find our  
sitive hearing.  
ime illustration of the  
and teaching of our re-

history of compensation.  
he New Covenant were  
depression—at the fall  
ation of Abraham, the  
e giving of the Law by  
of Babylon. Cloud and  
ther. There is wisdom  
ham, that the whole crea-  
py discord, and that vicis-  
e world. Many evils—  
anna drops in the wilder-  
n Canaan. Rarely two  
ls, console or afflict us at  
an life is the Prophet's  
it into examples:—'God  
in the day of his east

and beautiful feature of  
of compensation is seen  
orrows into instruments  
and comfort. The cur-  
ckness sows the barren  
A sick man seated in his  
down a green lane for a  
uppose himself transport-  
g and sunlight of crea-

the earth, the skies,  
ng Paradise.

Socrates, on the day of  
he company of his disci-  
his leg, which had been  
and mentioned the plea-  
the released member.  
represents the world; the  
ristian; the fetters, the  
When one of these is  
periences a feeling of de-  
of Socrates unchained.  
the soul, and afterwards  
ed. St. Paul tells the  
en he came to Macedonia  
without, were fightings;  
but God comforted him  
itus.' So it is ever.

man is his recompense;  
d which he desired; or  
awn of which he com-  
e compendium of com-  
ino, who numbers among  
of a tree, cast by the  
desolate shores, sees in  
ershadowed by majestic

Time heals all <sup>4</sup> ~~wounds~~ <sup>scars</sup> however,  
and Miss Mason's rash act-  
has long since been repaired  
by ~~the~~ <sup>by second</sup> ~~the~~ growth of pretty  
and luxuriant-trees x

(*Autograph*)

at the remainder of the sentence being supplied by the hands of the dial. Another improvement over the other roads consists in the manner of the places at which the train stops being pointed on the backs of the tickets, with the distance of each from New York. The station houses along the road are very elegant, though plain, being uniformly of wood, with ornamental gables, projecting eaves supported by spandrels, and other indications of good taste in construction. They formed very pleasant pictures, with the groups of well-dressed, pleasant people, with their neat carriages, awaiting their friends from the city. The station at New Haven is the finest building in the city, and one of the best of its kind, probably, on either side of the water. It is in the Lombard style with a mansard, all of brick, wisely left unpainted, as if it was not intended to show what it is made of.

We had a pleasant stroll through the magnificent elms in the evening, and retired early to be ready for a start at five in the morning.

Our next stage brought us to Springfield, where we remained until afternoon, breakfasting and dining at Worcester's, that hotel of notable gastronomic fame, never more justly acquired. The chef of the establishment, in the words of an old epigram of one of his colleagues I remember in an old book—

"With sauces the wife  
Of your husband, and tort!"

those dainties, I should imagine, from their excellence and profusion, being his strong points. His enthusiasm, for such he must possess, seems to communicate itself to the waiters, one of whom in answer to a question said that it "was getting on towards dinner," as if he devoted the day dietetically only. There is a beautiful rural cemetery at Springfield. The most tasteful monument I saw was a Gothic Cross of brown stone, in memory of George Bancroft's first wife.

We had a delightful ride, barring the usual

their additions and workings. The walks are systematically arranged in circuits of various lengths, but at no sacrifice of the picturesque. The patients appeared to be enjoying themselves much like the people in a hotel at a watering place. It was pleasant to see so many very clean (albeit somewhat bleached) people together. The place was selected for the establishment on account of the excellence of the water, which was delightful.

The railroad from Brattleborough to Walpole, twenty-four miles, is not yet open, so that part of the journey is made by stage, a not unpleasant change from the now almost universal railroad. From Walpole the railroad is open to Wells River, a long stretch of over eighty miles, and within twenty of Littleton. We intended to have reached here on Saturday night, but as we did not reach Littleton until eight, the evening being rainy, and some hot an unseasoned wagon to be had to take us on, we decided in favor of the best of the Union's creature comforts for our Sunday's halt.

We found a good specimen of a New England landlord in our host, a man who took and gave a joke, and passed our time very pleasantly.

There was a collection in the afternoon, which the minister thus announced—"Dear Mr. Giles and Mr. Baxter will please remain for the collection." The village choir was equal to that in the Skelton-Rock. One heavy-faced youth held a very small hymn-book before his eyes at arm's length, conducting the performance with tortoise-like gravity.

We took a stroll by the river in the morning, when Mr. Smith distinguished himself by catching a fish 12 inches long with his hand, as the fellow was lying snugly in a deep rocky pool.

We started off at three this morning, and rode over here in about three hours. The hotel has been enlarged to triple the size it

were when, and there is a "Flume." There is a great here this summer, partly on wheels doing people to the river the saving of time and by the railways. Over 50 and 200 one day last week

Newport, Aug. 4, 1882.

Since last summer's conclusion, I have never enjoyed existence so intensely as tonight. The mornings and perfection of time. I shall morning walks on the rocky southern extremity of this little and great sea, the bold distant Black Island—the running round the Island, created farms and noble old for the picturesque Pampunung yet magnificent neighborhood—all form a variety of walk which would maintain any old easily one who has trod is and Normandy, and claims in every mile upon the life of all of sundry exploits disappointed to see how few visitations. Every one affects or objects of visit there are, miles, an awful charm in the gatory,—"the Glen," a most scenery, which foreign artists admirable,—or the browsing amiable enthusiast Berkeley

invited to study, and near to which is the house in which he dwelt and wrote his "Minute Philosopher."

I have been at a Review at the Fort, and it was quite an affair. There were about 400 men under arms, including the Light Artillery under the command of Major Sherman, who displayed so much ability at Buenos Vista. The head of the regiment here is Colonel Gates.

Hardly this fine old town has its attractions. I like its old streets and venerable gables, and its noble old Trinity Church, with its square pews, and the organ which good Berkeley gave to the parish, and which I heard most admirably played by a Mr. Taylor. The Sunday mornings here are quite gala days; every one goes to church, and I have seen very gay and fashionable audiences at Trinity, and the pure Gothic church of the Baptists. I have been greatly delighted with the Redwood Library, a building in the style of Georgian architecture, a very charming temple, and embowered in a befitting shrubbery. This was endowed more than one hundred years ago by Abraham Redwood, a native of Bristol, England; it has about 6000 volumes—a capital collection of books. Here, too, are some fine paintings of Copley, Stuart, King, and others; among the portraits are Webster, King, Calhoun, Redwood &c., &c. This institution is owned in shares, and is deservedly highly valued by the people of the town. Dr. Greening, who was a native of this place, always spoke of Redwood Library and the sea shore as having been the scenes of his best studies, and the places where his character was formed. The celebrated Malbone, the miniature painter, was born here, and in Newport still remains his greatest performance, a group styled the Hours.

I have spent some pleasant hours in another library in this town at the residence of a clergyman. His accumulation has been the work

**Edward Eberstadt***Specialist in Old and Rare Books Relating to the Far West*47 WEST 42nd STREET  
NEW YORK

Nov. 18, 1926.

Miss Elizabeth Nunemacher,  
913 E. Main Street,  
New Albany, Indiana.

Dear Miss Nunemacher:-

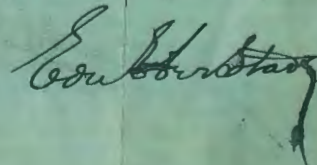
I am just in receipt of your card of the 12th inst., with regard to your father's pamphlet, *Abbey: A Trip Across the Plains*, and note with interest that you think there is a copy of this at your home, which is, as you say, "so full of books." I also note that Mr. Murray purchased two copies of this from you some years ago, and in this connection it will be of interest to you to know that these copies at that time were sold to me by Mr. Murray.

As I recall the transaction, Mr. Murray charged me \$35.00 apiece for them. It may be that you will find upon searching through the house more than one copy of the little pamphlet, and in this case I would appreciate it very much if you would quote me on the total number of copies and the lump price for the lot.

Trusting you will look into this matter at an early date and report to me, I beg to remain

Very sincerely yours,

EE:PS



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THE LITERARY WORLD.

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1985年12月14日。产及卵后死亡。

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SEAFAR AT ABOUT FOUR THE AFTERNOON. See IV — The  
Halls of the Palace.

[illegible]

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## HUMOR OF CHARLES LAMB

總發行所：日本郵政省認可

## D.V. GUSEV, M.V. DOLGOVA, E.S. ERMOLINA, O.E.M.

It is as well known to the public that a description either of his person or manners would be a piece of "waste love or labor." We shall therefore merely relate the fact—and it was either our good fortune to know him, or to receive from his intimates. In justice to the memory of the great Hammett it must be always borne in mind that every word he uttered of an emphatic character was so heightened and colored by the peculiarity of his manner that the effect was complete. The intonation in his speech, which in another would have been an inaudible stutter, gave a force and an epigrammatic point to his utterance which often rendered his remarks almost electrical. It seemed as though he paused like a finished actor at the emphatic point, and having gained perfect attention, went home true to the very centre his bullet-like word. With this prelude we at once introduce him to our readers:

## WILLIAM AUSTIN HEATER

One very rainy evening when Lamb and a friend of his were enjoying their "potation of spirit and water" over a Basement and Fletcher to tell—his sister begged Lamb to go and quiet their dog, which in his kennel at the back door was making a dreadful howling. The old man turned round to her and said, "Pray, my dear Mary, do let the poor beast outside do as we are doing inside, enjoy his 'Whine and Woe'."

— 11 —

A *Chesemonger*, who, having realized a large fortune, retired with a gentle wife and still grander daughter to enjoy the "otium cum dignitate" in a soldierian sort of way at Highgate, where he had a superb villa, was above all things most anxious to cancel from every one of his acquaintances that he had ever been engaged in trade at all—more especially in so low a calling as that of "Chesemonger." It was the reality in his blossoming rose of life, and an allusion to his mercantile was one

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struck by him into a deadly and never to be forgiven insult.

In a large party at the house of the village clergyman, Coleridge, Lamb, and the quondam chessman were present. In a discussion on the hard Poor Law, which was then agitating the political and social circles of London, the retired tradesman took high ground, and irritated the kind-hearted Elia by violent denunciations of the poor, turning round, and with great appearance of triumph over the silent wit, he said to the company generally, but more particularly to Lamb, "You must bear in mind, sir, that I have got rid of all that stuff which you Poets call the 'Milk of Human Kindness.'" Lamb looked at him steadily and gave in his acquiescence to these words—"Yes, sir, I am aware of it—you turned it all into cheese several years ago." The retired chessman was inconsolable.

## PEACOCK FEATHERS

Lamb was once invited by an old friend to meet an author who had just published a volume of poems; when he got there (being somewhat early) he was asked by his host to look over the volume of the expected visitor. A few minutes convinced Elia that it possessed very little merit, being a feeble echo of different authors. This opinion of the Poetaster was fully confirmed by the appearance of the gentleman himself, whose self-conceit and confidence in his own Book were so manifest as to awaken in Lamb that spirit of mischievous waggery so characteristic of the Humorist. Lamb's rapid and tenacious memory enabled him during the dinner to quote fluently several passages from the pretender's volume. These he gave with this introduction—"This reminds me of some verses I wrote when I was very young"—he then, to the astonishment of the gentleman in question, quoted something from the volume. Lamb tried this a second time; the gentleman looked still more surprised, and seemed evidently uneasy with suppressed indignation. At last as a climax to the fun Lamb boldly quoted the well-known opening lines of *Paradise Lost*, as written by himself. This was too much for the verse-monger—he immediately rose in his legs, and with an impressive solemnity of manner thus addressed the chairman to so many poetical honors—"Sir, I have tamely submitted all this evening to hear you claim the merit that may belong to any little poems of my own; this I have borne in silence, but, Sir, I resolve will sit quietly by and see the immortal Milton robbed of '*Paradise Lost*.'"

## LARRY HUBBARD, DITHUR M. F. RAYNE

When Lamb's force of Mr. H. was asked, he gave a curious instance of one of his singular traits. It must be at once conceded that there were small endowments of humor in it, and the construction was andramorphic; still there was much to show it was written by a man infinitely superior to all the lesser writers in the kingdom. Towards the end of the performance, when it was evident to all that the piece was unmistakably damned, the attention of some of Lamb's friends was drawn to a very loud and violent howling, which, like a storm wind, seemed to rise on the whistling

and to direct the storm, or as Tailford said, it was the most prominent part of the evening. "by merit gained to that bad success."<sup>2</sup> What was their astonishment to find that this vigorous expression of dissent came from Lamb himself, who, when questioned as to his motive after the fall of the curtain, stammered out in his peculiar pop-gun manner, "I was so damnably afraid they would take me to be the Anchor!"<sup>3</sup>

DRAFTS AT SIGHT ON THE SOUTH  
WEST.

## 1993 48

THE HAPPY IN AND LACTING.

O. *Neopogon* because we are told  
 Of crimsoned silk and yellow gold;  
 No moving plumes and bellows bright  
 Not choicer growing for the sight.  
 But more we gaze and wonder as hard  
 As if their lives for freedom sold  
 As Incense on Thermopylae.  
 We long to see their flight or day,  
 To chase the swift-wind from his lair,  
 Or strain, alone for never there.<sup>17</sup>

Buffalo Bayou makes nearly a right angle with the San Jacinto. The prairie upon which the battle was fought is almost level, elevated some thirty feet above the bayou and bay, and bounded upon two sides by a "matace" or marsh. The few huts which compose the "petty" (not *poety*, as the printer made me to say) village of San Jacinto, stand exactly at the angle of junction. Leaving these, and turning to your left, after a mile or perhaps a mile upon the low ground on the margin of the bayou, you turn again to the left, and ascending a gentle hill, you are upon the battle ground. At the summit of the hill is a beautiful grove, or, in Texan parlance, "oakad of timber," upon the outer edge of which, in unpretending graves enshrined by common paling, the heroes that fell upon the field sleep their last sleep.

"This first 'island' was the spot where the Texans pitched their camp. In and around another island upon your right, distant not more than half a mile, did the first severe fighting and skirmishing occur. Here fell nearly all the Americans whose lives were set to the engagement. Directly in front of you, and in a line with the first island, stands yet another, at the distance of a mile, while you will see a fourth, larger than the others, in a line with, and opposite to the second, its right resting upon the extreme verge of the high ground, and overlooking the marsh and bay. Here lay Santa Anna's army; in front of this, and between it and the smaller grove upon its left, was the battle fought. The prairie here is slightly rising, descending within half way between the two camps, and then again rising. Thus the camps were upon a level, with a piece of lower ground between them, which circumstance, one might suppose, would have given a decided advantage to the party attacked; but thanks to Mexican management and Mexican gunnery, the reverse was the case. You will perceive the field is a parallelogram, bounded on two sides by lines drawn from island to island, and the shores of the Bay and Bay connecting the figure. It is a rich piece of land, covered during some months of the year with a fine coat of grass, and sprinkled with

merable flowers of all hues and forms. The ground is hard, smooth, and would be an admirable place for a review.

The whole country, at the time of which I speak, was frantic with excitement and alarm.

Some seized the first horse that they could find, and unprepared, save with their rifles and a day's provisions, rushed to the army, with no thought save of revenge for the cold-blooded murder of a father, brother, son, or friend, by their dastardly and treacherous foe. Others again made post-haste for the Sabine, taking their families with them, but without caring for anything else, leaving stock of cattle, plantation, houses, and such furniture as they possessed to the tender mercies of the enemy, or the first gang of robbers that might chance that way. To use a very meaning western expression, it was a perfect "stampede."

When the disastrous news of the fall of the Alamo, and massacre of Fanning's command near Goliad, reached the army, they were lying upon the Brazos, and it is said that many of them also shared the general alarm. Houston was in command, and what his intentions were it would now be very difficult indeed to ascertain; but from the statements of the officers with him at that time, it would appear to have been his design to have retreated into the Red Lands, then and now the most densely populated part of Texas, and thus to force the settlers to recruit his army, by bringing the war to their very doors.

Whether even this plan would have succeeded is very doubtful, as the three divisions of the invading army would have joined forces ere they had attempted to overrun this section.

At this critical period, when the heads of the government beat a very undignified retreat from Harrisburgh, upon the "sauve qui peut" principle, General Rusk, the Secretary of War, —to whose determination and courage Texas owes everything—alone hastened to the army. One immediate change took place for the better; his presence did much, his action more; not appearing himself to command, his orders were promulgated through the regular channels, and prompt and decisive they were. Scouting parties scattered along the banks of the Brazos were called in, the small army concentrated and prepared for the conflict, and the route ordered the moment his hurried preparations were completed.

Santa Anna's division crossed the Brazos on the 11th of April, marched through Harrisburgh, which they burned, and then took the road on the right of Buffalo Bayou to New Washington.

On the 16th, the Texan army took up the line of march; and on the 19th crossed the bayou, taking the road on the left of the stream. They were thus nearly upon the track of their foe, but chose the other side, perhaps because it afforded shelter and concealment, perhaps because it might offer an opportunity to retreat.

A short distance from the crossing, the road forks, one trail leading to the Atascaseta ford of the San Jacinto, and thence to Nacogdoches, the other to Lynchburgh. At the junction the guides paused, having as yet received no orders as to their future course.

At length the order was given, and the army marched down the bayou road.

It would appear to have been, even at that late hour, a matter of great doubt whether the battle was to be fought, or a hurried retreat made. The fate of Texas at that moment hung trembling in the scale.

Houston's reply to those whom he met, and who eagerly inquired the destination of the troops, was, as I have been informed by officers who were with him on that day, that he was "going down to fight the Mexicans, but against his will and advice, and that he was not responsible for the consequences." Be this as it may, the army pressed forward and encamped that night near the bank of the bayou, and not far from Lynchburgh.

The transit of the little army was effected with safety and rapidly early the next morning, and they had just "camped" in the previously-mentioned grove, when the Mexican bugles sounding upon the prairie, announcing the advance of Santa Anna, summoned them to arms. A few shots were exchanged without serious effect; the enemy fell back and encamped also. In the afternoon Col. Sherman, with his small corps of cavalry, was despatched to reconnoitre, and in so doing drew out the entire mounted force of the Mexicans upon his handful of men, who retreated to the small "island" nearer the Texan camp. Why he was not supported by Houston is an enigma that none but Houston can solve; but from whatever motives he acted, he left them to their fate.

With desperate courage Sherman finally rallied his men, and cut his way through to camp, with the loss of five or six killed, and several wounded.

The Texan army now consisted of some seven hundred and twenty men, and a very heterogeneous collection it was. A few artillery-men under the gallant veteran, Colonel Neil, a part of a regiment of infantry commanded by Colonel Millard, a squad of men from Tormelhow, skilled in backwoods warfare, the use of rifle and bowie knife, a few Mexicans also battling for independence, under Col. Seguin, a company under Capt. Baker, that had nobly acquitted themselves in baffling the entire Mexican force (upon the banks of the Brazos, with but thirty men), and that duty done, hastened to rejoin the army, a company of volunteers from Alabama, under Col. Turner, &c., &c. Santa Anna had brought into the field an army variously estimated at from thirteen to sixteen hundred, and these were further augmented by the command of General Cos, who arrived on the morning of the 21st with nearly six hundred fresh troops.

Captain Wharton with a squad of men had been sent early on the morning of the 21st to see that the bridges were in order and boats in readiness in case a retreat was necessary, but determined upon a desperate conflict, in direct opposition to his orders, he destroyed both bridges and boats. There was no alternative, it was really liberty or death, and preparations were made for the approaching conflict. The army was drawn up so as to present as much face as possible, to prevent their being outflanked by the enemy. The conflict was commenced by Neil's artillery, and the Texans at "double quick" marched on the foe. The Mexicans had drawn up in front as a breastwork, a number of trees with their branches lopped; these were covered with pack-saddles, blankets, &c., so as to render them an almost insurmountable obstacle, and one fatal to the attacking party. Mexicans have one great peculiarity, they are in idea at least altogether too brave, and it is a great pity that their physical cannot keep pace with their moral courage. Santa Anna affected to despise his opponents, and not content with quietly awaiting an attack, which the situation of the ground, slightly ascending towards his line,

and the admirable defence I have just mentioned, would, with any ordinary degree of prudence and courage on the part of the defendants, have resulted in their favor, must needs make a display of his extra courage and gallantry, by drawing up his best and most reliable corps, the Guerrera battalion, in front of the works, to receive the enemy with the honors of war.

The Texans came on two deep—deployed, as I have before said, to prevent their being outflanked, and also to give an opportunity for every man in their scanty ranks to add to the effect of the first fire. Three volleys from the Mexicans passed harmless over their heads,—and now came their turn.

At a distance of sixty yards every musket and rifle was presented, each man covering his adversary. A line of fire ran along the ranks, and down fell at least a hundred of the enemy.

As for the valiant troops in advance of their proper position, they very early in the engagement evinced a strong and marked desire to shift their quarters; and the first volley from the Texans throwing them into utter confusion, their officers undertook to march them round the breastwork, when, just as they wheeled, a second volley—as a Texan remarked to me in speaking of the affair—*did the business for them*; and not having time to go round the breastwork, they made a desperate effort to dash over it.

In one instant their foes were upon them, and all attempts at defence ceased, with the solitary exception of Col. Almonte, who alone of all the officers endeavored to rally his men, and partially succeeding, although but for a moment, his men running again at the first fire,—he remained upon the spot where they had deserted him, refusing to fly.

The cavalry, who had not participated in the action, but were at that particular time making themselves generally useful about the camp fires, did not wait for the bugle, but each man seizing the first horse that came to hand, not stopping for the usual formalities of saddle and bridle, went off pell-mell over the prairie.

As far as the "Napoleon of the West" is concerned, it is highly probable that had a cup been offered to the victor in the race he would have won the prize. The Texan battle cry had been "Remember the Alamo," and the poor wretches now suing for quarter, were shouting in frantic tones all over the field "Me no Alamo."

As soon as it was possible the massacre was checked, but not until over seven hundred of the Mexicans had fallen.

That afternoon and the next day the victorious party scoured the prairie and woods in the hope of finding the swift-footed general and his officers. Cos first made his appearance; and expecting nothing but immediate death, as soon as he was brought into camp he threw himself upon the ground covered with a blanket. Santa Anna was found the next day in the dress of a common soldier, crouching in the grass, but on being brought in was immediately recognised by the men, who raised the cry of "Santa Anna," "El Presidente." When found he was making his way into the "timber" of Vince's bayou. The prisoners, 800 in number, were at first sent to Galveston, and afterwards divided out among the planters for a time.

In 1842 permission was given them to return to Mexico, and Santa Anna issued a proclamation inviting them to return to the

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Copy of Mrs. Thompson's Apple-jam receipt

"Apple jam that will keep for years.  
Weigh equal quantities of brown sugar  
and good sound apples. Pare, core  
and chop them fine. Make a good  
clear syrup of the sugar. Add the  
apples, the juice and grated rind of  
three lemons and a few pieces of  
white ginger. Boil it until the apple  
looks clear and yellow. This resembles  
foreign sweet-meats. On no account omit  
the ginger. The lemon rind may be  
omitted, if you wish."

No quantity of apples and sugar was  
~~specified~~ specified, so I tried five (5)  
lbs. of each, & the three (3) lemons,  
and added seven (7) small pieces of  
ginger root.

Dutch in it down garter hear of the mass with Tico great But it was nor Will Tell state: proac So Dutche a full we of itself a tire sight Flat each lar, arran comp broad lazy, whic gene try l Chin the dazzl espec denc featu very reac Th in ir parti allée whic stree its no Utre below hous and Loui has i and the ling New quite the V alike the quite groti appe and toys, whit the das, men winc muc Holl the mos flex is ac yet a n

# The Book and the Horse

To the casual observer of man and life, it might not appear that any close tie existed between the turf and the library; but to the student of nomenclature an interesting bond <sup>connection</sup> ~~between~~ the book and the

horse is found. Many a man who loves his enchanting book loves also his companionable horse; and the large number of book-derived names on the <sup>newspaper</sup> racing-lists may move the reader's fancy to a pleasant gallop, as it were — perchance, more fitly, a "gentle amble" — along the delightful bridlepaths and high ways of old and new <sup>English</sup> literature & names

[Aug. 25.]

m is truly a most fantasticality for green is so great in the green and flat counter green paint all over ere the whole body of the ey at least paint the doors, ences. The shape of the ses is precisely like those ns, and the whole town is ise. Its narrow and clean ages, flowering gardens, s, its lines and squares of l directions, its dwarf capinutive and box-like look it not only the quaintest of curiosity of the *petite* in Bull Church, on the top e, has a box with straw storks, the Guardian Bird view in crossing of the e town, is the image of a th the curiously-shaped and green summer pavi boxwood, and all flat and

he Dutch school of paint- eatest boasts of the coun- ly it is. The Italians od mist of Holland giving Dutch painters are, how- rfection, but their style is est, "les premiers de son e n'est pas le premier."\* te finish, and excellence nor, are theirs. At the giant thou standest, thou shadow, dark and stern n. What deep, solemn great, massive, magnifi- it profundity of shadow, hold us in delight before Below him cluster hun- ety of sea scenes, rural s, and animals, and still y they fail. Take any of ow sleepy, how sleek, how air sea pieces, does not d, defy criticism! Who n one of Backhuysen's andeveld's magic calms, ural scenes, how unpre- how rich, how complete! ers like Van Huysum, or enix? who a waterfall of painters, Ruysdael, or oding through a forest? how that the Dutch have uch of that old-fashioned et dulce."

J. B.

## n Sketches.

FRESNY.

LE FRENCH OF

HOUSSAYE.

d from our last.]

the king at the siege of and himself placed the nd the cuirass on his back. en there was a splendid vas summoned at the des- d to sing a hymn of vic- e a spirited fellow, under- much better. Much they time, of the siege of Lille; en, since the action, too d and heads fuddled for ved gracefully to the king,

1. De Stael.

and sang his pretty ha  
composed by himself.  
verse :-

" Dans la vigne à la  
Les vendangeurs y  
On voit bien à la ir  
Ceux qui vendange  
Aux vendangeurs  
Ou y donne le pas  
Les autres y grapp  
Mais n'y vendange

There were plaudits fo  
and the singer. More th  
than one hero of the pre  
fresny's gay triumph, for  
was only the king to app  
but at the supper, besides  
fair dames who bestowed  
sweetest glances. " Wh  
said one of these ladies  
pretty boy, Madame, is  
grave soldier answered.  
him, and condescended t  
fresny, and say, " Vauba  
ways remember, Charlot,  
fool. One fool is not  
many sages." Every on  
ban, who was already cor  
imagination.

The king returned to F  
benedictions awaited him  
the winter at St. Germai  
newed pleasures. One e  
opening the theatre, the k  
of music, dance, comed  
asked for Dufresny. I  
hunted for; at last the ki  
him on the stage, playing  
one of Molière's comedie

Dufresny returned to th  
end of March; he *assist*  
Holland; crossed the Rhi  
*without wetting his feet*; &  
of a soldier, without othe  
and wit. Poet as he w  
well. At the passage of  
after the passage, he rec  
the hand. When Boileau  
sage of the Rhine to the  
present in the hall of audi  
left he read this fine poe  
"I can never return,"  
himself at the end of eve  
Despreaux imagine that  
Inferno, or rather the St  
the king with some petti  
poets who understand hov  
of kings."

But Dufresny was not  
court. "Cultivating rose  
planting hedges, is the e  
nets, songs, and poems."  
a laborer writes in prose  
a gardener writes in ve  
gardens come to us, not  
from Dufresny. In arc  
escape gardening he was  
In the eighteenth centur  
common than to hear a p  
handsome country seat d  
fresny. The most lov  
neighborhood of Paris w  
lished after his recommen  
that Versailles should  
*capricieux*." Louis XIV  
Dufresny; the poet imag  
dens, in which all the pr  
themselves. The Chin  
anything so grandiose a  
The king, fearing to sin  
Dufresny's operations, s  
not their author, who wa  
of gardens.

are strong &  
In the highest class, logically,

come the Shakespear titles; - *Ephe* *Ph*  
Portia, Cleopatra, Hermione, Titania, Lady  
Gulielm - followed by Othello, *Romans* *Ph* *Ph*  
Ivor, *Democ* Bardolph, King Henry, Polonius,  
~~John Duke~~ Cardinal Wake, Cymbeline,  
Mercutio, Macbeth, Love's Labor, Bassanio,  
Brutus <sup>and</sup> Antonius, Bard of Avon is also  
Shakespearean, with Sister Gulielm and Miss Shy-  
lock in relevance; also Lt In Brutus,  
Arden, and Illyria & The classics <sup>names</sup> in  
number, outrank the Shakespear <sup>names</sup> ~~lovers~~;  
*among them* these are Hector, Cincinnatus, Achilles,  
Cassandra, Horatius, Orpheus, *Parnassus*  
Seminus, Hippocent, Juvenal,

Spartacus, Athena, Arching, Thiole,  
Atticus, Melpomene, Perseus, Hymettus,  
Miltiades, Calypso, Atlas, Pluto, Lescian,  
Pygmalion, Hercules, Hippocrates <sup>and</sup>

poets  
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Pittacus & One horse, in a class by himself,  
bears the <sup>singular</sup> name of Santalus Cup.  
In parallel interest<sup>ed</sup> of equally signifi-  
-cant popularity are the horse-titles  
chosen from the world's majestic  
chronicles of history - touching at-  
-tance modern times and remote antiquity;  
Hercules and Paul Jones, Cromwell and  
Nathan Hale, Bonnie Prince Charlie  
and Ivan the Terrible; Plantagenet,  
Peter the Great, Coeur de Lion, Prince  
Richard, The Huguenot, Zoroaster, Queen  
Elizabeth, Saladin, The Jacobite, Hannibal  
Bey, Monterey, Boabdil, Maximilian,  
Sancroft, The Covenanters, and The  
Crusader.

The high realm of poetry and honor  
to the poets, have not been overlooked  
by the <sup>seekers</sup> of beautiful appellations  
for handsome  
and graceful horses; and there is, of a

acon, "they are just com-  
sh of light passed through  
entered the theatre with  
ed on at the most lament-  
e saw *Le Joueur* which he  
nted, everybody applauded,  
thor was saluted with en-  
ame was that of Regnard.  
poor Dufresny when his  
appeared, "ideas are the  
le world; Regnard has fol-  
took as he could find; I  
ast as the pen could move,  
prose into verse, thus is a  
ted."

caused scandal. Dufresny  
gnard. The comedians, in  
sian curiosity in suspense,  
y would shortly produce *Le*  
py. At the end of two  
it. Regnard is accused of  
e, but that did not prevent  
p. Seeing this, the specta-  
ard was in the right; and  
the luckless Dufresny, re-  
p, in which his old friend  
punded plagiarist. Among  
rams launched against the  
acon's was especially com-  
arpener of epigrams said  
nd Regnard invented *Le*  
em, so that

son compaignon,  
guard eut l'avantage  
e bon larron.

y was the most blamed, but  
th was acknowledged by all  
"Dufresny must be believ-  
aid, "if he had been a pla-  
ot have dared to produce his  
tre where the plaudits be-  
Regnard still resounded, his  
by a thousand unfavorable  
nd deprived of the brilliant  
cation, with which his rival's  
but Dufresny, the true fa-  
ur, enamored with the form  
had received from his hands  
asperated against his faith-  
ing more to his just rights  
in a cause where entertain-  
dge, Dufresny acted as he  
mprudence and ill-fortune of  
best reason in favor of Du-  
gnard had bought from him  
owns that pleasant comedy,  
*as l'orme*." But in this case  
bargain; Dufresny had no  
claiming it than if he had

(to be continued.)

## Reviews.

### CANTON CHINESE.

ese; or the American's So-  
festial Empire. By Osmond  
oston and Cambridge: Mun-

book is to put the untravel-  
communication with what he  
ar in a two months' visit to  
American mercantile houses  
limited as this sphere of ob-  
seem thus briefly expressed, it  
a large part of the life of the  
the traveller avails himself  
his opportunities. The man-  
of the Middle Kingdom are  
ame patterns are constantly

recurring as in their Tiffany an opportunity from his person and small circuit as have gathered in their. It has this advantage, seen clearly and distinct first impression. We write a book on a compact to lose a great map in the process. They lization or fit his chapter the whole huddled upon inspection. We feel the life on the river with the ed from a four month about us in China street drink, and perspire, the American flag-station our own garden.

Mr. Tiffany, who catches all these novel sensations the tricks of the profession his account is all the years hence, when the high highway on the Celestials, and Jonathan with the natives on composition will be philosophy will be called logical speculation. That the natives shall but be quizzed and palates of exhausted lers will have to treat the French, serve the of a made dish.

Our author daguerre confused and uninteresting; of their system; scarcely a whose exertions he has expended care the Chinese themselves and has certainly, communicated by him he feels to his reader.

We may dip at random one wanders through Museum, now pausing a concentric ball, breakfast, superintending in state as a Museum.

If you are boating you take a wherry, haller," at Venice Sampan. What it will tell you.

#### THE SAMPAN

"At all points along the pans wait obedient to as this class of boat the floating throng, in a paragraph to the Go to the bottom of the foot of those granite accuracy by some you will find several leisurely, but ready to call for a sampan. child's cradle, and the female at the elbow you may bid. The and spoil her temper extensive wardrobe stockings, nor glove ing is seldom found. universal shirt and vest. Her hair is the only much attention; but somewhat complicated the back of the head

surety, no pressing or money-getting suggestion in the names Hyperion, Blessed Lamozel, Rory O' Moore, Waring, Barbara Frietsch, Gawain, Merlin, Boninvar, Lugomaz,

<sup>6</sup>  
Nantibus, Manfred, Meistersinger, Jinggi, Galerman, Faustus Jaerymen, Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, Abelard, Sam O' Shanter, Geraldine, The Gleam, Abydos, The Armorer, Lucasta, Colleen Bawn, Mand Muller, Miller's Daughter, Lord Sempron, Bobby Burns, Bard Burns, Whittier, Francesca, The Wedding Guest, Alice Cary, Hiawatha, Schiller, Grail, Goodman, Eliza Cook, Laureate, Una, Princess Lucille, Ben Battle, and Minnehaha x In the <sup>wide domain</sup> realm of books generally and fiction in particular. -ly, but a few authors have been specially signalized: these are of a somewhat diverting promiscuity:

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Balzac, Gladstone, Disraeli, Rosset, Conan Doyle, <sup>Gail Hamilton</sup> Lord Beaconsfield, Edward Everett, <sup>and</sup> Emil Zola, <sup>and</sup> Sir Walter Scott and Charles Dickens have each a <sup>notable</sup> niche of honor in the Pantheon of the <sup>modern</sup> world. From the former are taken Roderick Random, Ivanhoe, Sir Walter, The Saboteur, Rowena, Lothian, Lochinvar, Rob Roy, Kenilworth, Guy Mannering, Red Gauntlet, Macgregor, Alan-a-Dale, and The Abbott & The Dickens' names are Pickwickian, Mr. Pickwick, Copperfield, Marshallsea, The Marchioness, Daniel Quilps, and The Only Way & Tribute has also been rendered to <sup>various other</sup> these books and novels: - The Virginian, Kentucky Cardinal, Soldier of Fortune, Ramona, My Lady Peggy, Sky Pilot, Nostromo, Last Play, Even Horden, The Gadder, Monsieur Beaucaire,

[Aug. 25.]

## THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY.

Constituent Assembly,  
By J. F. Corkran, Esq.  
s, 1849.

learn from the English Correspondent of one of the papers, probably, judgment and temper, the Morning take the broad and common has not the candor which do not always find it, in fact, are not those of the papers have not the authority of an article; they are some- reports. In short, Mr. Corkran's letter over the business of the public. To call his book a collection from the reporter's glib style of fine writing prevailed in this department numerous examples of D. C., any time during a But, notwithstanding the rhetoric in which many of them are given, they form, to our best readable portions of the history of the newspapers first in, with their budget of hasty reflections, pre- method, the clear order, the philosophical view (ance) of the historian. interested in personal affairs, and it is not uninter- esting countenances as they report the note book. If these portraits of men are better than the avatars of the Revolution and plentifully spring.

In his brief representative new that he had taken a letter, deprecating an- nouncements who would elect him, of self-knowledge and he when everybody was to do everything. Its good sense was a lighted for an instant the sur- and folly.

## OF BÉRANGER.

announced that he had received from Béranger, which he had to them. He resigned his post neither his meditations did him for the part of reprehensibly refused to accept the post, however, even such a lot induce him to withdraw. The privileged old man had to those who had watched him as evidently sincere. Béranger's place in such a crowd: as he was never at home except with a few friends. There was a winning in the aspect of in a plain, homely fashion. The old one. His eyes (and it was by large green goggles, and a glowing, funny little smiling, gracious mouth, and pleasant humor. overflowing with mellifluous half a century of song, ? It would not do, and not do; and he wisely little snug temple, identical dreams, and visitings from

creatures very shy and  
Yet how the old man v  
tened to, and how restle  
seat, and quit it, to seek  
old friend, with whom  
until at length he slippe  
return!"

American readers w  
name of

DE TOCQ

"M. de Tocqueville  
young man when he pro  
mocracy in America, wh  
eminence as a politician  
looks a young man still;  
thought, the eye of the  
settle upon him with inqu  
ber, M. Mathieu, raised  
*droit au travail*; and, in  
Tocqueville entered at o  
Socialism. The mind of  
eminently reflective chara  
It passes by no circum  
attention. There is rathe  
to admit nothing to be e  
or accidental. Each fact  
phenomenon—a witness  
meaning of which is to  
of something coming, for  
prepared."

"M. de Tocqueville's n  
not affected. It is that of  
and who comments rather  
who captivates, fires, mov  
dues. Yet the prestige  
thoughtful and profound, b  
age so flippant and chang  
Tocqueville the most earne  
tion from any audience, no  
which contains persons ca  
claims of a true philosophe

There is not much tol  
phrase, but *that* is chara  
school of newspaper pr  
used to it.

We are again attracte  
the present

NAPOLEON BUD

"In the course of this day  
bly was startled by the app  
of Citizen Napoleon Bona  
the Ex-King of Westphalia  
his great uncle is truly rem  
same classicality of head a  
deep olive complexion—if  
that is seen on the Arc de  
and cast, as it were, in livin  
Napoleon such a head, his  
been hero-worship. As yo  
nance the impression is we  
weakened as you watch the  
He is young, but not sligh  
the same age; his look in  
wile, rather than profound  
clever, but of no high order  
it not for the likeness to the  
pass for a fashionable youn  
better nor worse than most f  
tlemen are. As he walks  
the height of the right, prese  
and shoulders between the  
the moving bust might be t  
pearance of the emperor."

Here is, with a somew  
of the "reporter,"

VICTOR HU

"M. Victor Hugo is a b  
ings have the florid varnis  
The high gifts with which  
by Providence, have been p  
of hand dealing with langua  
have soared, he has stooped

The Red King, Peter Stirling, Romola,  
Scarlet Letter, <sup>Capitelle</sup> ~~The Guardsman~~, ~~Little Minister~~,  
Nan-Lah-Ka, The Clansman, Tricostin,  
The Caston, Trilby, Pelham, Paul  
Clifford, Margaret Kent-Don Quixote,  
Picciola, ~~M. Graziella~~, ~~Attila~~,  
Sartor Resartus, ~~Sady Gail Hamilton~~,  
~~and~~ <sup>similar</sup> ~~an equally~~ motley list of book-  
characters

cover a wide area of charm in the  
magic of language; and the association  
of ideas is the sparkling cord on  
which these bright beads of imagination  
is also shown:—Miss Hazy, Little Tim,  
Murad, Tar Baby, Searoad, Aladdin,  
Bobadil, Princess Otillie, Sady Babbie,  
Dr. Benney, Sady Vashit, Brue, Amelia,  
Mohican, The Guardsman, Rinaldo,  
<sup>Abdallah</sup> Pamela, <sup>Sady Strathmore</sup> Tricostette, Lord Neville, The  
Bandman, Topsy, Sothario, <sup>Atilla</sup> L'Arcy.

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<sup>10</sup>  
The Prodigal Son, Saul of Tarsus, Israelite,  
Suzanne, Star of Bethlehem, Ananias.

Peter Nathaniel, Dick Turpin, and Huck Finn, Three  
Queen Esther, horses only have been set apart from

Hebrew, <sup>real</sup> Scie the horses of literature; and these names  
chapter of h are the winged Pegasus, Rosinante, and  
names; Goliath, Robert Louis Stevenson's little <sup>modest</sup> <sup>name resembling that of</sup> <sup>modest</sup> <sup>name</sup>

Andubon, and Among the Biblical names given  
to horses are some curious instances  
of preference in title, such as: Samson,  
dom, which is

however, in the titles: - Reporter, News-  
-gatherer, Inter-Ocean, Proof-Reader,  
Bad News, Luck, Robert-Banner, Henry  
Watterson, and The Ram's Horn x The  
juvenile chapter, <sup>book</sup> <sup>strange</sup> <sup>and</sup> to relate, is

<sup>11</sup>  
longer than the newspaper-list: Little Jack  
Horner, Goady, Two Shoes, Little Boy Blue,  
Luck Lucy Locket, Bobby Shaftoe, Snark,  
Rolla, and Cinderella x Preference to  
art and artists is expressed like-

been long on the wane,  
st teaspoon up the spout  
prison in the Borough,  
ere is a scene worthy of  
or Hogarth. A charac-  
sketched. Every word  
ory of a whole life. The  
on, with its small stock  
which would seem to be  
ver by misfortune, has its  
aking light of the misery.  
oubt of Dickens's unex-  
s solved in his favor by  
Twelve of this work.  
he autobiographical form  
he story should move on,  
Barkis's courtship in this  
repeated "willingness,"  
that over, and the school  
er shades of the old  
are getting with Master  
at into the world, with a  
of rare adventures. The  
ith a crisis, which will  
oked for with avidity.

he reprint of THACK-  
by the HARPERS, has  
ac-simile of the original  
he exception of the steel  
cuts are all well given,  
the author, in a style of  
ortant aids to the text.  
eading, with a mixture  
ife, and ample compen-  
icture of goodness in  
aura, for the unmitiga-  
shness of Vanity Fair.  
he Major, is inimitable.  
in the nap of his hat to  
The father, the retired  
with more quiet and re-  
le than usual with the  
es with success and the  
e writer's drafts by the  
was so indubitably reap-

94

ed in Vanity Fair, which association with Dickey great master of English have anticipated its consciousness of power in the other Pendentia will make Vanity Fair remains to that the selection of character, and hardly gives a picture of a purely author's strong cards. has so thorough a nationalism.

*The Men to make a State their Marks*, is the quat of an address by Bishop, teens, teachers, and students, on the last anniversary of Independence. It is a pithy maxims, ringing with the union of equality with true Christianity concluding passages:—

"And for the marks of a State, I see them in the looks right at you, with the glow that mantles on his cheek: it is but virtue's echo. You know that be-  
"The darkness in his eyes lightens it. He is made a wrong; and readier either. There is nothing may not count on him; and not possible, to him, and I

"I see them in the earnest a-throb, in all his hand we fix on the page of Homer Plato; and never weary, it, and has stored its treasure clear mind. His foot has of benevolence or mercy, bounding ball fly highest, a stand, and hear the ringing of its triumph, you may strong arm that gave that b

"I see them in the reverent where elders stand. I ed when superiors pass; sex is by. He owns in eye of prayer, a present God. REVERENTIAL BOWS! these to make a State.

\* What constitutes a State  
Not high raised battlements.  
Thick walls, or mailed garrisons.  
Not clubs proud, with spears;  
Not bayonets, and blood armed  
Where, laughing at the sword  
Not started and spangled  
Where low browsed baseness  
No. Men, high minded men

Men, who their duties know  
But know their rights; and, I  
Prevent the long aimed blow  
And crush the tyrant, while the  
These constitute a State.

Messrs. APPLETON in juvenile, one of the series "People," a reprint of an "Story of a Genius, or Author of 'How to Win compact and comprehensive 'Easy Introduction to Spanish Conversation,' by M. VELAZQUEZ DE LA CADENA. It may be used as a preliminary to Ollendorff. We have rarely seen as much matter crowded into as small a compass in a work of the kind. Indeed, it professes to furnish the student "all the elements necessary to enable him in a very short time to enter into a conversation on the most usual topics." A new school edition of *The Bucolics, Georgics, and Aeneid of Virgil*

-wise in ~~few~~ small measure, but no doubt sincere <sup>quality</sup> in such the few titles, Monet, Luccoon, Leonardo, Hogarth, Velasquez, Phidias, Sandceer, and Remington & the latter, perhaps, in closer analysis, may have to divide the honors with the ~~early~~ type-writer &

Bon Mot, Spencerian, Common-  
-drum, Cap and Gown, Wellesley, Curriculum, Brown Study, Authores, Audience, Olympian, ~~Editor~~ Scrivener.

12

Knowledge, Small Talk, Lyrist, The Rhymers, Schoolmates, and Rom de Plumes, are <sup>registered</sup> also house-titles of more or less near or remote literary and educational connotation &

- Emma Carleton -

THERE is a revival of Christopher North in Blackwood, not in his old rampant style of animal vigor, but staid and philosophic as becomes the years of that venerable personage. He is out with a party boating in the lakes of the Highlands—"Christopher Under Canvas." The company on the last excursion (in the August number), in early evening, fall into a discussion on Gray's Elegy. As an exhibition of what criticism can get out of a single

between the years 1745 and 1750. At what hour do ploughmen leave the stils in Cambridgeshire? We must not say at six. Different hours in different counties. Buller.

BULLER. Go on—all's right, Talboys.

TALBOYS. It is not too much to believe that Hodge did not grudge, occasionally, a half hour over, to a good master. Then he had to stable his horses—Star and Smiler—rub them down—bed them—fill rack and

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Emma Carleton  
New Albany  
Ind

<sup>fashioned</sup>  
The Old Cellar-Door x

"We don't see many  
out-side cellar-doors now-  
-a-days"; - said a man who  
keeps up a general <sup>and steadily</sup> super-  
-tendence of ~~all~~ things -  
"in fact, you don't see  
them any where except in  
the old parts of town."

the distant horizon, looks as if it  
th precious stones, broken up  
the dying rainbow has melted  
round. I never saw anything  
of nature, and yet above her.  
imagined on canvas a combi-  
more extravagant. All is fresh-  
ency, and bloom. What a  
t in the green hedge-rows and  
s! A thought comes into my  
ke the rain out of this lily, how  
etending is everything in God's  
no noise! no pretension! You  
se growing, or a tulip shooting  
us streaks. The soul increases  
ts life resembles the flowers!  
hat our time is most profitably  
ings that make no figure in the  
poke from experience. Often  
contrasted his solitary walks in  
Magdalen with the sumptuous  
and House; and the cheerful  
college friend on the banks of  
the silken rustle of the imperi-  
And there is yet another re-  
drawn from this vanished rain-  
e remembrance of that Bow of  
ints the rainy clouds of our life

gleam of Christian worth  
holy house we mark;  
or's aching heart,  
er he looks, such gleam may have a

tting anecdotes are here brought

#### THE MEMORY.

It is impossible to read a page  
tory without being amazed by  
ty of recollection in famous men.  
tin critic measured genius by  
markable stories are told of one  
ntrymen. Seneca, in his youth,  
housand words in the order in  
ad been uttered. In modern  
with the help of a sketch in the  
at, carried away the MISERERE  
nich he heard in the Sistine

eology furnishes several splen-  
of the faculty. Jewell was es-  
guished. On one occasion, the  
wrote forty Irish words, which  
three or four perusals, repeated  
eir position, backwards and for-  
performed a feat not less difficult  
e from Erasmus, which Lord  
o him. Saunderson knew by  
s of Horace, the Offices of Ci-  
siderable portion of Juvenal and  
es, the eloquent friend of Howe,  
reek philosopher mentioned by  
ving delivered a public and un-  
s, went over it again with per-  
accuracy. Warburton was not  
illustrious predecessors. His  
book was an old almanac, three  
in which he inserted occasional  
hints of thoughts and sentences,  
nto his compositions. But all  
of the Divine Legation was in-  
memory. Pope's description of

iv. "It breathes and lives. The plough moves  
in the furrow, the sickle flashes among the  
corn, the flail resounds at the barn-door, there  
is laughter under the hawthorn, and a merry  
group of children dances out from those clus-  
tering elm trees." In this agreeable feature of  
her style, the author reminds me of Waterloo.  
That charming painter was distinguished from  
his contemporary Ruysdael, and his scholar

The ploughman is just creeping from under  
the dripping hedge, and returns to his toil  
through a gate of glory. While I look into  
the sky, the leaves sparkle with a dazzling  
splendor,

—downy gold  
And colors dipped in heaven;

and now the lighted column dissolves in a rain  
of purple and amethyst. The field, under the

Boingbroke is true of Warburton: "He sits  
like an intelligence, and recollects all the  
question within himself." Lord Clarendon  
declared that Hales, of Eton, carried about in  
his memory more learning than any scholar in  
the world.

\* \* \* \* \*  
"In literature and art, memory is a syno-  
nyme for invention; it is the life-blood of ima-

where the old groceries and ~~old~~  
houses still stand. The outside  
cellar-door— a big heavy  
set of double doors with long  
~~old fashioned~~ iron hinges, and a <sup>huge</sup> hasp  
and padlock, runs back,  
in interest, almost to pioneer

times. In the old days,  
after the ~~old~~ cellar out of doors,  
the underground cellar of  
the house  
held an importance and  
prestige which is now  
almost lost. In this  
modern time of <sup>large</sup> groceries

in every corner, delicatessen-shops  
in every block <sup>ice-boxes</sup> and a telephone  
in every house, has done away  
with the necessity for <sup>family</sup> cellars.  
Seventy five years ago a

ought for her with his first five  
row of small packets inscribed  
and containing the hair of those  
who had died before her, and  
the like sort recalling "The  
ices." I will write here, by  
st, the beautiful verses of that  
contemporaries, Scott most ad-

1e, how then he gazed around  
where she no more was found;  
le she was wont to fill,  
hair still set, but vacant still;  
w she filled with all her race;  
here was now a sacred place!

erature any monopoly in this  
heart. The desk and the bat-  
e same story. The circum-  
ohn Moore's history that falls  
th the strongest pathos, is the  
ered out to his mother, while  
horse at Corunna."

### Original Poetry.

#### JOVEN'S MUSIC.

RS. JOSEPH C. NEAL.

His sad and thrilling strains were  
ery phase of my early life. Their  
d been both an echo and an oracle.  
up again tears stood in the eyes of  
ummer Day.

ethoven?"

There was a smile  
on the questioning lip,  
flashed to the large pure eyes  
ie for answer.

Nay, no words  
at still but full reply;  
nked, and tears had dimmed my

ven? There floated up  
days, of childhood's faith-  
iful, and pure, and true;  
rs that came I know not why,  
to the mournful wail  
l minors, chided then  
led a foolish, wayward grief,  
at last my strange delight.  
ure,—when the dancing flame  
faces, and revealed  
ul dreamers, gathered near.

for the future vague, yet fair!  
nce of their laughter fell!

me leave the ivory keys  
peace, that German air  
sical, was all unfit  
aily) for this happy hour.  
group, and heard them tell  
womanhood should bring;  
ghter that wild strain stole in,  
y echo of their mirth.

ere hushed the sweetest tones  
of an early grave;  
o envy those who sleep,  
ke repose upon her lips.  
amed a broader, richer blaze,  
ostly gems, and brilliant eyes  
gment. Oh, how fair  
at the novice on that eve,  
to the manly arm  
aned, she thought so fair, so

before me. Then a strain,  
y stole o'er the crowd,  
thrilled with rapture wild,  
f love and sympathy  
ir, and her heart beat fast,  
emotion had been shared.  
lemn symphony was hushed,  
e she loved,—so faded life  
liscords prefacing the strain  
unbroken harmony.

4

was arranged for convenience  
in receiving such household  
stores from wagons backed up at the ~~side~~ <sup>sidewalk</sup>

"Well do I remember the joys  
of ~~autumn~~ <sup>fall and early winter</sup> at my father's house -  
the excitement ~~which~~ <sup>produced by</sup> each  
day's arrival of good things  
to go <sup>in</sup> into that <sup>outside</sup> cellar <sup>door</sup> barrels  
upon barrels of apples, cider  
too, and vinegar; barrels of  
turnips - which came next  
to apples ~~as~~ for school-boy eatables -  
barrels of potatoes - half barrels  
of walnuts and hickory-nuts &  
all these things made a

5

good odor in our front-hall - 2  
can smell it yet. The outside  
cellar-door was locked hard and  
fast. But we all had access  
to the cellar on the inside & 2

[Aug. 25]

en the courses, and the whole  
ched with railroad speed.

intention to have extended our

Dixville Notch, and a lake near

the polysyllabic appellation of

Chmaguntick, which abounds in

old opponent the rain prevented

so. We allowed the Conway

rt, hoping that the clouds would

ing the morning, but instead of

showered down heaven's "liquid

th a pertinacity that admitted no

dy change. We took an extra

on for Conway. The rain potu-

ily all the while, and about nine

d the agreeable change of walking

ce over our shoes in mud, the

ing willing to venture across a

ad which had commenced wash-

was on the edge of a precipice,

rolling at the bottom of it, and a

uld have sent us over, so that his

ustifiable. He passed very well

ly stage, and we soon resumed

he rain continued during the

and our ride to Centre Harbor

exciting one, the swollen streams

rged the bridges, so that it was

send a guide ahead to show the

the bridge was, and prevent

off of it. The water was nearly

e doors, and the flooded country

ted a strange appearance, with

tops of the fences rising out of

We were glad to reach Centre

nstal ourselves in the comfort-

of Mr. Coe, whose house fairly

arner's for the supremacy of

hotels.

#### is Talked About.

progresses of distinguished ruling

e they royalist or republican,

or presidents, seem to call forth

itions in all parts of the world.

is in the race as well as in the

tain number of fawning, empty-

ants will run after power wher-

cover it. The manifestation is

hing is the same. Some of the

eral Taylor's movements in west-

nia, are only the old European

in a lower key. The *Evening*

bukes one day the English over-

the minutiae of the movements of

ext holds this language of Pre-

"The movements of the Pre-

see immediately about him, are

accounts before us with a silly

As our readers are, doubtless,

eneral Taylor retains, since his

umanity with which he was en-

we need not inform them that

nks, moves and breathes, in form

essentially different from his

not in official position." But

re after all the mere fringe of

The essentials are, in Victoria's

he awakened attention to the

of Ireland; in Louis Napoleon's,

echo to *Vive l'Empereur* in the

General Taylor's, the universal

kindly feeling on his route.

Hungarian successes have re-

sympathies of the world in the

e on the Continent. Their con-

ts, the character of the people,

imity, with the effective traits

entative men, separate this con-

winter-market was <sup>almost</sup> un-  
-known: and <sup>prudent</sup> house holders  
had to 'lay by'—as they called  
it—a great stock of provisions  
for family use through the  
long, cold winters & great deep  
cellars, well-bricked or cemented  
were under every house;  
and the outside cellar-door  
never went to school without  
at least three apples—one to  
eat on the way—one to eat on  
the sly in school—and one to  
eat at recess & It gives me a pang  
now to ~~think~~ recall how poorer boys  
used to stand around me—and beg  
for bits of my apples—or for the  
core, when it was finished. We  
richins used to slide on the outside  
cellar doors—to the detriment of our  
trousers & In an old cemetery, lately,

ORLD.

and Art.

\$3 PER ANNUM.

ATION 157 BROADWAY.

with what?"—"With a valet de  
of the Duc d'Harcourt, and with  
dred livres which come to me from  
—"The deuce; the miserable fel-  
o be pitied, a good match in faith!  
ing yet—"What do you  
r, Monsieur Dufresny?"—"For a  
ho desires only to become a fine  
that is all very well, Monsieur Du-  
you are making me lose my time  
r fine talk. Come, be kind enough  
little bill."—"I have a horror of  
e here, to finish this matter. I will  
and we are quits."—"You are  
gentleman—If I take you at your  
That is what I wish. But  
ur other friend say!"—"Say no  
im."—"Are you sure he has had  
ccount from your twelve hundred  
m yourself?"—"I should like to  
n try to! It is only to you that  
anything on account."—"Well,  
and let us be off to the next ta-  
a pretty wife I am going to  
ie by, have you a little money  
—"Do you know that you do me  
of honor? A man of your rank  
dents to marry a poor girl inca-  
ing the part of a duchess."—"It  
ll be the dupe; look at the mat-  
to what a state I have arrived  
lent and my forty-five years."—  
eping, embraced him. "To-  
she, with charming naïveté, "I  
look as well as I have seen you  
it, first and foremost, you must  
riage of my aunt Durand, for  
is not far, *quai des Tournelles*.  
woman, and, besides, she keeps  
me."—"Let us go instantler,  
er put anything off to the mor-  
will take my advice we will  
a short prayer together at  
and it will be all over."—"So  
e in which you wish to marry  
leaven, I do not agree with  
am willing to marry you in  
vish. I will not even object to  
ontract, though all these things  
!"

afterwards the marriage took  
vately. Such was the manner  
eny married his washerwoman.  
ever more reasonable or more  
is marriage, which caused so  
But what mattered the vain  
world to Dufresny! he had a  
some wife who loved him, so  
ho pitied him were jealous.  
s relates this singular adven-  
th chapter of his "Devil upon  
The devil is showing Cleophas  
should be put in the mad-  
wish to send there," says he,  
of good family, who no sooner  
an he spends it, and who, not  
xist without money, is capable  
ng to obtain it. Fifteen days  
woman, whom he owed thirty  
ask him for them, saying that  
n, as she was about to marry a  
re who had proposed to her.  
er money, then," said he to her,

I saw an old <sup>house</sup> ~~house~~ <sup>manor</sup> ~~house~~ whose entrance was exactly like the old outside cellar door.

"Whenever I visit small towns I always walk around the back streets to see these old cellar doors. Often I find them right in the front yards, beside the front steps; sometimes two, one on each side. Along old roads, now and then, I find an old home—stead, <sup>having</sup> a deep stone foundation with the outside cellar door opening into the wall, right under the front steps.

[Sept. 1.

watering-pot, returned to his fatal garden at Vincennes, and did not leave it until all his resources were exhausted. He had no longer much enthusiasm for the stage, which had returned him but small sums, and he began to despair, when Louis XIV. again thought of him. The patent for the looking-glass manufactory had expired; in signing a renewal of it the king had stipulated that the contractors should pay Dufresny an annual pension of three thousand livres. The poet, therefore, received one morning the title to this pension, but how could he wait six months before receiving the first instalment? Six months to Dufresny! it seemed like the end of the world. The contractors were accommodating people; he paid them a second visit. "I shall live fifty years," he told them, "but if you will pay me for five years in advance, I will give you a full acquittance." They debated a long time, the contractors talked a great deal about the chances of death, but after two contracts guaranteeing them, Dufresny returned, all in a perspiration, with ten thousand livres in gold. He spread them out on the table with the joy of an infant. He embraces his wife, who wept from misery, and weeps from joy.

The next day he reattired his wife from head to foot, bought himself fifty pairs of ruffles, hired three sets of apartments at the same time, to distract the megrims which tormented him; in fine, he took rapid strides again down the Road of Ruin, in spite of his wife, who restrained him with both hands; in less than a year he fell into profound wretchedness. At the death of Visé he addressed a petition to Louis XIV. for the privilege of the *Mercur* :—

Plaise au roi par brevet vouloir autoriser  
Le privilege ancien que j'ai de l'amuser.

He obtained it, and thus commenced his duties:—

Mercuré vole à tire-d'ailes  
Pour m'apporter du bout de l'univers  
Des jeux galants et des nouvelles,  
Du vrai, du faux, de la prose et des vers.  
J'en fais le choix en invoquant Minerve;  
Mais pour entrer en verve  
Je l'invoque en vain.  
Je n'attends ce feu divin  
Que du dieu du vin.

After this preface he composed tales of the school of Le Sage, and some very weak criticisms, but among them a very curious and original parallel between Homer and Rabelais. After all, he was more of a poet than a jour-

leave Dufresny in his extreme poverty, at least one man may remain in a situation which will remind men that the whole kingdom was as poor as Dufresny before you lent yourself to its aid." The regent wrote naught at the foot of the petition, and sent an order to Law to pay two hundred thousand to Dufresny: he knew that the poet belonged to the family. Dufresny made haste to spend the money; he built a fine mansion in the faubourg St. Antoine, which he called the House of Pliny. For the first time in his life he spent his money at the proper time, for the two hundred thousand livres were in bank notes. Six months later he would have suffered in Law's bankruptcy, but Dufresny was not the fool to keep his bank notes in his pocket-book.

He died in 1724, aged seventy-five, calmly, like a man who has nothing more to do in this world. In his latter days he saw his children again, who had become zealous devotees: to please them he burnt a large manuscript, containing four comedies, the continuation of the "*Amusements comiques et sérieuses*," tales, songs, and memoirs. Heaven forgive his infants, for Dufresny reduced to ashes much wit and gaiety. He died in the autumn, like a good poet and a good Christian; he saw his garden from his bed—his last glance passed over the flowers as they faded, and was lost in the azure heaven with his soul.

I have seen his portrait by Coypel. It represents a man of sixty years, but still fresh and sprightly. His charming head is buried in a forest of hair, his smile is marked by intelligence and good humor, the most beautiful smile in the world. His dear Angelique, the washerwoman, has not forgotten his shirt, frill, and ruffles. His hand is ornamented with a diamond, and what is still better with an impatient pen whose point is far from being blunted. The Attributes of Science are represented as his armorial bearings. And, in reality, was not this man, though he never opened a book, a *savant* in action? He had studied love in his heart, grandeur at the court, war upon the field of battle, architecture in having buildings erected, nature in his garden, poetry and music in song. Thus Dufresny's science did not depend upon books, she dropped her dreamy head and seemed lost in recollection. Dufresny's works form seven volumes, without including his "*Théâtre bouffon*," which is full of humorous passages. His tales, which are those of a philosopher, are written with too

ess. Dufresny thought rather his comedies, always original, little on the model of his life, no intrigue, wit of the true stamp, a charming disorder, all goes to the actual comedy of human life, the limited horizon of the so much art is needed to group moniously around the idea to be uncurbed comedies of Dufresny says well received. More than one produced a smile, more than one *bon-mot* passed from mouth to mouth was often the limit of their want to see Dufresny's work, you must consult "*Les Amusements et comiques*," that is the work displays his originality without repugnance of this little volume condensed sentiment on human philosophy of a thinker, giving the his ideas of a man of humor. to him in this treatise, which is in its burlesque. "I have given which have come into my head the elements; they will be grave or gay

according to the humor I am in while writing them, or the humor you are in while reading them." This satire is, as you know, a journey through Paris—Dufresny departs for this ever unknown country with a native of Siam, "whose bizarre and figurative ideas" contrast at every step with his own and awaken his animation. Thus at the Tuileries, the Siamese exclaims at the sight of its charming promenaders—"Oh, the beautiful aviary, oh, what charming birds!" They are, says Dufresny, following out the same idea, amusing birds who change their plumage two or three times a day—volatile by inclination, feeble by nature, gay in plumage, they see the dawn only at sunset, walking with their feet raised a foot from the ground, touching the clouds with their superb tufts. In a word, most women are peacocks at the promenade, magpies in domestic life, doves in a tête-à-tête. There are also various nations among these promenaders,—the polished nation of the fashionable ladies, the savage one of the provincials, the free one of the coquettes, the unconquerable one of the faithful, the docile one of the unfaithful, the wandering one of the gypsies." He continues thus: "We have two sorts of promenades at Paris, the one people frequent to see and to be seen, the other, neither to see nor to be seen by anybody. Ladies of solitary inclinations voluntarily seek the by-paths of the *Bois de Boulogne*, where they serve as mutual guides to lose one another." Montesquieu found in this book not merely the idea, but the ideas, too, of the Persian Letters. Dufresny contented himself with a rapid tour. Montesquieu followed with the slowness of reflection in the poet's footsteps.

With a little less of that inaction which forms the charm of the happy hours of his life, a little less of poetry in action, and Dufresny, with his happy endowments, would have ranked among the number of the great poets. At least he is among those whom fame does not dare to place in the inferior ranks; he is a figure by himself, neither small nor large, charming—and that is all. With fewer certain resources, with more patience and study, many secondary writers appear to have surpassed him. Had Montesquieu, who drew his first book from a work of the poet, his exquisite talent? With Montesquieu, patience was everything—it was the genius of reflection. It was not until he was thirty-two years old, rich, noble, his name well known in the fash-

1304 East Market St,  
New Albany, Ind., Nov. 3, 1881.

My Dear Sister Quigley: I have nothin' again' William Shake-  
peare, except that he is too deep for my readin'. I am forced to  
read a lot of guff in the newspapers, which I utterly detest.  
To prove it I took the trouble to hunt up an old clipping from  
the Boston Pilot which I copy and send you at this late hour of  
the night, when I ought to be in bed. I showed your note to Mr.  
Thompson, U. P. American-Irish Historical Society, and he said  
when you wrote that article about William S. he would like if I  
would send him a copy. I send you some matter which Mr. Thompson  
sent me, which, please keep for me till we meet. I send some more  
Gulliver.

Would that I were a book agent instead a writer of (alleged)  
books; I know very well I could stick Mr. Kaler and yourself for  
this new edition of Shakspeare's Works (half Morocco, gilt top)  
price \$5, cash on the spot. I have a notion to throw up my job  
selling for the whisky trust and going into the business of sell-  
ing volumes such as are described below.

With sincere regards, I am, dear Sister Quigley, your  
servant,

Edward Fitzpatrick

Thursing for dinner

On the Back Porch,

June 2, 1909.

Dear Blessed,

My writing table for the summer is set up <sup>again</sup> on the back porch with two old nine-pane windows overlooking our greenery old backyard. Am I not in luck to have nine-paned windows---secondhand each, I think, sliding windows too. "Sisters nine." I'm going to hunt up the muses' names and say them over to ~~the~~ nine-paned windows; maybe they will appreciate it.

My foreground consists of two big trunks; one is an old one of mine full of my old books for Miss Sanborn's work. You have'nt any idea what a lovely bookcase an old trunk makes! Dont you love unique effects in affairs? I know you do. I remember once reading of a woman who lived in a queer little room somewhere in England and her "coals" had to be kept in a closet behind the bed and she had to crawl over the bed with every shovel-full of coal. I still love to think of her. It might have been worse. Suppose she had had to crawl under the bed with the coal! Oh, how nice it is to be born foolish! My big willow tree, on the "sunset side" of the porch (that's a phrase I got off one of my pals who keeps a wharf-boat) is a glorious sight. It is now twenty years old. I planted it myself when I came home from Indianapolis---a little stick from the willow Phil planted on the Carleton place the year little Phil was born. Little Phil lived up in it as soon as it and he were big enough.

My background on the porch consists of ragbags, stepladders,

and clothes-baskets---"fit nurses for the poetic muse", no, a "poetic child" are the words. It was so nice to get out here again. We have a robin's nest in the willow and the robins run about on our front grass as tame and as much at home as our neighbor's chickens.

When gossip gets into your system you simply have to get it out, so here goes. You know I am a Pagan about many things and I think one of the ludicrousities of the present age is this dressing-for-dinner business. Of course, I don't mean among people who live upon that plane and have everything else "in perspective" and all the ingredients that support a commodious and well-ordered home life. But for plain people---laboring classes like myself--and the Burne-Joneses, it is utter nonsense and gross humbug. You know we were brought up to know that in the afternoon we must dress up different from the morning; comb our hair again---after washing, of course, and adorn the scene in somewhat lighter and brighter clothes, as our Grandmothers did. That is still our scheme of life, and seeing new people who not long ago made their toilets at tin pans and roller towels down stairs under a side shed, suddenly start up with eight o'clock dinners and "dressing for dinner" is a bit too funny. We had a family in New Albany, not of the new kind at all, but the respectable stratum, who had to move away, to an Ohio town, I believe, because the pompous son had invested his mother's money badly and lost it; the home on the hill

had to go. It bears the ridiculous name of Stonehenge, by the way an emanation from the absurd, half-educated, pompous son.

It is just about as much Stonehenge as our old square house is the Taj Mahal. Recently pompous son was here on a visit; called on a

tart little widow who always says the stilleto thing and she said:

"Oh, Mr. Lewis, wasn't it a shame that you had to lose your father and mother's home, sacrifice everything and go away, you know?"

Pompous Son, it seems, was not floored. He said: "Oh no, Mrs.

Glover, we are very well pleased where we are; we are among cultured people now; we dress for dinner every day." This is so awfully

funny to us because Mrs. Glover, of good old family herself, tho it seems incredible, has'nt a particle of culture and never will have; and pompous son, whose mother is a cultured woman, has'nt any either. Is'nt human nature marvelously queer and entertain-

ing? All this was told around and brought in the "night Riders".

Suddenly at one of our Main street boarding houses appeared two

peculiar looking people; a rough-bearded, farmer looking man, and

a buxom, swartly browed, country Cleopatra looking woman. They

had come from Kentucky, it was told, because the night riders had

destroyed the country gentleman's tobacco crop; he had given up his home and would'nt live there any more. The "lydy" wore heavy

masses of hair, dressed rather loudly, and looked sidewise out of

her eyes. I made the internal scandalous comment that she looked

on the siren order. He looked like someone else's husband and

she looked like somebody's wife; she was said to be an elocutionist. Well, suddenly they went off the scene and we were told that she said she was glad to get away from New Albany; she wanted to go somewhere where people dressed for dinner.

Then too, someone told that she said she had tried in vain to get Mr. Carden (queer name; sounds made up) to dress for dinner and he would'nt do it. Then someone ha-haed and said: "Dress for dinner! Why she came to the table often without even combing her hair!" Now is this funny, or is'nt it? It seems funny to me.

Whistler, in a letter somewhere, told how funny it was on board ship watching the antics of some English folk keeping up the national idol-worship of dressing for dinner; no matter what the wind or wave or health-condition of the English, they always kept up the convention. The altar of correct conduct had to be dragged forth even if it got washed overboard.

Been sick a week; nervous indigestion.

Yours,  
Cuddie.

figure with advantage in the Spring Annual, and consigning these two precious documents to Warrington, the pair walked from the Temple to the famous haunt of the Muses and their masters,

shop was an and with a few of the displayed in the w Lord of Verulam, in brass on the p site to Bacon's h gay, which was ne decorated in the century, so that stately Mr. Evelyn or curious Mr. Pe the window. Wa of Mr. Bacon, but was agreed that for him entirely; up and down the dition, until he sh negotiation. Mai has trodden thos and anxieties at l fame dependent magnanimous pa looked at all the and the strange they exhibit. In letter volumes a types of Aldus ar might see the Pe Halfpenny Annal the most celebra tries, the Raff's and other public whilst at the ne; favored individua venerated signatu Wapshot, the Re works written, an them, showed the could find mental be a little caseme medals and rosar of saints gilt and troversial theolog the Roman opini to deal with Prot or nine pence tl whilst in the ve see 'Come out of at the opening of lege, by John The Scarce an opinio its place of exhib Paternoster Row, of Saint Paul.

"Pen looked shops, as a gentl an interview with books on the w. membered them him that Warring and indeed the le time in pleading l

"Pen's natural immensely if he report which W happened that M sion to descend

Warrington was talking there, and Warrington knowing Bacon's weaknesses, acted upon them with great adroitness in his friend's behalf. In the first place, he put on his hat to speak to Bacon, and addressed him from the table on which he seated himself. Bacon liked to be treated with rudeness by a gentleman, and used to pass it on to his inferiors as boys pass the mark. 'What! not know Mr.

Pendennis, Mr. Bacon?' Warrington said. 'You can't live much in the world, or you would know him. A man of property in the West, of one of the most ancient families in England, related to half the nobility in the

1129 MOUNT VERNON ST.

My dear Mrs. Caxton  
I want to thank  
you very much indeed  
for the book-plate which  
you sent me some  
time ago. I like it  
very much, it is in-  
teresting, and, as you say,  
it is probably the only  
one of its kind. I see  
that you say of course  
adds to its interest,  
especially so as my  
mother and her fam-  
ily are Chambersburg  
people - her name

## Original Poetry.

### THE AMOROUS PRIEST'S CONFESSION.

From the Medieval Latin of Walter Mapes.

a longer poem entitled "The  
another extract from the same  
the name of "Walter Mapes's  
been most cleverly translated

or mine, hear me cry for  
I die, slain by a sweet  
face melts my heart like  
them all—every mother's  
harder than you reckon;  
to be when the damsels  
d a yoke cannot put our  
, so frail, cannot keep a  
put so the fire won't burn  
be world can from beauty  
res for us—long it takes to  
face and form—who may  
Venus right before him,  
ere the day is o'er him.  
ay, if you will explore 'em,  
ades, breaks through all  
C. B.

### AND LIFE.

s but a dream,  
reams are vain,  
most glorious things,  
me, here, again!  
ed the eternal hills,  
nmost heaven,  
never to mine eyes,  
s, were given,  
endent beauty, here,  
uch of straw;  
faltering tongue is poor  
lf I saw!  
led with balmy airs,  
pirit-wings  
forehead, as I knelt  
shing springs.  
h to fill my veins  
sion seems!  
e to slake this thirst  
in my dreams!  
, twice, thrice, yea more  
here I've lain,  
my rustling straw  
ills I gain!  
ng. It gazes up,  
the light,  
free is there my soul,  
s seem night!

, then dreams are life,  
lessed wise;

Glimpses of heaven, God-sent, they are  
To my wasting heart and eyes.  
Their gladness on my weary way  
Lights me to Paradise!

EMILY HERRMANN.

luxury, but Warrington would not balk him: and they drank together to the health of the Spring Annual."

### SMATTERERS.

All smatterers are more brisk and pert,  
Than those that understand an Art;  
As little sparkles shine more bright,  
Than glowing coals, that give them light.—

Butler's Remains.

The observations of some men are like the  
sifting of bakers, that retain the bran, and let the  
flour pass through.—Butler's "Thoughts."

## Chips from the Library;

A MISCELLANY OF

and their deep shadows over the checkered fortunes of the Christian Church. Brought

wild chaos of the yet void and formless continents. Slowly and timidly did civilization relinquish these fortresses, and spread over the

future, and go back to the old days when David counted a king -  
and set one. Therefore, I am contented with the victory that has  
come to Mr. Wilson. The country has not turned to the  
democratic party; but it has shown its determination to be to  
"our boss" or ain't any and all lesser bosses. And in  
the meantime, God reigns, and human rights are  
marching on, and I want to be somewhere near the band  
rager in the oncoming sweep of victory to MAN!

Now I don't know that this will help me in your  
estimation as an orator! But I trust there is nothing  
selfish about it. But that I may be clearly under-  
stood.

And believe me, always, with best wishes.

Yours very truly

C. W. Huford

Mrs. Emma C. Huford

Get well! stay well - and long.

age and obsolete tongues, beginning with Clement, Justin, and Irenæus, and so onward through the long series of Greek and Latin Fathers, ecclesiastical historians, acts of councils and of saints, decretals, missals, and liturgies, all in turn casting their transient lights

Egypt, Phœnicia, Greece, the islands and coasts of Italy, were thus, one by one, placed at the head of the movement in the western world; each as it were a separate spot of firm ground, the dwelling of intellect and art, and of the science of law and order, amidst the

Heroic strains could build a tower;  
Sonnets, or Elegies to Chloë,  
Might raise a house about two stories;  
A lyric ode would slate; a catch  
Would tile; an Epigram would thatch.  
Swift's Poems—Vanbrugh House.

## Correspondence.

Boston, August 18, 1849.

I KNOW of few places which impress the traveller more favorably as he gladly releases his cramped nether extremities from the intricate packing to which they are subjected in a crowded stage coach, and takes his first positive glance at his surroundings, than Centre Harbor. Nor will the pleasant impression wear off with the novelty of the scene. The lake Winipisogee, with its undulating shores, its quiet expanse of calm water, its green tufted islands, is a pleasant change from the Mountains where there is a deficient water scenery—in which there is always something winning and attractive, which wears better perhaps than grander scenery; at any rate those who choose homes for companionship with nature seem to prefer a river or a lake to a mountain range for a neighbor. The perfection is certainly in the combination of the two, and the view of which we are speaking is not altogether wanting in this respect. The Hill rising on one side to a very respectable elevation, and forming I have no doubt a feature in the view when fully visible, was unfortunately not the case during the stay, and a half of our stay. The attractions of Centre Harbor, however, are not limited to the scenery. It would not be amiss to sum up the others by a comprehensive mere phrase, and Scenery & Coe, if so atrocious a pun may be pardoned out of Punch, will fairly represent the magnets which have for many years made this place a favorite haunt of White Mountain travellers. As a further provocation to a pun the hotel is called Senter House, a chance which has not been lost by the contributors to the travellers' album. One of them has very happily quoted the old schoolboy line,

In medio tutissimus ibis,

and as happily translated it,

"Stick to Senter and you'll fare well."

Like all the other hotels along the road, this has grown with the increase of travel, but additions have been made in unity with the previous erection, and a degree of taste shown in the decorations of the parlors, which may really lay claim to artistic merit. A dignified term perhaps to apply to the fit up of a "country tavern," but better described than by many a public building of reputation.

The sail across the lake is pleasant. A boat passing many pretty islands and points of mainland. There is a wide beach and stairway on the other side leading to the railway. After waiting for a few minutes the train emerged from the woods like a serpent, and we were soon on our way to Boston.

The road runs along the edge of the lake close to the water's edge for some distance, affording a beautiful panorama. It afterwards follows the Merrimac, but the picturesque there sadly encroached upon by the factory buildings in every village, with their attendant stacks of city built houses for the operation of lodgings.

After an unexceptionable dinner at the Revere House, served in the greatest quiet (which appears to be one of the specialties of the establishment, and is not the least of its commendable improvements), we rode out to Cambridge. I had not formed any great expectations of the new Library Hall, but moderate as they were, they were greatly disappointed. A new building at Harvard should

be judged more severely than a new building in almost any other place in the country, for it is to be supposed that every person concerned in its erection was a man of education, and if not possessed of architectural taste, incapable of such architectural blunders as

laid away on the shelves, for some out of 50,000 volumes must be so, and the dead men below—and an author might fancy being buried there to lie beside his books. The building has been so recently described in the Literary World that I need not go over the

## IN MEMORIAM.

James R. Shields was born in Virginia, Dec. 24th, 1799. He was of Scottish, Scotch-Irish, and French descent. His father was the Hon. Patrick (Henry) Shields, an associate of Gen'l Harrison in organizing this State, a member of the Constitutional Convention, first Circuit Judge of Harrison County, and afterwards Associate Judge of Floyd County. His mother was the daughter of the Rev. Clement Nance, a Huguenot minister, who probably conducted the first Protestant worship within the Territory of Indiana. In 1803 his parents came from Virginia to Kentucky, expecting to take possession of a large tract of land which his grandfather had purchased near Lexington. Failing through the dishonesty of a business agent to secure the title, they at length removed to the unoccupied land of Indiana near the site of New Albany, which was then a wilderness. There the boyhood of Mr. Shields was passed. He received such education as could be given by his father, who was a graduate of Hampden Sidney College, and a student at William and Mary College, Va. and had taken early means to secure a school teacher for their neighborhood. In his nineteenth year, he began life in New Albany as a clerk, and then as a merchant, and for nearly fifty years has been largely identified with the banking interests of the city. He assisted in organizing the old State Bank, and during the entire twenty-five years of its existence was cashier of the Branch Bank at New Albany. Under the free banking law he became the founder and President of the Bank of Corydon, with his brother the late H. B. Shields as Cashier. On the removal of that Bank agency to New Albany, he continued business as a private banker. He was also a Director and the Cashier of the Merchants National Bank, in which position he remained until about two years since, when increasing years and failing strength admonished him to retire from business. Having enjoyed good health all his life, he had the reasonable prospect of a long and tranquil old age. But it was otherwise ordered. In March last some dropsical symptoms showed that the vital powers were beginning to fail, and, after lingering through the summer with many fluctuations of strength, he at length expired peacefully on the morning of Oct. 28th, 1876. During the week preceding, the clouds which had at times obscured his peace were dispersed, and his expressions of trust in Christ and hope of glory were often fervent and joyful.

Mr. Shields had four brothers, Henry B. Shields, Pleasant S. Shields, Clement N. Shields, Greenbury F. Shields, and two sisters, Mrs. Elizabeth Kintner and Mrs. Mary Elliot. The oldest of the family, he has out lived all but the two sisters. In 1824 he married Hannah the daughter of Parsons and Mary (Mulford) Woodruff, Elizabethtown, N. J. and the mother of his only child, Prof. Charles W. Shields, D. D. of Princeton College, N. J. Mrs. H. W. Shields died in 1856. In 1862 he married Lucy R. daughter of Mrs. A. C. Butler of New Albany, Ind., who died in 1872 without issue.

The funeral was attended from the First Presbyterian Church, on Sunday, Oct. 29th, at 3 o'clock P. M., by a large concourse, including many of the oldest citizens. The services were conducted by the Rev. Sam'l J. Conn D. D. and by the Rev. Chas. M. Hutchinson and Rev. R. Dickson. In the sermon the virtues and graces of the deceased were ascribed wholly to the Divine Spirit and the Christian Faith. Nothing could have been more in keeping with his known character and wishes, and there is a universal approval of the suggestion of the pastor, that the most fitting inscription for the tomb of James R. Shields would be the text of his funeral discourse:

"HE WAS A GOOD MAN, FULL OF THE HOLY GHOST, AND OF FAITH."

somely wainscoted to the ceiling, and the fireplace displayed a rich collection of Scriptural Dutch tiles, for which I have a Knickerbocker's affection.

The New Athenæum Building is a great ornament to the city. It gains an unusually open situation for a city building by having in its rear an old disused graveyard. A man might moralize in its alcoves on the dead books

of time, and anxiety which are necessarily required to produce the successful results that have been thus far, and we hope may continue to be, not only the means of gratifying and encouraging thousands of persons in different sections of the Union, but have been also the most satisfactory compensation which could be received by those who have labored to produce them. But the larger the success and the

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# THE LITERARY WORLD.

A Journal of American and Foreign Literature, Science, and Art.

No. 136.

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\$3 PER ANNUM.

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10 E. 11 Street, New York

Ewan MacGherson

pped together.\* There she  
t please you rise? We'll

then. I repeat  
ter's known munificence  
t no just pretence  
ll be disallowed;  
hter's self, as I avowed  
not. Nay, we'll go  
Notice Neptune, though,  
bought a rarity,  
ruck cast in bronze for me.

## Continental Travel.

INE. (Concluded.)

ler is indebted to a good  
uch those only who have  
ray can know), I have no  
article one. I might quote,  
yron's noble lines on the  
the finest prose poem of  
erion." To notice the cas-  
tions in detail, would fa-

As we glide through the  
s and vineyards appearing  
uin after ruin, tall, threat-  
e, frowning down upon us,  
d satisfaction, till some ex-  
cuses us to enthusiasm.  
rg first loomed upon our  
ind massive; then the twin-  
g and Leibenstein ("Der  
which the old tale of two  
nored of the same lady—  
l, then unfortunate; the  
magnanimous and noble—  
chain of romance; then  
infels, hanging over its  
, the largest, and from  
s, most imposing castle,  
others in beauty. The  
rings up the rear of this  
stellated hills," not more  
es than interesting from  
traditions, the recollections  
contests of all ages from  
utenants (for almost each  
gin from Drusus) to Napo-  
hals.

ons, and fairy-tales are the  
l literature, or, as some one  
ongfellow, its gipsy children,  
een hedges by the roadside,  
me past event, the graceful  
e ancient superstition, pre-  
light disguise, the essence  
the mirror of human nature.  
always appeared to me that  
ps from Schiller's ballad),  
vary so entirely, that all  
ratified. The romance of  
iful hill) is worthy of and  
ie simplicity and complete-  
days of Greece, or of Ovid's  
beautiful daughters of the  
charms, turned the heads of  
knights far and near; but  
time so hard-hearted that  
to the suits of none of them

daughter of the latter. He is showing him  
VOL. VI NO. 10. mands;

\* He ordered her to be put to death!

# THE INDIANAPOLIS STAR

THE STAR LEAGUE  
THE INDIANAPOLIS STAR  
THE MUNCIE STAR  
THE TERRE HAUTE STAR

INDIANAPOLIS, December 29, 1911.

Dear Mrs. Carleton:—

One of the unpleasant discoveries I made in taking up this work was the improper and unfair arrangement about your paper. We ought to pay you cash for what you contribute and you pay us for the paper if you choose to subscribe for it. This is a rule I have put into universal application whenever I found unjust arrangements like yours. Whatever is worth using is worth paying for.

Yours very truly,

*Emest Cross*  
Managing Editor.

Mrs. Emma Carleton,

913 Upper High Street,

New Albany, Ind.

and were therefore turned into a river, which a out of tl when th Valley hundre vious fa lured b figure, i in fatig can cla of the s historic Mouse-t the mot legend c by these revenge butchers Hatto). little old tive min The crag a notice Rhine, a water, s seems li towers, these ro lurk, wh But tl these. enters in hearts o ence to witness a sight a blood ru burst ou in man. German their " driven th the reve Rhein. "the Rh joyful ne the rear, it is no w Rising in and pour Constance hausen, i taking a with acc of boats, blue mo fertility, es to the fenced f German waters. Passin running the Rhir its finest

Bingen. Lovely, twice lovely above all the Rhine towns is this wonderful concentration of natural beauty. There is nothing prettier than the meeting of two rivers, with a town like Bingen placed just at the confluence. The scene should be viewed at eve, when the mountain has a halo of dewy radiance and the grey light throws a soft and melancholy mantle over the scene. The beautiful little Nabe gurgles past the town with a small extent of beach exposed, while on the Rhine itself, the rows of acacias and poplars form a pleasant walk. Behind the mountains rise and swell, till their vineyard heights lose themselves, and on the other side of the Rhine and of the

the water.

The fertile district of the Rheingau, the heart of the Rhine country, commences about Asmanshausen, and along its whole extent is dotted thickly with the most celebrated vineyards. Despite the romance of the word, however, and the imaginations of the vintage rejoicings, the yearly feast of Bacchus (still kept up at Erbach), and *paysans* and *paysannes* in picturesque costumes and short petticoats, the vine itself does not add to the beauty of a scene. It is too regular and too intermixed with the barren ground; for the value of the land, for the peculiar purposes to which it is

odd mixture of its garrison (when I was there composed equally of the blue Prussians and the white Austrians), and think that Mayentz is a very quiet, good sort of an old place. He can walk into its eight-centuries old Cathedral, an immense structure of venerable appearance, built of red sandstone, and with a noble pointed tower; he can inspect the showy tombs of the archbishop electors of Mayentz, and muse over vanished greatness before that of Fastrada, the wife of Charlemagne; he can glance at the monument of Gutenberg, by Thorwaldsen, or he can listen to good music in fine gardens;—or, better still, he can reflect, as the Rhine

artificial sudden Mayentz, e of the s of its Hence arm, sla- vers its e moun- he hill is sion of onry, by or culti- perpen- s perse- d in not ble pla- rocks in ir roots, sumes a tic ease, the lot

ber and nd would of their riginally urgundy, f Charle- he banks well as st are the rmer is e Duke of s cabinet convent. and the her; one 00 florins annisber- operty of e passed 32 acres. 0,830 gal- e-third of

auty and ger look stles, and bams over is of the yard. At rminates. rly unre- any, and tumbling, between Mt. Adula, it belongs therefore, bridge of ain either Nassau, or he does n in wan- admiring are at the

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Jim - Club

brief notices of matters of historical or antiquarian interest suggested by the original. The numerous editions of the classical authors show the great demand and popularity of the old standards even in the present day. It may safely be recommended as an excellent school text, and it sometimes when boys study in different sets of notes. It tends to make them know of more

A popular manual has been issued by reprint of two English of the *Puritans in* H. STOWELL, Professor of New England, Cromwell and the Macaulay in his history of the agitation of the church in England. The present publication of the views of the sion. The topics and there is a brief phical facts in a pendium, in Mr. S. Wilson's American will be received as narrative of events countrymen are not die." The remarks on American National historical association

#### THE AMERICAN

The buildings of the in New York—by no means the contracts and books are ment of our rapid situated in Nassau the business part of Park, and looking size of the whole and somewhat more. It has six floors, or above the surface. the whole fifty-eight heated by steam, five boiler, which presses, for a heating glue, and poses. Five of the built. The whole have been less than lars. A considerable admirable is the proceeded, that by on the first floor, public societies will pay its interest, a which, in a few years debt.

Entering the four stores, or, as the largest of which place of business for the treasurer and On the second floor ties are accommodations into which floor furnishes com

parties and their assistants, for the meeting committees, and a spacious apartment for a general depository, in which boxes are packed for the country and the world.

Ascending to the fourth story, you enter the bindery, where 130 females—or, from dress and their manners, they may be ladies—and forty or more men, are employed

NEW YORK

150 Fifth

LAYMEN'S MISSION  
METHODIST EPISCOPAL

ements for storing paper, to the coal- the boiler-room, whence steam passes through wrought-iron pipes, into all the fifty-partments, furnishing a genial heat, and the plates running the ice under the street. most wearied the pa-

Mr. Samuel Carter

an admirable proof of contact + proof of a better, and is more than "Jim - Club" is necessary memory of both but mine, answered only.

For the record

Whether, do you think we need more used cheese? To make all, ever a potent phantom might not be seen

room, the stamping-room, the coloring-room, the gilding-room, the hydraulic-press-room, the engine-room, the wetting-down room, and

But in creation's cemetery  
No grain of ore can eye behold.

Some send for wine to high and lowly,  
To guard her body from decay;  
But, as by magic's art unholy,  
All wine hath dried or shrunk away.

Some seek for blossom-wreaths of sorrow;  
In vain: for winter round doth reign;  
And never shall a spring-tide morrow  
A single flow'et wake again.

Full many a youthful pair assembles  
To gaze upon the train of woo;  
But age's frost within them trembles:  
They reach the goal

As sinks the bier to  
Dark night descends  
Upon a land without  
The sun no longer

A minstrel speaks to  
His tones are dead  
"Henceforth be dead  
And joy for ever

The funeral banquet  
The torch-lights  
A numbness steals from  
And feast and fea

They sit, and gaze to  
No smiles are born  
Seek ye your graves  
For though ye kn

## Sci

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION  
MENT C

This body held their  
year at Harvard Univer-  
sity were presented; a lar-  
ge number by the eminent  
sized.

It is impossible to  
at the contents of the  
have made use of the

The presiding officer  
tion was Prof. Henry  
sonian Institution.

## GEOLOGICAL

*Fossil Crinoids* of  
Troost, of Nashville.  
this veteran naturalist  
carbonaceous and siliceous  
as many species as has  
present time in all of  
Prof. Agassiz looked on  
the highest importance  
form, diversities of  
changes foretelling the  
the Animal Kingdom.

*The Mosasaurus*.—  
remarks on the genus  
he reckoned that the  
have been discovered  
Prof. Agassiz observed  
Mosasaurus in Europe  
of time, is not the same  
cretaceous period in  
that continent before it

*River Terraces* on  
President Hitchcock.

Pres. Hitchcock, may be divided into

1. Ancient sea beaches.
2. Lake terraces.
3. River terraces.

Of the river terraces he had measured those  
on the Connecticut, from the mouth, to the  
northern part of Massachusetts, about one  
hundred miles. Very fine ones exist on some  
of the tributaries of the Connecticut.

The material has been worn from the rocks

and comminuted, varying in size from fine  
powder to pebbles.

The lower terraces are the meadows, where  
deposits are still going on; these are of fine  
clay, sand, or loam.

The terraces do not agree in height on the  
opposite sides of the Valley. The greatest  
number observed were four, though two is the  
usual number, excluding the meadows.

No marine organic remains have been found,  
and President Hitchcock attributes the forma-

naturalist observed that the organs of respira-  
tion in insects are tubes opening outwardly  
and pervading all parts of the body. The  
true respiratory trachea terminate in bags,  
which are minute lungs distributed through  
the body. The other class he would call cir-  
culatory trachea, requiring fluid, and terminat-  
ing in the most minute threads.

*Western Insects*.—Prof. Haldeman gave the  
history of *Phalangopsis*, a genus of Orthoptera.

These new species were observed, and a new  
proposed, under which to place  
These insects resemble a large  
are destitute of wings. The  
new sub-genus, as given by the  
author, from a Sanscrit word,  
etc. One of the species is from  
her from the Platte River.

## BOTANICAL.

*Ant.*—Maj. Alvord contributed  
angular plant of the Western  
ing the peculiarity of pointing  
a. The botanical name, as  
Alvord, is *Silphium Lacini-  
um*, of iron has been discovered in  
it is full of resinous matter,  
suggests its polarity may be due  
to its

*consin.*—By J. A. Lapham, of  
his region was first explored  
3. In 1821 Messrs. Douglass  
shed in Silliman's Journal the  
the plants. The last notice  
of his narrative of an expedition  
from Mississippi to Itasca Lake

enumeration contains 111 na-  
6 genera, and 849 species.  
He considered the Flora as identical  
Great Lakes, except in the  
Alpine character appears.

*Ehrenberg*.—Prof. Agassiz  
Zanthidium is not an animal,  
Ehrenberg, but a plant of the  
that the granules considered  
eggs were in reality the seed  
entire capsule consists of  
of cells, similar to a pave-

marked that the appearance  
of the proper Algae that  
is notice.

## METEOROLOGICAL.

*Currents*.—Lieut. Maury re-  
of the results of the observa-  
under his direction by the  
of the vessels. Over 1000 ves-  
sels employed, and by means of the  
of the sailing winds and currents,  
the voyage from the United  
States has been shortened four

months. Monsoons has been  
of the Atlantic. Vessels going from  
Europe, after passing out of the  
into a region of calms, then  
trade winds, after sailing  
on of calms, and then if the

season of summer they meet these Monsoons.

*Mirages on Lake Superior*.—Some magni-  
ficent mirages were observed by Dr. Jackson  
during his survey of the shores of the Lake  
in the months of July and August, 1847. The  
shores were inverted, and the sun near the ho-  
rizon expanded or sent out a long pear-shaped  
neck. These appearances are attributed to  
the fact that the Lake being a vast body of  
water maintains a nearly uniform temperature  
from 37° to 42° F.; the air over the lake is

Prof. Agassiz called the attention of naturalists  
to the importance of observing the changes  
between the early and late stages of growth in  
the Mammalia. He stated that at certain  
stages it would be impossible to distinguish  
between a young bat, or bird, or serpent; and  
showed by diagrams that the wing and leg of  
the robin at one period does not materially  
differ from the wing and fingers of a bat.

*Circulation of Insects*.—The same learned

Kenneth of Maine  
Aug 15 1906

Dear Sir: Before we say goodbye -  
I must tell you that I have been aboard  
a Schooner - at Portland - loaded with  
staves for the Barbados; and that the  
captain substituted me in his cabin; that  
I have been to Cornish N.H. and have  
fished with Mr. Fred Parrot; that I  
have walked where R. K. walked at  
Brattleboro Vt. If I had a  
marine stomach I should save my  
cigarette money and buy a Schooner  
If you are the girl I think you  
are for me send me a nice note or  
board the *Carmania*, Circular line,  
sailing from N.Y. City, Aug 28 at high  
noon. One pro michi!  
Yours  
M.

rarely higher in the land it rises. Where the strata are cool one of the densest, and on the surface as in a mirror.

*Aurora*.—Prof. Tinsley on a boat in England. It was observed in the

*The Moisture* sphere.—Prof. Tinsley on the Moisture sphere, the rule, the moisture is pro-

The quantity by an instrument his results were observed by Prof.

#### ASTRONOMY

*Allora* O. O. correspondence of the Danish elements in relation presided over before the conference eminent astronomer continue his labors.

*An American* Davis proposed a plan, New York distant from perfectly easy graph to a corresponding reference to the meridian passing an easy course from it to measure the local intercours of Great Britain.

*U. S. Coast* superintendent of the survey was first sent. In 1811 survey, and in 1836 it was deterred from of proper assistance. Hassler's death up those on Bache stated change the method on by Mr. H. to measure length with constructing line and the to cover the network of triangulation. After the project each section tion is carried out, of a line were laid out Oregon a triangulation surveying party on the project will be completed between Cape Ann and Portsmouth.

*Comets*.—Prof. Pierce considered all these bodies as components of the solar system. Not one of the hundred which have been observed within this century has a decidedly hyperbolic orbit. If any belonged to other systems, at least half would present that form of orbit.

a little fleet. Their presence added much to the interest of a novel landscape, and I was astonished by their vociferation, and by their hail in a strange jargon. As usual they were surrounded by an atmosphere of hilarity, and their merry peals of laughter rang loudly. The men are darker than the younger women; indeed their colour is much that of soot. The

inches, surrounded by a dense forest and Maha Veddah Ratté; the former adjoining the district of Bintinné and the latter the district of Wellassé and Ouva, the whole being bounded to the east by the district of Batecalo, to the south by the Mahagamapattoo and Ouva, to the west and south-west by the Kandian mountains, and to the north by the Mahavelle ganga. The

plexion. A grey in the face when it glimmers comparatively the smallest man is found of stature, in an excellent any peculiarity even in the or the gruff at any time bandicoots, and gum; is wild and Australians Being whom in the contrast, called the ill do them a -for instance, -y sometimes months, seen in order that nderings the able to track in its train. a deep grave, and repeating nt, whilst the They number ally to hold of playing figures than d not be de- wear only the nd depending sile formed of ie fate awaits Botany Bay lual remains. acre piece of w " tenants. me in a half-gone! All Botany! Lit- Plenty Black cing); great me left now! ie) all gone! put in coffins throat when all, very gen-

in the chair. hippes) now Ceylon," by C. wide range of Bridham, there numerous people the considerable Veddahs of remote for the two aboriginal from a combination preserved in a race, language, r days by the Veddahs, or Veddah tract of forest 2,000 square

Bookseller

Charles T. Dearing

Established 1861

Louisville, Ky., U. S. A. Jan. 20, 1912

Miss Emma Carlton,

New Albany, Ind.

Dear Miss Carlton:-

I have been advertising for a copy of  
*Lyric Touches* by Patterson, and I have heard in  
 a round about way, that you have a copy in your  
 possession. If this is for sale will you kindly  
 make me quotation on same, and oblige.

Yours respectfully

CHAS. T. DEARING.

AH/ZB.

Spaniards, cannot count above five, and are ignorant of the virtues of medicinal plants. They observe neither the rites of marriage nor those of burial, their dead being consigned to the wild beasts of the jungle. Without any regular religion, the Veddahs, like any other wild race, appear sensible of the existence of an invisible and superior power, which exhibits its influence by undefined terrors:—hence their belief in and worship of evil spirits. They make offerings to the shades of departed ancestors, and to figures temporarily prepared to represent the controlling spirit of some planet which they believe to exercise an influence over their fate. It is probable that the country now occupied by this people is daily being narrowed by the extension of pastoral operations on the part of the Moorish and Tamul population in the Eastern province, no less than by the cocoa-nut planter on the coast.

TO BE PLAIN AND BRIEF.

As 'tis a greater mystery in the art  
 Of painting to foreshorten any part,  
 Than draw it out; so 'tis in books the chief  
 Of all perfections to be plain and brief.  
 —Butler's *Remains*, 1759.

Spaniards and the Aztecs on the steps and summit of the great *teocalli* of Huizilopotchli. The picture represents the final struggle around and beneath the huge idol which crowns the pyramid. The last hour of the Aztecs has come, and they are meeting the determined, irresistible onslaught of Cortez and his soldiers with the reckless courage of despair. There is no retreat possible to either, and all the elements of a deadly struggle crowd the moment. The standard of Castile has already been planted on the pyramid; the divinity, half shrouded in the smoke which rises from the altars on either side, almost totters on his throne; the priests, surrounded with their bloody sacrificial implements, implore his intercession in vain; the women and children who had taken refuge on the consecrated summit are wild with terror and helpless despair. With the combatants the fighting is hand to hand. The Spaniards press their way inch by inch up the steep, slippery steps—the Mexicans strive in vain to maintain their ground, and are forced to grapple with their foes in the mad effort to hurl them down the precipitous side of the *teocalli*, even at the risk of perishing themselves. Through all the noise of the battle rises the clatter of the great drum beaten with human bones by the Aztec priest at the altar, to drown the cries of

sion or all its forces in one direction.

The architecture of the upper masses of the *teocalli*, and of the conglomerated idol on the summit, is all taken from the drawings of similar structures in Central America. By what authority are they adapted to the Aztec *teocalli*? If we mistake not, there is no reason, apart from the fancy or perhaps the want of research of the artist, for the appropriation. If so, it is wrongly done.

In noticing these defects of Mr. Leutze's picture we have no disposition to judge him severely. We have the highest opinion of his abilities and the surest confidence in his success; but we trust that the reputation he is acquiring will not lead him to neglect the lesson,—the first that our artists should learn,—that in every true work there must be, besides genius in the conception, care in the execution; that invention is useless without industry.

We have dwelt so long on the *Teocalli* as to have hardly time to notice as they deserve the other paintings on exhibition. There are several by GLASS, of which the largest—“*Charles I. and Prince Rupert crossing the ferry*,” is a good specimen of his style. “*Iron-sides*,” by the same artist, pleases us less. There is a particular woodenness about the composition of the horse which made us doubt

shroud" (a noble old English word, for which we have no substitute\*), we should read the impressions of spring tides, of droughts, and of tempests. An old tree is an old friend, and we do well to take pains that our sons may hereafter love its very wrinkles. The tree of the park or pleasance, and the tree of the forest, are as different as the old knotty,

gnarled, unsmooth, thriving. The same character becomes tannin and fibre, room for the winds. In South, in which sprung up spots are instantly sweet young for all. On the tary tree, fit over a waste its eloquence whenever I p mossed trees, should covenan their kind for

Of the way woodcraft in idle, pragmatic love the poem heartily honor trymen who a stimulating out inhabitants of pledge of the elders, in the and the absent York is only Mammon on to have pause the Roanoke, Peyton Skipw the considerat ther bank a c tic trees, the s refreshing aft Plant or prese and you secur deed may be water." The a brood of re liage; the oak the oak of Re of Saul, of A Bashan.—Gen Judges vi. 11. 1 Chron. x. 1. What elegiac ing!" Burck in the hills of Lindsay make of Palestine. brews what R "accosting o

is there anything void of reason which so addresses the imagination, as a venerable tree. Such power and stability, joined to such vicissitude of garb and flexibility of member; such gravity, such lightness; such fearful brandishing of arms, yet such shade in heat, smiles in sunshine, and tears in dew; such a world of summer leaves, and such nakedness in winter. Landscape painting, an art of modern times, one of the few, in which we exceed the ancients, and one which is making daily advances, has led to a new study of the physiognomy of trees, and the discernment of differences, not merely generic or specific, but

particular. The day was when the painter invented his tree, and hence it eluded all botanic laws; but a tree of Cole or Durand has not only a face of its own, but an expression in its countenance. Sketchers know this, and have their port-crayon always ready to snatch the fitting glance, just as the portrait painter seizes on a happy cast of his sitter's face.

"friendly tones" over the radio. If it can be financed I am to give a series of twenty-six episodes from American history — the decision is supposed to be reached as to the financing this month.

Sincerely Yours  
Lyman Beecher Stowe

the first newspaper in the world, tells me that it was a very painful sensation for the first day, and that he thought all eyes were upon him (he being a retired, quiet, fastidious person), but going into his nursery and finding his children were the same to him as usual, and then walking out with his dogs, and observing that they frolicked about him as they were wont to do, he began to discover that there was happily a public very near and dear to him, in which even the articles of the *Times* could make no impression. The next day my poor friend, who by the way was firmly convinced that he was right in the matter in controversy, had become quite himself again. Indeed he snapped his fingers at the leading articles, and said he wished people would write more of them against him.—*Friends in Council.*

## Publishers' Circular.

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\* Ezekiel xxxi. 3.

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## Or

DRAFTS AT

## A WEDD

A home on the wi  
Where waves the  
To the breezes of  
Where the sea  
And roams wi  
A home

A PEEP at front  
the prairie on  
break-neck spee  
sertation upon  
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try my hand at  
wolf hunt.

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his edification.

I enjoyed my  
extent. The sce  
scribe was in Ea  
ment not far from  
The settlement  
one family, and t

Some years si  
Louisiana, but fin  
becoming every y  
Joe, set forth as a  
himself upon the  
taking with him

in the days of th  
pitched his tent, but having no tent to pitch, or  
no taste for a life in tents, or being intent upon  
a more permanent mansion, he set to work,  
and with the friendly assistance of a few near

VOL. V. NO. 11.

other fuzzy nonsense. By the way,  
you notice philanthropy in many  
varieties is becoming exceedingly  
popular here. It is a recreation  
that costs little and a little of  
it goes a great way. The news-  
papers, which now chronicle  
all the small beer, are a sweet  
boon to all these Exchanges  
and the public are not permitted  
to remain in ignorance of the  
things they do for suffering hu-  
manity. I believe there could  
be a great deal much less Char-  
ity in the world if it were not  
for the newspapers. These dissem-  
inators of gabble and gossip glorify  
the doers and fill them with  
the pleasurable emotion of vanity  
which they misinterpret <sup>as the feeling that follows</sup> into the  
gospel benison "well done, good and  
faithful servant."

But as I said before the  
Exchange folks make good coffee  
and good coffee hath sweetened  
my acerbity.

"That boy" is an ever-growing  
terror and most prolific source of  
pleasure, pride and discomfort.

Very truly your friend  
Charles Dennis.

uries upon his plate.  
id stories, nearly as  
timately mixed with  
ated among us, and  
ority of the males at  
ndition for bed.

ther remarkable for  
d the entire length of  
simply by laying  
ankets and counter-  
everything stuck un-  
—and upon this the  
own, each man using  
no Texan travels

ere astir betimes, and  
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a remote idea of the  
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nore before retiring.  
ing of a frolic con-  
ave been deemed a  
o "faute de mieux,"  
the order of the day.  
house, at a distance  
d of timber," known  
mile in length, and  
as the case may be,  
ddy strip of water.  
this is another and a  
rom its usual inha-

I would here beg  
hat in speaking of  
es are meant to be  
terms being applied  
we use in speaking  
of prairie extending  
n as a "Cove" or  
g piece of wood is  
luster of trees, an

g the innumerable  
prairie, one had ac-  
quiescent notoriety,  
ted for destruction.  
fact, she was repre-  
sented in her way.  
y to venture boldly  
re off all the dogs of  
huge old veteran,  
she respectfully de-  
length. Our plans  
caviarde of horses  
we were soon very  
each man paying  
fastening of his  
f a hard race over  
ong the more pro-  
ndam friend "Joe,"  
mounted upon a  
a brother-in-law,  
as much of a John-  
considering him-  
nting, must needs  
for which he was  
relied for offence  
g cow whips—an  
short eighteen inch

very heavy lash from  
twelve to eighteen feet long is attached, and  
usually carried over their shoulder with the  
lash trailing upon the ground—the "cabe-  
ros" or hair rope, and, in cases of emergency,

their stirrups, which, weighing from three to five pounds, and easily unshipped, as a sailor would say, make a very efficient instrument.

All were ready, and, with a shout, off we started at a dashing pace; but our ardor abating, after a burst of a mile, we cooled down to a steady trot. Bearing to the right of Lake Island is a "marais" almost impassable in the wet season, but at this time in good order for travelling, and as we dashed into its high grass up started as fine a drove of deer as ever gladdened a hunter's eye. The sight was not lost upon our friend Sam, who, driving his rowels into the sides of his young horse, dashed off in hot pursuit. "Look out, Sam!" cried Joe, "look out! that critter wont stand fire—she'll give you fits directly." The caution came too late; a shout of exultation from Sam had brought a fine buck to the right about, anxious, with all the curiosity of his kind, to know what in the world that unearthly noise might mean; and ere he was satisfied Sam was within range, in an instant, without the least check of his horse's speed, the rifle was at his cheek, and off went the gun, Sam, and deer, "unanimous," as Mr. George Christy observes, "upon that last note." The buck evidently had the best of it. With his flag raised in triumph, he scoured over the prairie, throwing himself clear above the high grass at every jump. The rifle, the parent of all the mischief, lay reposing in quiet on the ground, and Sam, well bruised and almost stunned, flat upon his back, was holding on to one end of his "caberos," endeavoring to restrain his horse, who, fastened to the other, was prancing, snorting, and trying his best to escape his human anchor. A fall from a horse being too trivial a thing to occasion anything but a laugh at the expense of the fallen, without more ado we secured the animal, righted the man, and again bent our course to the Island. On arriving there I found it to be a cluster of trees covering about two acres, with a heavy thicket of underbrush—and an admirable place to shelter all kinds of "varmint."

The best mounted men were selected to guard the Island, and if the wolf or wolves should break through our formidable pack of dogs, cut them off from taking shelter in Lake Island. Dave and myself were posted without upon one side; we had dismounted for a moment to tighten the girths, and I was just securing mine, when a shout from him brought me to saddle in an instant, and looking around I espied the identical wolf not more than one hundred yards ahead, making the best of her way across the prairie, and maintaining a running fight with "old Rove," while the rest of the pack of hounds and curs were scouring along after them as near as they might.

We gave chase immediately. It was just noon, on an intensely hot day in the first part of September; the ground we were riding over of the description known as "hog-wallow," being a succession of small mounds and corresponding hollows—the wolf, gaunt and in fine running order. In short, the chances were against us; however, off we dashed, shouting like madmen, Dave right on the trail of the wolf, and I striving to head her off from Lake Island.

It was an animated scene—the wolf right ahead, running side by side with "old Rove," and gaining upon us every moment; the space between us dotted with dogs of all colors and sizes, and scattered from us to the starting-ground, some twenty riders, every man of them making the best possible use of both lungs and spurs.

Whether it was owing to the heat of the day, the roughness of the ground, or the fact that the wolf was contending for life and we only for her skin, I know not, but in a heat of four miles she certainly beat us fairly over a quarter.

Upon reaching Lake Island not only the old hound, but the smaller fry, abandoned all idea of the chase, and rushed indiscriminately into the water, whence they refused most doggedly to stir. They were completely done over and used up, and most of our horses in no better condition.

After beating the bush vainly for a while, we called a council of war, and determined to ride our reeking, panting steeds homeward, procure fresh ones, and other dogs, and return again, feeling very sure that "Sir Isengrim" would not dream of leaving his quarters for some time, unless cavalierly ousted; and that we should find him awaiting us, stiffened with his morning's work, and in no condition to make the same "time" again.

On our homeward route Dave and myself, to whom the escape of the wolf was imputed, caught it finely from all quarters. "Look heah, Dave, whar's the 'Jack ov Dimins' you war gwine to hunt on, that could give a wolf fits directly?" "I say, stranger, that's a powerful smart lookin' chunk ov a poney you've got atwixt yer legs thar, but poneys is mighty onsartin."

"Now, boys, jest cum out squar and say ef yer did run ater the varmint, or if ye took a sorter skear and put out tother way."

"I tell what is, boys," said a fourth, "yer all barkin' up the wrong tree. I smell a bug. Dave and that ar stranger's onlly playin' 'possum, an want to git a quarter race out on us, but they can't pull the wool over this child's eyes; he's got 'em both skinned."

"Shut up," replied Dave, "and let the stranger and me alone. Thar warnt one ov ye in half a mile ov the tail ov our horses. I'll dar ye now to run a race over that same hog-wallow, and anti ten cows and calves on ither the stranger er me, an I'll bet a plug ov tobacco I hev a saddle cover off that varmint's back afore I camp down."

On nearing the plantation we perceived a number of dark objects perched upon the fence, which at first I mistook for buzzards, but they proved to be a general assortment of all the young negroes in the place, chattering like so many monkeys, their white eyes and teeth glistening in their setting of jet, who had assembled to get an early view of the "varmint" we had gone forth to do battle with.

As soon as we arrived at the house, one of the young darkies was dispatched to the river with an invitation for a man who was there living to come up and bring all his pups; two or three more were mounted, and sent into the prairie in search of the "caviarde" of horses—and we went in to dinner.

To use a very expressive Westernism, "Dave's tail was up," and every possible preparation was made to preclude a failure. The dogs that had returned were cared for, the very best cow horses (horses trained to cow hunting) selected, a complete and well digested plan of the campaign devised and explained. It was, however, thought that the difficulties of the chase had very much increased since morning. In the place of a small island that might be easily drawn, the wolf was now in a dense thicket a mile in length, with a stream of water in its midst, which the cunning old rascal might use to great advantage in washing his trail, and throwing the dogs off the scent.

Four o'clock found us all prepared for a start, and half an hour's sharp riding brought us to the hunting-ground. One person was now stationed at either end of the island, and one on either side, all of them at a sufficient distance from it to permit their glance to take in everything from one outpost to another.

We then commenced operations at the southern end, spreading ourselves entirely across the thicket, and forcing our way slowly and surely, keeping back the dogs; and at the same time three of the party riding even with our line upon the outside.

In this way we proceeded through the island, but no "sign" of wolf could we see. Our dogs started all sorts of strange game, but not the kind we were in search of. Dave was in despair. "The 'varmint's' gone home again," said he. "I rayther reckon not," replied Joe. "I rayther reckon not; hit's clear agin the cunning of the varmint to think so. He's pretty much used up to begin with, and then he knows we're arter him, and you don't catch him showin' his profile in the perara tell dark, and ef thar's a bright moon he'll keep shady tell nigh sun up, and then he'll make a break. I tell you what, gentlemen, he's here. I'll bet a horse on that. The crittur's ben in the lake, and jumped clat across the path into the bush, and thar he lies—we've been within a rod of him. Ef old Rove would git up and go to work we'd fetch him soon, but these dern no-account pups arn't worth shucks, and so we must do the tracking; so, boys, let's 'light, some on us, and take it afoot, whilst the rest keep along on their critturs."

Joe's advice was taken; he started off on the lead, and, strange to say, within ten rods of the spot where the consultation had been held—stopped, and intimated by a very significant whistle that he saw "sign."

Old hunter as Joe was he for once allowed himself to be thrown off his guard—instead of passing quietly on, giving us "item" as he would have called it, and permitting us to surround the beast, and make a sure thing of it, at the sight of the "footprints in the sand," he first whistled, then peering into the bush, and espying the much-sought-for "varmint," he allowed the exuberance of his joy to evaporate in a yell that would have aroused the dead. The wolf did not move, until Joe very imprudently seized a stick and poked it in her lair. Then with but one spring she dashed at her tormentor, who, slipping, fell backwards into the water; and without waiting even to crawl out, gave us a succession of shouts that would have done honor to a Commanche.

The wolf had evidently made up her mind that there was nothing left for her but a run for life, and crossing the water made for the open prairie—but her situation was far from agreeable. Seen by three of the outposts, she was immediately headed off, and, turning, she had to encounter the party stationed on the edge of the island; her speed was sensibly diminished, and her pursuers now felt sure of her; keeping her right between them they now forced her to a course parallel with the island, by which manœuvre not only would our whole party be gathered, but she would be driven into the main prairie, without any chance of finding shelter, except by taking the back track, and from that they could easily cut her off. As they passed the end of the island the whole party fell in, and we all obeyed Dave's direction to the very letter.

The chase headed down the prairie; running parallel with the wolf, and at a distance of a quarter of a mile on either side were three riders, while the rest spread out widely, fol-

completely in the Cosmos than in either of the other works.

How far climate, soil, and situation have modified the history and the present condition, and what effect they are to have on the des-

cending to Baron Humboldt, is only  $12^{\circ} 30'$ . The Silla of Caraccas, which rises precipitously from the Caribbean Sea, at an angle of  $53^{\circ} 28'$ , to the height of between six and seven thousand feet, is a majestic instance of the nearest approach to perpendicularity of any great height yet

plied by these areas of subsidence, no volcanic islands exist within many hundred miles of these atolls, and on many of these volcanic islands may be observed a succession of fringes of dead coral marking as many eras of successive elevation, and indicating by the reversal in the

For myself, it is, in the main, the same old friend of back work. I sent you a copy of a new magazine, partially filled by myself, one feature of which aims to venturate in a historical survey of Dad. of some length - if the publisher holds up his end. If I had seen all the proofs of this &c. my name would have been less in evidence, and some credit would have been corrected.

Give my kindest regards to your family, tell me about yourself sometime, and believe me your very cordial friend.

Geo. S. Cothman.

By the way, do you happen to know if John Owens of Charleston is still living?

If you see Rave or any of the Cardwells give them my regards.

To Mrs. Emma Carleton.

New Albany, Ind.

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of Mont Blanc towards the Allee Blanche, precipitous as it seems, does not amount to  $45^{\circ}$ ; and the mean inclination of the Peak of Teneriffe, ac-

be left."

Vast areas of the Pacific Ocean are occu-

We entertain the hope that some other based upon it, will

be taken as a text book for the use of schools; for it cannot be but the panoramic displays of Nature will interest the young in the pursuit of this deeply important science.

But this goodly frame of earth, with its countless species of animal and vegetable life, is very inferior to Man, for, for him they were made, and to him they were given. In respect of the physical wants and the social development of our race, the earth becomes an object of high moral interest. Here the question arises, where and under what conditions is man happiest, and human society best ordered? To solve it requires the comparison and analysis of that information we have derived from observation. And it is this which forms the material of Prof. Guyot's lectures.

The principle of unity as a foundation for knowledge is indispensable; that exchange of relations which knits the parts of the world together, Prof. Guyot calls the *Life of the Globe*.

The influence of some of these relations on climate are brought forward with great force by the Author in the introduction.

#### CLIMATIC RELATIONS.

"Is the question of the forms of contour? Nothing characterizes Europe better than the variety of its indentations, of its peninsulas, of its islands. Suppose, for a moment, that beautiful Italy, Greece with its entire Archipelago, were added to the central mass of the continent, and augmented Germany or Russia by the number of square miles they contain; this change of form would not give us another Germany, but we should have an Italy and a Greece the less. Unite with the body of Europe all its islands and peninsulas into one compact mass, and instead of this continent, so rich in various elements, you will have a New Holland with all its uniformity.

"Do we look to the forms of relief, of height? Is it a matter of indifference whether an entire country is elevated into the dry and cold regions of the atmosphere, like the central table land of Asia, or is placed on the level of the ocean? See, under the same sky, the warm and fertile plains of Hindostan, adorned with the brilliant vegetation of the tropics, and the cold and desert plateaus of Upper Tibet; compare the burning region of Vera Cruz and its fevers, with the lofty plains of Mexico and its perpetual spring; the immense forests of the Amazon, where vegetation puts forth all its splendors, and the desolate paramos of the summits of the Andes, and you have the answer.

"And the relative position? Is it not to their position that the three peninsulas of the south of Europe owe their mild and soft climate, their lovely landscape, their numerous relations, and their common life? Is it not to their situation that the two great peninsulas of India owe their rich nature, and the conspicuous part which one of them at least has played in all ages? Place them on the north of their continents, Italy and Greece become a Scandinavia, and India a Kamschatka.

"All Europe owes its temperate atmosphere to its position relatively to the great marine and atmospheric currents, and to the vicinity of the burning regions of Africa. Place it at the east of Asia, it will be only a frozen peninsula.

"Suppose that the Andes, transferred to the eastern coast of South America, hindered the trade wind from bearing the vapors of the ocean into the interior of the continent, and the plains of the Amazon and of Paraguay would be nothing but a desert.

"In the same manner, if the Rocky Mountains bordered the eastern coast of North America, and closed against the nations of the East and of Europe the entrance to the rich valley of the Mississippi; or if this immense chain extended from east to west across the northern part of this continent, and barred the passage of the polar winds which now rush unobstructed over these vast plains; let us say even less; if, preserving all the

great present features of this continent, we suppose only that the interior plains were slightly inclined towards the north, and that the Mississippi emptied into the Frozen Ocean, who does not see that in these various cases, the relations of warmth and moisture, the climate, in a word, and with it, the vegetation and the animal world, would undergo the most important modifications, and that these changes of form and of relative position would have an influence greater still upon the destinies of human societies, both in the present and in the future?"

It will be remembered that these views as to the modification of the climate of the globe, by distributing the land and water now near the tropics and then in the polar regions, were first brought forward by Sir Charles Lyell in his *Geology*: if high table lands and mountains at the poles existed, he explained from the difference in climate observed at different points of our present land, the probability that icebergs and frost might invade and perhaps permanently cover the equatorial sea, and a world of winter would be the consequence; on the contrary, if the land were disposed in a great equatorial belt, a soft and equable climate would be felt over the summer seas, even to the poles. Our present continents and oceans are so disposed as to avoid the polar frost of one of these positions, and the more than African heats of the other. The Oceanic hemisphere is turned towards the frozen land of the Antarctic pole, while Africa supplies by the Atlantic and Northern Ocean, heat to the greater portion of the continental hemisphere.

The great slopes of the land would seem to belong to the same system of adaptation.

"All the long and gentle slopes descend towards the Atlantic and towards the Frozen Ocean, which is only a dependence of it; all the short and rapid slopes, or counter-slopes, are directed towards the Pacific Ocean and towards the Indian Ocean, which is its continuation.

"In this point of view, these two great oceans appear as two basins of different geological character. The Pacific Ocean seems an immense basin sunk in, the broken and elevated edges of which present on all sides the abrupt terminations of the continents."

The three Northern Continents, Asia, Europe, and North America, belong respectively to the past, the present, and the future, and in their configuration they partake of such a character as would suit them to respective advances in civilization of very different eras.

"The Old World, as we have learned from the study of its reliefs, is that of table lands and mountains. No continent exhibits plateaus so elevated, so numerous, so extensive, as Asia and Africa. Instead of one or two chains of mountains, like the Andes, Central Asia is traversed by four immense chains, which support vast table lands of from 5,000 to 14,000 feet in elevation, and the loftiest mountains of the globe.

"The extent of this elevated region is more than 2,400 miles long, by 1,500 miles broad. The principal mass of Western Asia is nothing but a plateau, from three to six thousand feet in height.

"The New World, on the other hand, is the world of plains. They form two-thirds of its surface; the plateaus and the mountains, only one-third. The high lands form only a narrow band, jammed upon the western coast of the two continents. Almost the whole East runs into immense plains, which cover it, one might say, from pole to pole. From the Frozen Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico, over an extent of nearly 2,400 miles, we cross only insignificant heights."

The poor and weak tribes of early times would seek refuge and cultivate the slopes of the vast Asiatic chains, or wander as shep-

herds over the great plateaus, but the incessant wars and imperfect civilization of the nations who inhabited the banks of the Euphrates or the Ganges, would have left them a prey to the warlike hosts collected from the rude and poor inhabitants of the hills, themselves the forced soldiery of a despot and conqueror. Up to the time of the fall of the Roman Empire, the plateaus and mountainous regions of the Carpathians, the Alps, and Spain, furnished a miserable subsistence to a rude and warlike people, while the civilization of Greece and Rome soon shared the fate of that of Assyria. America is only suited to a people at peace among themselves; the element of peace must be here, discordant nations would soon reduce themselves to utter ruin on the banks and within the Valley of the Mississippi; and even divided though peaceful nations would be an inconvenience to each other where nature had thus imperatively bidden them to be united.

After contrasting the inhabitants of Asia and Europe with the barbarous races of the Southern continents, Prof. Guyot proceeds to trace the actual history of mankind and the successive attempts at civilization within the limits of the two Northern Continents of the Old World.

#### THE THREE HISTORICAL CONTINENTS.

"The true Western Asia, the Asia of history, is reduced thus to a plateau flanked by two plains. Add the Soristan, which connects it with Egypt and this last mentioned country, and you will have all the great countries of civilization of the centre of this continent: on the north, the nomads of the steppes of the Caspian; on the south, the nomads of Arabia and its deserts form the natural limits of the civilized world of these countries. Compared with the East, the areas are less vast, the reliefs less elevated, the nature less continental—notwithstanding its more central position—the contrasts less strongly pronounced, the whole more accessible.

"Here, as we have said, is the original country of the white race, the most perfect in body and mind. If, taking tradition for our guide, we follow step by step the march of the primitive nations, as we ascend to their point of departure, it is at the very centre of this plateau that they irresistibly lead us. Now, it is in this central part also, in Upper Armenia and in Persia, if you remember, that we find the purest type of the historical nations. Thence we behold them descend into the arable plains, and spread towards all the quarters of the horizon. The ancient people of Assyria and Babylonia pass down the Euphrates and the Tigris into the plains of the South, and there unfold, perhaps the most ancient of all human civilization. First, the Zend nation dwells along the Araxes, then, by the road of the plateau, proceeds to found, in the plains of the Oxus, one of the most remarkable and the most mysterious of the primitive communities of Asia. A branch of the same people, or a kindred people—the intimate connexion of their language confirms it—descends into India, and there puts forth that brilliant and flourishing civilization of the Brahmins, of which we have already spoken. Arabia and the North of Africa receive their inhabitants by Soristan; South Europe, perhaps, by the same routes, through Asia Minor; the North, finally, through the Caucasus, whence issue in succession, the Celts, the Germans, and many other tribes, who hold in reserve their native vigor for the future destinies of this continent. There then is the cradle of the white race at least—of the historical people—if it is not that of all mankind.

"The civilizations of Western Asia also, as well as those of Eastern Asia, spring up in the alluvial plains, which are easily tilled, and alike connect themselves with the great rivers, and not, as in Europe, with the seas. The plains of Babylonia and of Bactriana are continental, and not

Dear Lizzie

Your "follow up" postal of our visit

is very much appreciated and the Scrap Books  
also - I have delayed writing as I wished to  
finish with my transfers from your books before  
doing anything else - To give you an idea of  
their assistance in compiling my "Record Book"  
I filled eighteen pages additional in my book -

Then having Al Shields' letter before me

I compiled a memorandum for him and sent  
him six closely written sheets like this one -

I am not much on poetry but I could

not overlook Ennis "The Wicked Novel" and her  
poems on letters, these were also sent to Al -

It would take a long letter to give you  
an idea of the extent of my use of Ennis  
notes - In sending the letter to Al  
Shields I failed to give him your address  
so you will not get the letter of thanks  
that you are entitled to -

I just have a letter from Mart  
written in his characteristic manner -

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WILLIAM F. CRANE

PHONE-SHAWNEE-5228- 2901 VIRGINIA AVENUE  
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

I quote as follows:

"Do you know that it is 27 years since I have seen you? - Time flies and the old grave grows nearer but I should worry - I have enjoyed every day since the doctor brought me into this world and I have no fear for the death call but will put it off as long as possible for with the exception of being hard up this old world has been good to me and mine, so with love and a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year your brother

Wm. F. Crane

Considering the fact that you live at the other end of a telephone wire, this letter is doubtless long enough -

Love to all, will return the books within a week,

Your cousin

Will

INTERBOROUGH RAPID TRANSIT CO.  
DIVISION.

OFFICE OF  
GENERAL MANAGER,  
SHOPS

NEW YORK

June 4<sup>th</sup> 1905

Dear Mrs. Carleton:

The Spring Bulletin is somewhat late this year, but the Spring did not pass unheeded. Indeed I may say that I enjoyed, or tried to enjoy, the season this year more than ever before. You see when we get along in life and begin to realize that there are, at the best, not many more such seasons coming to us we feel that it is up to us to make the most of them.

The best thing I did this year was to discover and mark the few remaining birdsfoot violets on Manhattan Island - or indeed anywhere in the section. Fortunately they escaped by a few yards - a fire that killed pretty much everything else in its path.

OFFICE OF  
GENERAL MANAGER  
SHOPS

NEW YORK, 190

I got out last Sunday to the Spring near Dayton Dayton Creek and found my Bergamot still flourishing, and best of all some healthy plants of forget-me-nots in bloom — the only flowers I have seen hereabout in eight years.

I tried to photograph the Spring wood where the Hepatica grows and I got a pretty fine view, and a neat little view of the Spring where the Bergamot grows.

Every thing is going along strangely right with me — there is hardly a cloud in sight.

I have made no great finds in the Camp since last Thanksgiving Day when I got a badge of 71<sup>st</sup> Regt. Frazers Highlanders. Recently I found a button or clasp with the arms of Alsace-Lorraine; both of these

DIVISION.

... of the Southern Ocean

OFFICE OF  
GENERAL MANAGER,  
SHOPS

NEW YORK,

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I sat in the 17<sup>th</sup> Regt Camp.

I don't know as I told you  
that we dug all summer last year  
- the Camp at Fort St and found  
many things including buttons of the  
0<sup>th</sup>, 17<sup>th</sup>, 23<sup>rd</sup>, 5<sup>th</sup>, 37<sup>th</sup>, 6<sup>th</sup> Regts  
the last one a pleasant Burgoyne Army  
and we don't know how it got here in  
New York.

My Principal Amusement  
now day - or rather night is taking  
part in debate in the Young men  
Club, around the corner in the Guild  
room of the Episcopal Church.  
We have had "Municipal Ownership",  
"Shall the protective Tariff be continued?",  
"Should Bachelors be taxed?",  
and "The Yellow Peril", and so  
get a lot of fun out of the proceedings.  
I am writing the in Chap. so can't  
say much this time. Drop us a line  
when you have time.  
Yours sincerely  
W. D. Cotton

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instances the entire crews of vessels have been swept off in a few weeks.

"Péron, who paid particular attention to the dietetic habits of the Malays of Timor, and their constant use of betel, became convinced of the influence of opium in inducing the malignance hence resolved evidently the his preservation determination.

The miscellaneous speculations of fiction, caused only redemption Péron and I collection of of animals gave voyage. Péron's description of government—living animal form an unrivaled the descriptive feebled constant and he died, that his disheveling. In the United States Philadelphia, the natural science he devoted Ichthyology, of Natural Science enriched with Fishes. In 1844 and soon after the Museum of Natural Science was elected Curator, died, at the rural church a spot where I never many in the vicinity of youthful mind

SC

BENTLEY (L.) sketchy book, Pacific in History from 1844 to 1850. Walpole, R. M. much that is interesting gossip about recent new interest little to say on objects of the special delicacy occupied with discursive manner laid aside, and summed with pleasant chapters another on Marine American porpoise rambling account to the coast of at the Sandwich A few passages uninteresting. rey, California,

ENTRY

"During our party arrived, American horse mounted, who to keep off the sailors, they being nearly all English, we will not question. As cavalry they would, probably, have been singularly destructive to each

other. Their leader, however, was a fine fellow, and one of the best rifle-shots in the States. Fremont's party naturally excited curiosity. Here were true trappers, the class that produced the heroes of Fenimore Cooper's

have now lost all their originality, and nothing remains but many, alas! of the vices of civilization, and most of the follies of the savage. As intercourse increases, it is greatly to be feared that

increase; day by day, he has no longer precepts, and both vices of a large their own inclination deal, and sad great change is the only thing increased love of There is no occupation, the household old; food is to be al employment is away the even-aiting wreaths the before prohibited, ually all the rules so much expense, ty a motive, will at all. Unfortun-ly not occupying the missionaries; idden, and nothing Their literature ooks; they know ed of toil. The houses, stay only y enough to buy ve at once."

London Examiner ges, "if not suggests out his de-

N'S BAY.

tractions was a red yards up the ats done there to aka, or River of t. The river ran in rapids, over crag, and preci-whose rudeness by tendrils and to the foaming rked them as it ided the stream, etulantly on, and fall; while the ture, ran along a h in one heavy ty-five feet, join- A little turmoil en they flowed in-arm, till they lost in the salt

natives is to go e channel I have a scream of joy, r the head, and, of Hilo descend, the eddy below. an instant in the ose standing be-ay shouts and led to the death ret current that away the body by three of our vice.

fall is a lesser feat, and the sensation of going down it head-foremost delightful; even that, however, is often fatal; and during our stay here, a man was lost merely through making a false step

Please  
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Watermelons in Floyd County x

John Q. Greene's Farm x  
~~Watermelons~~ x

(Special to the Indianapolis News)

New Albany, Ind. November 16. -

Coming to belated killing

frosts in Floyd County, water-  
melons are still in good

edible condition on John Q.

Greene's farm on Silver Hills x

ary labors, he thus speaks of the

DETERIORATION OF THE NATIVES AT TAHITI.

"The manners and customs of the natives

feat, and the sensation of going down it head-foremost delightful; even that, however, is often fatal; and during our stay here, a man was lost merely through making a false step

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Mr. Greene recalls, that in 1864, when his sixty-acre farm was a "New Purchase," the family had a <sup>fuscia</sup> ~~fine~~ watermelon on the table at the Christmas dinner. This year, an unusually <sup>large</sup> fine crop of watermelons was grown on the Greene farm, in the raspberry patches, for which this farm is well-known in Chicago and Indianapolis.

on the bank. The women especially will sit by your side until you tell them all your for-  
raight as an arrow instead of the rough, holding up to rise to the full, the water seemed, to be matted triking out into his the girls mick out their feet their hair with the dge with a gra Then the water rusty, half-thawed he stream, down overhead, and cut reappeared, a mar are fifty or eighty to regard it as a t you it was done b We appeared con we skurried from but we soon yield care away, got minding it, swam they did."

But there are remarkable. Little Walpole became Sandwich Island nurture in a doth Fayaway in the Elekeke.

LIEUT. WA  
"So innocen  
From bene  
Glancing  
Till the lig  
The ball  
Then av

"Even now, other scenes and gratitude is stro-  
nursed me during ing. Nothing c their unbought large room, and a two when requir of the time was hanging roof, or river. The land and as fine a gen three little girls nurses, and they them. It is a di beauty, more esp thing long passe picture, and vivi pen and ink are vision to subsid or the walking c one she was as Undine without years, she was, England of elev made her. The the children had theirs, despised lessons the elder one had had from a French missionary, who was attracted by her beauty, they were ignorant of all learning or creed. The few words of religion they had thus gained, she had woven into a creed of her own, which, mixing with legend and superstition, had become a faith as curious as it was wild.

"Elekeke said the Kanakas loved to learn to

methinks I would be always getting better, always recovering.

"Of a morning my house was a levee, and weighty were the discussions that passed. Every article was examined, and yet nothing lost. Elekeke used to say, 'Once Kanaka

\* The *Tecari*, or *Morinda Citrifolia*, a flower like a large white jessamine, with a powerful scent.

was big for all son appeared ling anything

This seem-ct than taboo nd of delight, ost intensely, of impatience, o they all stay them great but, soon the ; then he will Hawaii very

ncertain, and er event; for s born when up some sixty herself dated od Kekaanoa

the bathing; ertion being ys now here, The physic, ended me so a subject of a great gift

to move; but a calm sense asure of mere And thus only pain left it was sadly

ize chlog ray use; lay, he eve away."

\* I life—the hut low, dirty, nor estled about it, nt, about fifty the family—ng is half pro e day. There rich jutted out ree little girls oisy song, and e tune; then e, like a stick eful symmetry races), with a rew back their games! such and screams of

Oh they were ould come and l as even their ing their hair, uty seemed to eir bodies with ; sitting in the ping. The day g nothing, yet ements they found

## THE WEEK.

the best Authors, the compilation of passages of English literature made by CHARLES KNIGHT, the editor of Shakespeare, has just been completed, by the publication by JOHN WILEY of the third and fourth volumes—in the series of the Library of Choice Reading. It is a novel and highly successful attempt to adapt the old popular collections of Elegant Extracts to the improved and better cultivated tastes of the age. The

range of Mr. Knapp's portion of literature and the belated bar, books of poetry and fiction hundred and fifty companions for the authors—forty of these is a liberal writers. Each by itself; generally to extend the half hour of feature of the seventh portion from such appropriate bishop Leighton, Donne, Bishop which gives to book a peculiar respects proportion maintained, it an author of the ed claims in any foraging in the English Library quarian, there of wider or more panded authorship that editor of the The latest history science, the best respects is he be not so much a book is too general for kind, but of good. Leigh Hunt scribbled all over; pelled to look at riences. Charles thors themselves so that no man English literature best minds of the his four volumes be given to one each is selected tract which we find in miniature of imperors, translated published living so completeness as work. There are of authors running another; groups Webster to Knapp, Homer to Milton Lamb. The good there, as well as as we have hint the escape from sance of badly printed books of select wisely direct the him few more these "Half Ho

The cry is still an excellently printed History of England, "TRUMAN

least the sixth stereotyped issue before the public. The feature of the present copy is a large octavo page, inclosed by neat rules, with a larger type than that commonly employed in the cheap editions. It looks well, and may be highly commended among the latter, for its typography; but we are at a loss to see on what principle of "courtesy of the trade" it is issued, as it absurdly follows the Websterian spelling, for the evil of which rival editions

fruit markets, owing to the pressing claims of the <sup>great</sup> raspberry-harvest and the <sup>fine</sup> pear-harvest which followed—no water-melon shipments could be made; and this portion of the summer ~~farm~~ produce was largely given away to farm hands and neighbors. The Queen's farm is notable as being the only piece of <sup>strictly</sup> farm-property on Silver Hills: the remainder of this beautiful range of <sup>lands</sup> being devoted to <sup>city</sup> residences—places, large and small, a

CARTER & BROTHERS have published a neat edition of "Domestic Portraiture; or, the successful application of religious principle in the education of a family, exemplified in the memoirs of three of the deceased children of the REV. LEIGH RICHMOND. With a preface by the REV. E. BICKERSTETH.—The care of the author of the Dairyman's Daughter in the education of his family is well known, and highly

says, he was in the habit of reading to them for purposes of instruction. The portions he was obliged to suppress in this course of private reading he now suppresses for the benefit of other families, effacing from the pages of an author who is for the most part chaste and instructive all those passages which "would shock the delicacy of an uncorrupted taste without imparting any benefit to the understanding."

earnestness to and children. render home the most numerous for the ere abandoned outful amusee add that his drawing, philosophy of natural history to Christline of no narrative. From the was inculcated of profit than volume of the children. Rewritten, seems neral principles mories whence for use. The is human—the George Her experience in Coleridge:—

girt us round! olmasters bound s, g sin, izes, us in, es, alness, ears: r consciences: fears. ole array te away.

a as a supplement; or, Recollections. R. HYDE, publisher of the parental ard, apparently estic and famigeneral survey h children are counsels of a d remarks on igious training, ions, as in the mend this book

ion of Sermons es of England. from as many preachers of subjects, and the American York, Daniel amden Chapel. Bloomfield, Raf, Melvill. The can readers.

ugust 15.] FE: BY W. C.

eculiar claims to an who is no position in the his high social es "to his chil-hose works, he

The work of ex-  
done. Mr. Macrea  
sidering them as s  
into unclean places  
the plan of modify  
retains the sense  
same manner as t  
speare are softened  
tion of *Othello*. I  
trouble to compare  
first epistle of the  
originally stood, w  
Macready, they wi  
plan:—

"Yes, you despise the  
Who from his study  
Though what he lea  
Some general maxim  
The coxcomb bird, so  
That from his cage c  
Though many a pass  
You hold him no ph

In these lines  
omitted, but the d  
whole are not vari  
Of course, ther  
—we mean purist  
who will declaim  
author's words, m  
ever. But let M  
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an edition of Po  
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"arranged and r  
of young people,"  
such declamation

Indeed, as the  
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lutely required.  
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or whether it has  
ficiency in the at  
much is certain,  
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As far as the y  
cerned, it is per  
who are old en  
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standard of fema  
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Dryden.

One method  
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they leave the  
subject-matter a  
we are driven  
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guage from tho  
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The chief fea  
the pruning knife may be used too zealously;  
and we may especially commend Mr. Macready  
for approaching his author with great tender-  
ness, like a benevolent surgeon, who would  
avoid an amputation in all cases but when he  
feels it to be absolutely necessary. The  
notes, which are very short, are selected with  
great judgment, being just sufficient to eluci-  
date the text, without distracting the atten-  
tion. While providing the family library

4

high asage orange-hedge sur-  
rounds thirty acres of the farm:  
and the history of this hedge runs  
back to ~~the~~ civil war times & No  
asage-orange seeds could be ~~chap~~<sup>ob-</sup>  
~~tained~~<sup>from</sup> the South, at that period,  
but two barrels of asage oranges  
<sup>in the autumn</sup>  
were secured by John Q. Greene  
from a hedge-owner near Charles-  
town, Clark Co. Ind. & These were  
poured on the ground, allowed to  
freeze and thaw until Spring &  
Then the pulp was beaten

of the ceiling. In the  
two librarians' rooms, to which access is had  
by means of the main galleries.  
The first floor will contain the lecture and  
reading-rooms, with accommodations for 500  
persons. The latter are located on each side  
of the building, and separated from the library-  
hall stairway at the front entrance, by two  
corridors leading to the rear vestibule, and  
from thence to the lecture room, still further in

For musings solemn.  
August.  
(From Poems by Alfred Domett.)  
A SEA SIDE CALM.  
The morning air was pure and cool—  
Asleep the silver bay:  
Each object on the shining sands,  
In shade reflected lay.

the keeper's  
ir furnaces,  
hly-wrought  
s.  
erior, espe-  
l present an  
osing. The  
1 rustic ash-  
mparting an  
dow frames  
of the wall,  
o secure the  
arily of six,  
nd admitting  
three above  
—the upper  
nns, support-  
nii of Litera-  
ndows is in-  
The remain-  
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\$75,000—of  
and shelving.  
3,000. Two  
aired to com-  
lex. Saeltzer,  
ted Schinkel.  
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about one-half  
the library—  
uch as similar  
Through the  
England and  
volumes have  
is keeping at  
are accessible  
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commerce.

n.  
FON FALLS.  
ugged crest  
fringing;  
ined breast  
t crag or ledge,  
l swinging;  
urrow edge  
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swim,  
d life of ages,  
tain weaving,  
e wages,  
nging leap,  
s shiver,  
ir sweep,  
cing trees  
is glancing,  
passing breeze  
k complete,  
ods, and rocky  
meet

The giant cliffs in long array  
Were drawn up by the sea ;  
Their heads

menced, under the auspices of some good  
talkers and with their

Robert Browning's Poems and

*Handwritten notes in cursive script, likely a review or commentary on Robert Browning's Poems. The notes are written diagonally across the page and include phrases such as: "The giant cliffs in long array", "Were drawn up by the sea", "Their heads", "menced, under the auspices of some good", "talkers and with their", "Robert Browning's Poems and", "The author's American reputation is", "such as to insure a favorable reception to these", "new productions whenever they shall make", "their appearance here.", "Messrs. Benjamin B. Mussey and Company", "have just published the new edition of Smyth's", "Lectures on Modern History, edited by Mr."*

room, in Tremont Row, and the number of members is steadily increasing. Mr. Whipple is to read a paper at the next quarterly meeting, in October, and Mr. James Russell Lowell follows him in January. In October a series of weekly conversations is to be com-

"Faint and fainter grows my breath,—  
Bear me quickly down the lane!  
Mother dear, this chill of death—  
I shall never speak again!"

Still the hedges are in bloom,  
And the warm west wind is blowing;—  
Still we sit in silent gloom,—  
O'er her grave the grass is growing.

monde. The author's American reputation is such as to insure a favorable reception to these new productions whenever they shall make their appearance here.

Messrs. Benjamin B. Mussey and Company have just published the new edition of Smyth's Lectures on Modern History, edited by Mr.

Nichols of Carl  
Virgil, with not  
Messrs. Wilk  
in the press a  
titled "The Ba  
Music," edited  
other eminent  
contain a new  
one, in the form  
of the hymns in  
cipal hymn-book  
propriate tunes  
no excuse here  
ing a *Jubilate w*  
*Miserere*.

I had almost  
new volume, w  
and Company.  
and Modern Sk  
many admirabl  
ter's courtship,  
mas Elwood, t  
Leggett, and o  
the course of th  
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is a good editi  
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pretty tall obeli

## THE ART-UNION

THE new gallery  
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respected citize  
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glittering with  
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even better ada  
being a long on  
the room from  
throwing the  
Taken together  
mirably arrang  
Art-Union.

they will come to be more and more regarded  
as the central depository of the results of  
artistic effort, and the most authentic witnesses  
of its progress.

The gallery reopens with a large accession  
to the number of its works of art. The cata-  
logue of pictures already purchased, which was  
distributed to the guests on Monday evening,  
exhibits a list of 321 paintings, the property of

away from the <sup>5</sup>seeds - and the  
seeds planted in ~~two~~ <sup>double</sup> rows, four feet  
apart, all around the thirty acres  
resulting in one of the finest hedges in  
Southern Indiana. The specialties of  
the Greene farm are raspberries and  
pears: the ~~berry~~ crop this season, netted  
\$1200: and the pear-output realized  
also a comfortable number of hundreds.  
One Louisville dealer, for 20 years, has purchased the pears.  
About fifteen years ago, Mr. Greene, ~~after~~  
retired from the practice of law to devote  
his <sup>entire</sup> time to his farm, and although now  
in his eighties - a Harrison county  
stalwart - is still actively <sup>managing</sup> at the  
head of his <sup>peppering</sup> fields and orchards.

of the collec-  
alcony, playing  
us and dazzling  
ke her. Most  
vers of beauty  
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llery. Another  
is No. 258 -  
"in which he  
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n contrast with  
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s, small in size,  
een bought by  
tributed among  
some drawings  
of native scenes  
executed with  
re full of force  
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picture or two  
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a mountain lake  
und two boats  
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the mountains,  
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as been said to  
collection, which  
spection than by  
get, however, to

mined of several pictures which attracted  
universal regard, and which have not as yet  
been noticed in our columns.

Amongst these are the works of two artists  
who have recently domiciliated themselves in  
this country, NAHL and WENDEROTH. A  
striking picture by the former, called in the  
catalogue "A Spanish Lady," hangs at the  
extremity of the new gallery, and is one of

give due prominence to the closing scenes of  
the entertainment of Monday evening, which,  
artistically enough, took place around the  
supper table. General Wetmore, the President  
of the Art-Union, did the honors of the occa-  
sion, and, it is needless to say, they could  
have been done by no one better. He intro-  
duced Major Poussin, the French minister, who  
had been all the evening in the gallery,



the course of the Niger is still continued. Thus, the anticipations of Captain Boüet are confirmed, and every day adduces fresh proofs of their correctness. When the steamer Guet-tapder proceeds to Grand Bassam, that vessel, which only draws two feet of water, will entirely solve the problem. Thus, a well-armed and well-supplied vessel will penetrate to the interior of the country, traversing a district of which Captain Boüet has seen a part himself, and which is the *entrepôt* and the passage for the caravans of the gold and silk merchants, and where the gallant captain discovered, and inhabited for two days, a city more ancient and more important than Timbuctoo. 'I must write a volume,' concludes the letter, 'were I to attempt to relate the dangers and adventures of the expedition.' It is probable that a copy of M. Boüet's report will be transmitted to the Chamber of Commerce, and afterwards published."

— Mr. MACAULAY, it is stated in the English papers, recently arrived in Dublin from Kilkenny, and left the next day for Carrickfergus. A vast deal of assistance, it is added, has been given him in his efforts to procure information; his account of the Williamite campaign promising to be the most interesting ever published. No publisher's announcement has appeared of the continuation of the History, a statement which we make at the suggestion of a Broadway bookseller, to relieve the anxieties of some half dozen callers on an average per diem, who sport their quarter of a dollar with a demand for "the new number of Macaulay." They evidently suppose classic histories can be turned out in a litter like shilling novels, and go away grumbling at the culpable delay of the author.

— Mr. MACREADY is to appear at the Haymarket on the 25th October, his engagement continuing through two months; to be succeeded by the Keans, when he will again appear to take his farewell of the stage. During these two engagements it is stated that he will appear in thirty-five different characters.

— ALBERT SMITH, on his way to the East, writes a letter to the *Illustrated London News* of Sept. 1st, from Rome, dated August 18. He entered the city from Civita Vecchia, a route which he finds sufficiently disagreeable. "If you travel by day, and keep your eyes open, the dust produces ophthalmia; if by night, and go to sleep, you come in for all the consequences of miasmata; and either way, the journey takes up a good eight hours, during which you are choked if you open the windows, and suffocated if you shut them." A view of the actual condition of Rome at this time, from the accomplished contributor to Punch, is of interest:—

"We entered Rome in a diligence—which at present goes or not, according to the chance of passengers, of whom there are very few—by the Porta Cavelleggeri; and passing St. Peter's, soon found evidences of the late siege, on either side of the 'golden Tiber,' as the clay-colored river has been termed by highly imaginative poets. Clumps of houses around St. Angelo had been knocked down, or blown up, into heaps of brickbats, from which patches of frescoed walls and ornamented passages rose up, here and there, in melancholy ruin. A stranger would have thought that the first step had been taken towards forming some great new street. This demolition, however, soon terminated; and then, as we passed along the narrow streets, more or less dirty, which lead to the Corso, the French soldiers were the only evidences of the late struggle. And these literally swarm everywhere. They

are the sentinels at all the public buildings and places; they fill all the *cafés*, throng all the churches and 'sights,' occupy the pavements, and form the chief audiences at all the theatres. In fact, just now, Rome would be rather solemn and dull without them, for they appear to be the only lively individuals in the place. At the same time their conduct is most unexceptionable, although they have made themselves as perfectly at home as if the Piazza Colonna were the Place Vendôme; and they are looking forward with much anticipation to the winter, when, they have heard, there is a great deal of amusement. So that, at all events, there appears to be something more than a temporary occupation of the Eternal City. The proprietor of the *Café Nuovo*, a huge building which was formerly a palace, has found it to his interest to re-christen his establishment the *Café Militaire Français*; and Parisian methods of announcement are here and there visible in the shop windows; for money is frightfully scarce. Garibaldi marched off with so many scudi, that the present currency of Rome is chiefly paper, and notes are issued for sums as low as fivepence. A fellow-countryman, in changing one of Coutts' circular notes for £20 this morning, at Torlonia's, received the sum entirely in paper, for which he could not get more than £15 in coins of any kind at the money-changers. To the comparatively limited treasury of a traveller this is a serious loss, and especially in the present case, where the holder was about to start for Marseilles, and the paper is utterly worthless beyond the frontier of the Papal States.

"Fortunately 'the Rome of the Cæsars' is unhurt and unchanged. The Capitol, which may be said, in some measure, to divide the modern city from the ancient one, appears also to act as a barrier to the troops, for, beyond its barracks, few are to be met with. They evidently find a greater charm in the present than the past. The graceful columns and arches of the Forum—so impressive in their solemn decay—still glow in the sunset, as they have done for eighteen hundred years; the wild convolvulus is not trodden down on the arena of the Colosseum, and the same pavement over which the triumphal pageants once passed to the *Clivus Asyli*, amidst palaces and temples, has remained unshaken by modern baggage and artillery. Even the modern Campo Vaccino has escaped the havoc and confusion of the siege. The beautiful white oxen, with their enormous and widely-spreading horns, lie about it undisturbed, under the shade of the carts that they have drawn from the neighbouring farms; and amidst the remains of the Palace of the Cæsars, the vine-dressers are hard at work, and the laborers are just now gathering the garden fruits, and packing them up for exportation round the old fountain. Of these the tomato forms the staple. They gather it when verging from the green into the red; when riper, its apple forms a bright pleasing object among the ruins. The English burying-ground, near the pyramid of Caius Cestus, is in possession of the troops. Its walls appear to have made it a position of some consequence during the siege, as they are pierced from cannon in all directions. Some of the slabs are recently broken, and that over Shelley's child had been moved from its brickwork. The humble little gravestone of Keats remained untouched; but the whole place had a sad uncared-for aspect.

"I have hinted that the Romans do not appear to be a very joyous people. One can

## 20,000 TO GET GIFTS.

### Masons to Entertain Needy Children at Christmas Festivals.

Free turkeys, toys and candy will be distributed at Christmas Tree Festivals, a Dec. 26, to 20,000 needy children, according to plans of the Metropolitan District Deputies' Association and the Masonic Fraternity in the metropolitan area, announced yesterday. The festival in Manhattan will be held at the Seventy-first Regiment Armory; in Brooklyn at the Thirtieth Regiment Armory; in the Bronx at the 105th Field Artillery Armory, and in the Masonic Club at Richmond for Staten Island.

Tickets are being distributed without regard to race, creed or color by various charitable organizations. Justice Arthur S. Tompkins is Honorary Chairman of the celebration.

so that the performances may be described as taking place on the top of a vast tub. Yesterday I saw there a translation of an old minor theatre melodrama, 'The Lear of Private Life,' called 'Il Pazzo per la Figlia.' The subject is English, and a footman in livery was dressed in plush and gaiters, with a bright blue shirt, no coat, and a red sash round his waist. I never saw an audience so completely carried away by a piece. Whilst the virtuous characters were applauded to the echo, the evil ones, however well they were played, were yelled and hooted whenever they appeared; and I do believe, if the audience had encountered them on their way home, it would have gone hard with them. These performances take place between 5 and 8 p. m., and when it gets dusk a few lamps are lighted. As all over the Continent, Sunday is the great day with them; and last week, when the bells of San Carlo—the tower of which church overlooks the theatre—began to chime for vespers at the Ave Maria, interrupting the dialogue, there was a great uproar.

"Wednesday was a religious festival and holiday, being the Assumption. The night before, the city was illuminated with small paper lanterns, stencilled with a rude image of the Virgin. In the absence of wind, there was no fear of these blowing over, or the conflagration would have been general. Mass was celebrated at all the churches; but the absence of the Pope, and the high dignitaries, diminished the pageantry. At St. Peter's, quantities of persons took their dogs in, which barked and squabbled uninterruptedly during the service.

"The heat is tremendous; and long after sunset the granite of the buildings is warm to the touch. The fountains everywhere are, however, most refreshing. No place can be so well supplied as Rome with cold, bright, drinkable water, which, independently of the great fountains, gushed forth in all sorts of courts and by-streets, and is turned to good account at the stalls of the lemonade merchants, in all sorts of cooling devices."

— The mining Chronicles of the gallant Californians begin to darken sadly, though not unexpectedly to us, as our columns from the beginning witness. The predicted revolution of the precious metals, when gold would cease to be gold, and people would upon the whole prefer tin, with a thousand other fancies in the relations of wealth and labor, have all been scattered by a few inexorable facts. Every ounce of gold is at least as dearly paid for by the sweat of the brow on the Pacific as in the streets of New York. The gold is there in abundance, apparently, but a multitude of com-

pensating forces quiet  
to retard its gathering.  
gold still remains gold,

Hard to get and

This is one of the lat  
correspondent on the sp  
of the *Journal of Comm*  
ed the sickening land  
the glad escape to the m  
arrival at the Digging  
hard reality of Califor  
o'clock, swallow a hast  
into your 'hole,' and  
o'clock. The sun pou  
ingly—the high perpen  
side reflect the heat, and  
powering—above all, y  
your life in a deep hole.  
full swing in your  
breezeless as the grave.  
the company rocks the  
digs in the hole, and  
earth. At last you reti  
scorch over cooking the  
ing in the shade till 3  
have made anything in t  
time to 'blow gold,' fro  
in which the final wash  
until dark, work is push  
"This is mining life.

a day of rest. Then clo  
exchanged, books read, a  
transacted.

"The thermometer te  
stories in the mines. A  
sonal observation, at  
ranges from 100 to 110  
shade. In the sun I hat  
146. At night it is bet  
any time between 9, and  
will be cooked by the sun  
half. This has been tri  
for this I cannot vouch,  
leaves into cold water, an  
sun makes the mixture g

"Such intense heat is  
description. I have ra  
variety of climate,—ha  
week under the line,—br  
dreamed of such wither  
mosphere every day at no  
fact that digging for a  
weakening labor, and you  
half of all the emigran  
within the first week. M  
to work in the sun, as the  
work to any advantage;  
able will not toil thus 'I  
lifornia.' At the mines  
of a lucky man in a rich  
ing a fortune, but the g  
fools we all were, to leav  
for this corner of h—."  
and will work hard, av  
ounce to an ounce daily, a  
ple that amount. His be  
himself, costs nearly \$2 p

"Some companies have  
to divert the river and lea  
posed. If they succeed  
harvest will be astonishi  
this if in the case. The  
these companies, Lacy, of Lacy's Bar, offers  
\$1,000 and board for four months' labor, and  
can find few to accept, so confidently do all  
count upon the fall of the river, and better dig-  
gings near its bed.

"The general health of the mines is now  
excellent. Overwork and exposure to the  
sun are the only causes of sickness. The river  
water is melted snow from the mountains, and

## 1 (d) Fire Crackers for the Landlady &

Christmas week festivities  
have been as interesting as usual  
this year. the stringency to the con-  
-trary. Some people, for instance, have  
found the season even more festive  
than was necessary. The other night  
at a very late hour, two genial, gentle-  
-men left gay revelries down street,  
and started home together. They  
were in mellow mood, the short,  
stout one, perhaps, a trifle more  
mellow than his taller companion.  
As they walked along, the short, stout  
man waxed a trifle vicious with  
his mellowness, and he said:—  
"Giminy, I despise your land-  
-lady; she cheated me out of  
a big bill of goods—and when  
we  
I get up to your house I'm  
going to throw this big fire-  
-cracker under her window;  
she sleeps down stairs—doesn't she?"

The spirit of alteration which seems to have  
taken possession of New York, to judge from the  
appearance of the streets from Union Square to  
the Battery, has at length reached one of the  
churches—Trinity—which has not been able to  
withstand the infection of the times. During the  
summer months, four new and very elegant win-  
dows have been cut in the side walls of the mag-  
nificent chancel, and by means of the added light  
thus afforded, its beauty is now more plainly seen

siasm kept pace with my own, and each of us  
rigged our roars, as we were about to join a  
jubilee of the gods.

We went ahead as if impatient to singe our  
pates against the sun, or as if old mother  
Earth was playing at foot-ball, and wished to  
try her strength on the Nassau balloon. Up  
we went walking into the upper regions like  
an opossum up a gum-tree, while the cheers  
of our friends and the clash of the band be-

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Jimmy said <sup>2 (d.)</sup> she did, but that  
the stout gentleman must not  
make trouble between himself  
and the landlady;—and that the  
great firecracker must not be  
hurled until he was safely  
in the house and in his own room.  
So it was agreed;—the mellowest  
man stationed himself at the gate,  
and the taller companion mounted  
the steps and applied his <sup>latch</sup> key  
to the front door. Key-holes will  
wobble during Christmas week,  
and Jimmy was long in getting  
the door unlocked;—the fat-enemy  
at the gate grew impatient;—and  
launched the fire-cracker just  
at the moment when the <sup>destinate</sup> door  
opened. The stout gentleman fled  
in hurried zigzags up the street;  
the horrible cracker exploded with  
a frightful report in the hall;—the  
landlady came out to find her  
star-bwanderer <sup>scrambling</sup> madly

for the stair-case. <sup>3 (d.)</sup> He has <sup>not yet</sup> never  
been able to convince her that  
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is it that it fails to attract the slightest  
attention. A little carpet bag is no  
more noted than an umbrella or a  
walking stick in a man's hand;  
and yet, when rightly viewed, it is, to  
our thinking, an object of no ordinary  
interest. We feel no envy for the man  
on whom has devolved the charge of  
a heap of luggage. The anxiety  
attending such property outweighs the  
pleasure of its possession, but the man  
with the little carpet-bag is one in ten  
thousand. He is perhaps the most perfect-  
type of independence extant. He can

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*carpet-bag*  
2  
snap his fingers in the face of  
Highland porter extorting money. No troubling  
when is well enough to solicit the carry-  
ing of so slight a burden. While  
other passengers, by coach or railway, are  
looking after their trunks and baggage, he  
enters, and has the best seat. He and  
his "little all" never part company. On  
arriving at their destination, they are off  
with the jaunty swagger of an incumbered  
bachelor. In contemplating a gentle-  
man with a carpet-bag, we are struck,  
to a certain extent, with an idea of dispropor-  
tion. But the balance is all on the easy  
side. There is far too little to constitute a  
burden; and yet there is enough to indicate  
wants attended to, and comforts supplied. No  
man with a little carpet-bag in his hand has  
his last shirt on his back. He is it-  
probable that his beard will suffer from

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slowly over growth <sup>3</sup> when he retires to rest-  
at night, the presumption is, that it will be  
in the midst of comfortable and cozy  
night-gear.

A little carpet-bag is almost-always in-  
-dicative of a short-and pleasurable  
excursion & no painful ideas of stormy  
seas or dreadful accidents on far-off  
railway lines are suggested by it.  
Distance is sometimes measured by "a  
small bird's flutter", or "two smokes of a  
pipe", or some such shadowy, though  
not altogether indefinite phrase, which  
may not-ting, in like manner, be  
measured by two shirts? A gentleman with  
a little carpet-bag may be said to  
contemplate about a couple of shirts  
absence from home &

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(Hey, ho, the Poindexters!)

I am delighted beyond expression &  
She says that you want us to come over  
and sit on their porch - is that true?  
(Hey, ho, the bonny porchi)

You know we haven't any porch except  
a back-porch - well-beloved in the morning,  
of course, but no company for your better  
clothes in the evening - and I fairly  
dote on other people's porches, especially  
when the moon is riding high &  
(Hey, ho, the glorious moon!)

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go so late that- the owners have got- lonesome,  
and have gone off to sit- on other porches-  
before other people have got- started off to sit-  
on other porches & Could you arrange it-  
do you think?

(Hey, ho, the happy days!)

Now, don't spoil it- all by telling them  
about it- but send me a Pop-Over  
postal-card soon - and tell me  
your heart-felt-impressions on the theme x  
(Hey, ho, the good old times!)

Yours always  
E, G

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(Hey, ho, the lovely May)

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DAVID  
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This edition is u  
complete editions

us 2 / Stimable Rachel. -

Of all the Garruchiddles ever I heard, yours  
that - you have lost all your Gay Moods  
is the Worst - and the Biggest x  
Gay Moods are all that - give Life any  
Gusto - so "for Goodness Sake" (See Henry  
VIII) do advertise for your lost - gay  
Moods - or steal some off "R. L. S." - or  
Somebody's (Marie Corelli, Gertrude Atherton,  
or Laura Jean Wrentham)

You have started up this "Poin d'ex  
Lacus" again - and I - shall not die  
down of horns of self - and faintly blowing  
until I at least - get some satisfaction  
and Revenge out of it x

Give me some of the Sensational  
Defects, at any rate x You have not -

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violated your raging thirst for Sensation, have you?  
I tell me who started it—all up again—  
Honest—after the way in which you and I acted—especially you—dragging each up by the hair of our heads to get there—and then the Poin—  
-dexters—dragging each other over here, in the same way—to return our Compulsory attention to them—do they really want to do it all over again—recapturing that first—  
fine careless capturing?  
Do they want to see no again—or is it merely you who want to see them see no again—reluctanter than before, perhaps—how is it? Yours  
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# THE I

## A Journal

o. 139.

EVERETT A. & GEORGE L. D.

### Contents.

FOREIGN POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES.  
MANHATTANER IN NEW ORLEANS. XIII. V  
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FOREIGN POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES  
The non-interference of the Governm  
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universal confusion and convuls  
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er into a crusade against despotism, of  
ch it might almost claim the leadership and  
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ow, it is only speaking the sentiment of all  
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pendium of business-information

first?

The most decided and elaborate discussion  
of the position of the United States in respect  
to the matters we have been hinting at, we  
find in a pamphlet recently put forth by a ge  
tleman of Charleston,—Mr. William Henry  
Trescott, entitled "A Few Thoughts on the  
Foreign Policy of the United States." The  
writer is very much tinctured with the  
"chivalry" of the South. He is jealous of  
Russian ascendancy, zealous for Cuban inde  
pendence, and decidedly opposed to American  
non-interference. As his pamphlet shows the  
results of much study and reflection, and is

binding authority upon this Government, should it  
ever become a party to European counsels. In  
deed, it can scarcely be considered longer of Eu  
ropean authority. It doubtless effected much in  
the settlement of Europe, taking into consideration  
the peculiar circumstances of its convention; but  
the history of Europe has been, since its adjourn  
ment, a constant struggle against its provisions  
and its principles. Confining the world within the  
limits of the great powers, it was not even expect  
ed that the United States should appear at this  
Congress; and, consequently, should a change of  
circumstances ever introduce us into the counsels  
of Europe, we should not be expected to recognise  
as law, a treaty to which we are not parties. Not.

let it be distinctly understood, with the wild work of such rudi, Avezzana, and Mazzini; the atrocities of the Sicilianing but unmitigated horror; upon the Sardinian campaign than the dying effort of defraud. We are too proudly privileged of freedom; too well calm, conscientious, self-denial tainment; too well worn in the necessary for its preservation the loud license of a restless wealth has ever yet been for. We mean simply, that Europe world; that its system of politics be no longer used as the basis which so new and so large a introduced."

#### A MANHATTANER IN

##### XIII.—WATERING

Water privileges are dear New Orleans. Water over part of the year, under the it, and in its rear all the y of earth can absorb so much remain a problem to many Southern engineers.

Lake Ponchartrain, at the place over and thrived summer after summer, deved pleasure seekers in believe it?) of a watering place.

The long line of coast upon its snug neighborhood stretching from Louisiana dotted with watering places those unfortunate families "can't get away club" of a club so designated in the crowds who at the cold and spring business months search of recreative pleasant sections of the Union.

Shall we visit some of

Hail one of the smartest the corner of Canal and (of course you have a car drive to the Ponchartrain far downward, and hidden of dingy houses and lanes as open a prospect when desire on a windy day. the Champs Elysees—an annual only in name, but where race of Creoles dies off, the healthiest lungs of the depot is a long building, laid by sanguine men consecrated to emptiness in appearance and feeling of a New England "meet it run two parallel lines, of iron, which rest upon ground for four miles, at strips of iron are dignified "Ponchartrain Railroad away by sand and grass, in a swamp thicket, it escaped the vigilant eye (Manhattan's favorite Directory son), who now and then, with a humane consideration for travelling comfort, issues a Railroad gazetteer.

The Ponchartrain railroad should have a prominent place in the statistical tables of the next census. It is a primitive remnant of railway navigation. It is a relic from the infantile days of the art of steam propulsion, and would be a capital thing to transplant and

on legal topics, made in 1851 by <sup>2</sup>deeds W. Beadly, A. M., attorney and counsellor at-law, New York city. The book was offered as a manual for the guidance of business-men in law and all the usages of trade — for "the city merchant, the retailer, the country merchant, the attorney, the farmer, the mechanic, the emigrant, and every man" — and contained a map of the Union, maps of each State, with the seal of each State appended.

Curiously enough now, to a busy public which has almost forgotten that <sup>metropolitan</sup> New York ever had as <sup>humble</sup> a pioneer past, reads the law of exemption from execution for that State, <sup>at a period</sup> when

from places of concealment. It looks very much like a vigorous defence to an invading enemy until the steamer's lines are thrown, and then what a scattering! Poor exiles that these fair ones have been! Husbands, brothers, and lovers for the past week have been in the tiresome, heated city, and Saturday night at Pass Christian (as in the sailor's legend and the olden farce) is a blessed night for sweethearts and wives.

chamber were many a whispering gallery.

Two city clerks who had left cotton and sugar for a short period of rustication were my neighbors. They were full of personal history, frank and communicative; and although I dropped bootjacks, rattled chairs, and scraped my throat with coughing, not a whit did they seem to heed the danger of being overheard. One had mingled the most in society, where

ed him. Wagg's wh  
on the contrary, with  
burly, red face shor  
lighted up with the  
and a good dinner.  
entrée into a drawing-  
when he went away a  
exploding behind him  
ties or distresses (of  
his share in common  
of mankind) could al  
down. Whatever hi  
thought of a dinner  
and when he saw a lo  
pun.

## "PASSION"

Pen, who had read  
ome of her works (the  
tias Bunion a perso  
tper own description of  
lower," in which she  
sembled—

"A violet sh  
When blows the  
A timid fawn, o  
Where oak-bough  
thl that her maturer  
say different, certain  
as of her prime, but  
wing and striking), b  
case and amusement,  
by crumpled satin dr  
an the room with a  
wher's. Wagg inst  
much she brought in  
dress, and would ha  
ft Miss Bunion disap  
rving this ornament  
in large foot upon it  
b robe, she stooped  
ing to Mrs. Bung  
try to be a little lat  
ts very slow, and w  
n a ride all the way  
ce. Nobody laughe  
was uttered so simp  
aman had not the  
gamed of an action  
pty.

Is that 'Passion-I  
enham, by whom he  
a picture in the vol  
ly well-looking you  
t You know passion  
tl run to seed." We  
bs portrait was prob

"Well, I like her f  
poverty." So do I," said M  
starved rather th  
In omnibus, "but I  
wish that straw ab  
P. My dear Miss  
as in a great lady's  
v and everybody v  
volume. Those  
lady Fanny Fanta  
bess's eyes. I sai  
the pleasure of  
begged me to thank you, and say how  
tly she was pleased."

## WAGG (ALIAS THEODORE HOOK).

he repast was of the richest description—  
hat I call of the florid Gothic style," Wagg  
spered to Pen, who sat beside the humor  
n his side-wing voice. The men in creak-  
shoes and Berlin gloves were numerous  
solemn, carrying on rapid conversations  
ad the guests, as they moved to and fro

3

its population numbered 2,604,496:—  
Exemptions: There is exempt—from  
execution when owned by any person  
being a householder, the following prop-  
erty: all spinning-wheels, weaving looms,  
and stoves, kept for use in any dwelling-  
house; the family Bible, family pictures,  
and school-books used in the family,  
and a family library, not exceeding in  
value fifty dollars: church-pew: ten  
sheep, and three fleeces, and the yarn  
or cloth manufactured from the same;  
one cow, two swine, and necessary  
food for them: all necessary park,

he was impudent and easily disconcerted,  
Wagg kept his conversation pretty much to  
Pen during the rest of dinner, and of course  
chiefly spoke about their neighbors. "This is  
one of Bungay's grand field-days," he said.  
"We are all Bungavians here.—Did you read  
Popjoy's novel? It was an old magazine  
story written by poor Buzzard years ago, and  
forgotten here until Mr. Trotter (that is  
Trotter with the large shirt collar) fished it

to that way of looking at nature and life which  
sinks the personal, subjective element, and  
regards truth and beauty as impersonal and  
objective. We think the definition (if we  
understand it) lacks scientific accuracy, and is  
too comprehensive. The pure sciences which  
spring out of the ideas of the true and the good  
(e. g. Mathematics, Ethics), ideas impersonal  
and necessary, are not Æsthetic. It may be  
that the true, the beautiful, and the good

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 beef, fish, flour, and vegetables, actually  
 provided for family use, and necessary fuel  
 for the use of the family for sixty days:  
 all necessary wearing-apparel, beds,  
 bed-stands and bedding, for such person  
 and his family: arms and accoutrements  
 required by law to be kept: necessary  
 cooking-utensils: one table, six chairs,  
 six knives and forks, six plates, six  
 tea-cups and saucers, one sugar-dish,  
 one milk-pot, one tea-pot, and six  
 spoons: one crane and appendages,  
 one pair of audirons and a shovel  
 and tongs: the tools and implements  
 of any mechanic necessary to  
 the carrying on of his trade, not

the rude wood path to the busy town; which brings historic per-  
 re us in all poetic truth, with  
 et yet pointed bit of philosophy.  
 on healthier ground, and tread  
 at fear of quagmires. Here is a  
 History of "Main street:"—

#### SALEM WITCHCRAFT.

re comes the worshipful Capt. Cur-  
 of Essex, on horseback, at the head  
 guard, escorting a company of con-  
 ners from the jail to their place of  
 Gallows Hill. The witches! There  
 ng them! The witches! As they  
 Prison Lane, and turn into the Main,  
 watch their faces, as if we made a  
 pale crowd that presses so eagerly  
 yet shrinks back with such shudder-  
 aving an open passage betwixt a dense  
 her side. Listen to what the people

s old George Jacobs, known here-  
 e sixty years, as a man whom we  
 ght in all his way of life, quiet, blame-  
 husband before his pious wife was  
 rom the evil to come, and a good fa-  
 ildren whom she left him. Ah! but  
 lessed woman went to heaven, George  
 art was empty, his hearth lonely, his  
 up; his children were married, and  
 nselves to habitations of their own;  
 in his wanderings up and down, beheld  
 old man, to whom life was a sameness  
 ness, and found the way to tempt him.  
 erable sinner was prevailed with to  
 the air, and career among the clouds;  
 roved to have been present at a witch-  
 far off as Falmouth, on the very same  
 his next neighbors saw him, with his  
 toop, going in at his own door. There  
 llard too; an honest man we thought  
 shrewd and active in his business, so  
 o intent on everyday affairs, so con-  
 little place of trade, where he bartered  
 ods for Indian corn and all kinds of  
 duce! How could such a man find  
 hat could put it into his mind, to leave  
 calling, and become a wizard? It is a  
 bless the Black Man tempted him with  
 s of gold. See that aged couple,—  
 truly,—John Proctor, and his wife.

If there were two old people in all  
 of Essex who seemed to have led a  
 ian life, and to be treading hopefully the  
 ant of their earthly path, it was this  
 Yet have we heard it sworn, to the  
 of the worshipful Chief Justice Sewall,  
 e Court and Jury, that Proctor and his  
 shown their withered faces at children's  
 nocking, making mouths, and affrighting  
 ttle innocents in the night-time. They,  
 ectral appearances, have stuck pins into  
 ed Ones, and thrown them into deadly  
 ts with a touch, or but a look. And,  
 supposed the old man to be reading the  
 is old wife,—she meanwhile knitting in  
 ey-corner,—the pair of hoary reprobates  
 sked up the chimney, both on one  
 k, and flown away to a witch-commune  
 into the depths of the chill, dark forest.  
 ish! Were it only for fear of rheuma-  
 in their old bones, they had better have  
 home. But away they went; and the  
 of their decayed, cackling voices has been  
 midnight, aloft in the air. Now, in the  
 sunny noontide, as they go tottering to the gal-  
 lows, it is the devil's turn to laugh.

"Behind these two,—who help one another along,  
 and seem to be comforting and encouraging each  
 other, in a manner truly pitiful, if it were not a sin  
 to pity the old witch and wizard,—behind them  
 comes a woman, with a dark, proud face, that has  
 been beautiful, and a figure that is still majestic.  
 Do you know her? It is Martha Carrier, whom  
 the devil found in a humble cottage, and looked

"If the universal cry for reform of so many in-  
 veterate abuses, with which society rings—if the  
 desire of a large class of young men for a faith  
 and hope, intellectual and religious, such as they  
 have not yet found, be an omen to be trusted; if  
 the disposition to rely more in study and in action,  
 on the unexplored riches of the human constitu-  
 tion—if the search of the sublime laws of morals  
 and the sources of hope and trust, in man, and not  
 in books,—in the present, and not in the past,—

take hold of eternity."

Let this pass for what it is worth. The  
 Dorians are not the only nation of antiquity  
 whose fables seem to have mingled with them,  
 a truth of primitive revelation; and dimly to  
 foreshadow the great Christian sacrifice.

The article, however, which has given us  
 truest delight is "Main street," by Hawthorne:  
 an historic fantasy, in which are painted the

<sup>5</sup>  
 exceeding twenty-five dollars in value,  
 In addition to the fore-going, there is  
 exempt necessary household furniture,  
 and working tools and team, owned by  
 any person being a householder,  
 or having a family for which he  
 provides, to the value of one hundred  
 and fifty dollars: this exemption not  
 to exist if the demand be for the  
 purchase-money of such furniture,  
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Again does its rich glowing loveliness deck  
 River, and castle, and wall.  
 Follows the twilight haze,  
 And now the star-genimed night;  
 And out bursts the Recolette's church in a blaze  
 Of glittering spangling light.  
 Crowds in the spacious pile  
 Are thronging the aisles and nave,  
 With soldiers from altar to porch, in file,  
 All motionless, mute, and grave.  
 Censers are swinging around,  
 Wax-lights are shedding their glare,  
 And, rolling majestic its volume of sound,  
 The organ oppresses the air.

work, much of which consists in simple descrip-  
 tion. It would seem a waste of time to bestow  
 upon every fourteen lines of a poem of 300 pages  
 the labor which would be given to a Sonnet.  
 But, if we apply to poetry the rules which  
 ought to govern all works of art, there will be  
 found no reason why the magnitude of the  
 task should excuse the diligence of the toil;  
 why the same degree of elaboration, though  
 necessarily differing in kind, is not as neces-

her discontented  
 l tempted her with  
 Queen of Hell.  
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 of Martha C  
 eet, writhing  
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 itts to the gallo  
 e they fling out  
 silence by handfuls among the crowd!—ere,  
 parting legacy, they cast a blight over the  
 that henceforth it may bear no fruit nor  
 f grass, and be fit for nothing but a sepul-  
 their unhallowed carcases! So, on they  
 d old George Jacobs has stumbled by rea-  
 his infirmity; but Goodman Proctor and  
 lean on one another, and walk at a rea-  
 steady pace, considering their age. Mr.  
 ighs seems to administer counsel to Martha  
 n, whose face and mien, methinks, are milder

The saint within  
Pillar, and piet  
And the roof in it  
Are gleaming in  
The chorister's sa  
Sounds shrill a  
Then low and so  
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Leaving a void  
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A sudden silence  
Each knee has  
The priest breathe  
And the requiet

BOOKS

RUDOLPH GARRI  
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—I. Mathematics.  
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Subdiv.: Physica  
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(comprising Antiq  
Times); Political  
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nology. Subdiv.:  
Antiquity, Middle  
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the different parts  
Sciences, Arms,  
Middle Ages, Mod  
War, Fortificatio  
&c. VI. Naval S  
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Dwellings, Church  
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Fine Arts. Subdi  
Drawing (Ancient  
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and the Drama.  
Public Works (co  
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line of the whole v

Another Old Market House doomed

An Ancient-Structure At New  
Albany to Be Removed

(Special to the Indianapolis News)

New Albany - Feb 4 - The old-  
-fashioned market-house <sup>in this city</sup> soon  
to be taken down by order of the  
local council, belongs to a  
class of ancient structures  
gradually becoming mere  
traditional relics. Evansville  
leveled its old market-house  
in 1873; but, unless re-  
-cently removed, as strag-  
-gling

Sept. 29.

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edifices of similar character  
is still in use at Madison x  
in "The Family Magazine", published  
by Eli Taylor, at Cincinnati, in 1838,  
New Albany is described as "the  
largest and most commercial  
point in the State" with six thousand  
population;—the public buildings  
consisting of a court-house, a  
spacious market-house, and a  
bank x The market-house re-  
ferred to—of sixty four stalls—was  
built in 1832, on land given by  
the founders of New Albany, Joel  
Abner, and Nathaniel Scribner,  
natives of Morris town, New Jersey x

the market was 3

at first an open shed on mas-  
sive brick pillars, over an earthen  
floor; but was afterwards enclosed;  
and, in its latter days, has known

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object to many excep-

tions, where contrast groups may each consist of trees, but they show shrubs or intervening a whole, producing uniform while relief and variety eye is at leisure to whether of foliage or an analogous rule; the leading points of garden to the extent that form a conspicuous. To make a skilful published critic, will be said, aptitude, study, and

A knowledge of the source of pleasure sons of education. It be exercised in particular to reach, and not also perambulate,—as many in landscape-gardening thing to exercise him from the effort at a crowded city, to the extensive landscape.

Such persons as with general knowledge, or to deeply, can advantage ning's *Treatise on the Landscape Gardening*, to an American public many of the details in particular species of trees on the character of scenery, of course appropriate same time, this rather interest than produce general principles are either country, and in from English writers Downing's treatise is embracing as it does in general laws of landscape practical directions ground, the formation the laying out of qualities and effects trees, deciduous as with ing and creeping plants or rural architecture, as vases, statues, and hints on flower-garden is also found in the finishes of American taste, or the want of it in that country. We the land; for the gardener are continuous the-way places, which even if he had the request serve them critically. tion presents a landscape rarely gives us.

"The seat of the Wad is the finest in the interior York. Nothing, indeed, magnificent than the meadows more than a thousand each side of the Genesee thousands of the noblest which, but more especially as we see in the picture Durand; richly developed branches grand and majesty breadth and grandeur distributed over a nearly trees disposed either singly as if most tastefully placed solely the work of nature

all the modern conveniences of electric lights, telephones, ice-vaults, and wire-screened stalls x

In the early days, farmers from Kentucky brought produce to the New Albany market; and Indiana farmers came even from DeWitt county, sixty miles away x Market was then opened and closed by the ringing of a bell: and

the legend survives of a <sup>4</sup> ~~market~~ <sup>indolent</sup> market-master who ingeniously arranged a light rope so he could lie in bed, at his room near by, and perform his official bell-ringing in the mornings x As market-houses were the primitive city-halls of early days, a long <sup>and interesting</sup> history of past envelopes this <sup>time-worn</sup> structure x

gene-York. y Mr.

the last when the level or miles in view, on, the thing of livings in that adopt. re now and the es, the n." of Mrs. he city midst of a prospects apes the simpli which rt and y firm largest is one le, and whole

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Governor James Whitecomb, Joseph A. Wright, Asahel P. Willard, Oliver P. Morton, Thomas A. Hendricks, Governor Porter, Henry S. Lane, Robert Dale Owen, William H. English, and Benjamin Harrison are numbered among the noted

<sup>5</sup>  
men who have made political speeches under the old <sup>grey</sup> roof. The lower market-house was built in 1839: and will be thoroughly repaired, to take the place of the one to be torn down. The pleasant habit of going to market with a basket on the arm still obtains among the gentlemen and gentle women of New Albany: and the oldest market-house is to be parted with reluctantly. An ornamental cross-plat and

pondence.

ORS AND ARTISTS.

Cincinnati, Sept. 17, 1849.

A brief chapter on Literature may be agreeable to your readers. You time there has been a writers and book publishers make "home manufacturing" profitable. That much will not deny, and that done you will readily

t a number of authors in igs are attracting attention. Some of them known in the "literary ung at the business, and ured "apprentices." I a short sketch of their

ERKINS has given up his regular articles for "Review" and the "West," he is writing tales "Gazette" and "National he greater portion of his work, as yet unannounced promises to be a ute greatly towards giving the high character de-

, the poet-politician and "Cincinnati Gazette," h a pleasant song, published in the "National Era," series of papers upon the West," two numbers of

Mountain will probably honor its ancient site.

available at-  
usual rates x  
Lesson in Etiquette x

Aunt-Becky Blake is  
a fine, old colored gentlewoman who  
lives out-among the pretty hills of  
the middle West x  
~~Southern Indiana~~ x Her neat little  
white-washed cabin, its tidy rooms,  
gourd-hung porch, and trim garden,  
are ornamental good examples  
to the humble neighborhood in  
which she dwells x It is a  
matter of great pride to Aunt-Becky  
that- she was reared by old-fashioned  
Southern quality-folk-as she calls  
them: and, on one interesting occasion,  
a visitor was present-when she  
thus administered a lesson in correct-  
department-to a small white child  
whose home was not far away x  
The cabin-door was pushed open

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rther illustrative of The R  
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n which was fastened a p  
ks, together with timber  
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of rough planks, exactly  
esented in Layard's drawing  
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The cost of these two raft  
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h lay in his course near th  
ris, and are set down in mo  
ern maps—Hamuna Aalee,  
ack Kaleh, Tacroot, Eskee  
Sommavra, &c. The Medi  
lendid canals of Narashwan  
e seen from the heights of  
very succeeding hour brou  
cession of ruins of infinite e  
where a few nomad Arabs  
tants. Every evening the  
excellent shot and a keen sp  
ed to enjoy the pleasure of th  
the "framolin," or black p  
mmon red-legged bird of th  
great abundance. The firs  
the most beautiful and gam  
seen, occupying, zoologica  
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eption of the British Commi  
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official capacity, the fiction of the British Res was not less so in his. Rawlinson has already an European reputation in deciphering racter; and it is most his vast amount of adds those qualities not in men of deep erudit

The Colonel descri standing at 95°, with rise to 120°, at which world it remains until

This slight sketch if it does naught else, how wide a field lies country of which but enterprise of Dr. Lay rejects the tame wor vocabulary, we should little, and that little f tain surmise, and th authors, most of wh knowledge would hav appreciating, nay, o The discoveries in Eg relieved Herodotus fr tion of a credulous ref adding faith to his *tes aliunde*; those in As stand many passages which they confirm an mere incidental ment

the f

#### COLE'S DREAM

As the honor of intro the order of Theocrit belongs to Virgil, so Col- as the Parent painting in America Rome never had any kind of poesy to the so may we venture, a our country will prod riors to Cole, in that ture. That no one pass him in simple p who would presume will whose work in i so entirely consist of dare to doubt. A in every generation His claim to this er admitted, not on the but on the excellenc cient basis, when we has given us all the power as effectually hundreds.

By pastorals let not those pictures men and animals ar incident to the main they are in such w scape has, at least where all conspires story of rustic life a of Arcadia is at o picture idyl, and a s thing in it minister sion of simple rural flow. Earth and a season, the very tel all living things, set and thoughts of th running current of country. A drea dream of hearts,

suddenly, and an un-empt-little girl rushed in and stood staring.

"How do you do, Nancy? Aunt-Becky said kindly, but with reproach in her tone: "Ain't yo' done forgot-all I told you? Now, yo' go right-out agin, an' shet-dut-do! an' den run knocko."

Little Nancy retreated, looking shamefaced; and her knock was soon heard. Then Aunt-Becky opened the door, greeting her as if it was her first-appearance: -

"Good mornin' Nancy - Ise glad to see ya; come in - come in; take a chur."

"Now, Nancy," Aunt-Becky continued under breath, "yo say 'Good mornin, Aunt-Becky; - hows yo' all - an' hows Link' Jerry?'"

The little girl repeated the polite formula; and Aunt-Becky responded with due courtesy: -

"We're all well. tank y'o Nancy; an' hows yo' maw, an' yo' paw?"

"We're all well, Aunt-Becky. Nancy

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replied; and added with a jerk:—

"Maw wants six eggs" x

"Now-dat ain' party <sup>4</sup>man naho, Nancy" Aunt-Becky commented:—"yo' mus' say:—"Aunt-Becky, maw says won' yo' please be so kind an' 'commodatin' an' let her have six eggs" x The lesson was well received by little Nancy and repeated to Aunt-Becky's apparent satisfaction. She placed the six eggs in Nancy's little basket: and dismissed her with additional instructions:—

"Now-Nancy, yo' say:—"Thank yo' kindly, Aunt-Becky—good bye, Aunt-Becky" x

After the little girl had scampered away, Aunt-Becky explained:—

"Dese po' white chillen's Maw's dont teach 'em no bringin' up—but-Lse a-teuchin' 'em—yes'm, 2 if x When dey comes t' see me, dey has t' show some ~~reason~~ <sup>man naho</sup> up: yes'm—dey does" x

centre of its adversaries' stronghold the Astor Place Opera House, sleep since the last fatal tragedy about it (the epilogue of which delivered at the court of session with Miss Davenport in a characters. There is not a time when who may not sing in high favor of parody) this-wise—

on the ocean wave  
ham pleasures so cheap!  
earnings for novelty crave  
libels their Ravels keep.

our respects to Miss Davenport the ensuing week, when than has been at this writing edge of their respective merits posed since their debuts. It is accession of many nights, when s adapted himself to the common into, that he displays his d acquits himself to his best

m's new domestic drama of at the Chambers street theking no claim to high excellence much worthy of critical real, and being local is natural, a great deal when we think tors write with New York on London in their mind; and rs stand amid Gotham scenes ough they were in Cornhill or has a pointed moral. Not es in as a tag like the address kind friends, &c. &c.," but es your apprehension in the and walks with you until the rtain.

merchant (Clarke) has seized property which he holds to himing the will that bequeathed heir. The latter with his wife boarding-house keeper (search ywhere in Pearl or Catharine ertainty of finding good speciabout turning them out of erchant's aged clerk (admira-by Lynne) prevails upon his e relief by commenting on the ty—ignorant of the fatal retimes prompted it. A check n his way to the donee, after the old man loses the money. New York carman (Mr. Burthe manager had been out on dying the character) who had t his noon meal, querulous to is hard lot, and loudly enviore prosperous than himself. nstitutes "the Temptation." mphs, and for two days unlf-reproach make the carman his worst enemy could desire. wife (Mrs. Brougham); gets arsh to his stable man and as Paddy, whom he has taken out of charity, and who is s almost needless to add—by anwhile the clerk and the de in a distracted state. The d by the employer of stealing nds the will which the mer y stratagem; and is triumph of the death of his only son spair, confession, and restoraan, after as much secret miustain, determines to restore his agitation he leaves it at ng seen by the wife, she den

Regarding the picture as purely an idyl, all knight of Arva (Mr. Hudson, an Irish come- tects in its presence the cause of her hus-

Wild Acres Cos Cob, Conn  
Nov 1 22

My dear Mrs Carleton-

It was because you asked for details concerning Elizabeth Stoddard's life that I waited to answer your letter, and then it happened as it does so often- I just didn't write at all. And then came a period when I was really ill and couldn't- but when I happened on your letter again today it seemed as vital as when it was written, nearly two years ago, and I am writing this belated letter.

Elizabeth Stoddard was vital to the most undisciplined person I ever knew, life and experience, hardship or pleasure had made scarcely a dent on her surface. She read everything, had the most interesting comments to make, was always original, unprejudiced, and the most truthful, tactless person possible. She was of a fine family, proud as possible of her descent, and very angry with all her people because they had not countenanced her marriage; after fifty years she was still resentful of their attitude and "The Morguesons" was her revenge on the manners and habits of her family. She never kept anything for "copy", so her conversation was a thing to remember and treasure. She was grateful for the few warm friends her books brought her, and accepted their failure as part of life's irony. Her son's death, a year before her own, was her crowning sorrow, one that tore her almost asunder and literally broke her heart. I saw her very often during many years, and after the son Lorimer's death, I saw her every few days. Among my treasures are several things that were hers, and a tiny ring with a few faltering words on the paper that holds it, written the day before her death.

She was a tiny woman- with a face that held all the wrinkles and marks that her spirit refused to recognize and her notes and letters were remarkable. No one ever destroyed a line she sent them, she could not touch pen to paper without saying something original. And do you know her blank verse? She published a small volume years ago- It is full of ~~xxxxx~~ meat.

The old house on Fifteenth St was a fit setting for the Stoddards. He, white haired, white bearded, with pale blue almost blind eyes, writing to the last with his palsied hand. I can see him go across the room to strike the match for his pipe and the burnt strip in the mantel corner was never changed. And she sat near at hand, in her rocking chair, reading, writing, mending, quarrelling with "Dick" and loving him and caring for him every minute.

Do you know Eugene Fields' little poem about them? The house was filled with books and letters & pictures & ornaments given to them during the years. Nothing was ever ~~removed~~ or changed. I doubt whether some of the things could have been moved, Lorry, the son, brought back odds & ends from his travels. He was an actor for awhile. a playwright at the end, and his earnings made the last years comfortable for them all. I can write no more, it is close to tears now. Even now they seem alive, and they are all lying close together at Sag Harbor.

Believe me

Sincerely yours. Florence S Gittshold

THE MORRIS BOOK SHOP

FRANK M. MORRIS CO.  
BOOKSELLERS OLD AND NEW  
PUBLISHERS BINDERS  
165 WABASH AVENUE  
CHICAGO

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 2, 1910.

Miss Erma Carlton,  
New Albany, Ind.

Dear Miss Carlton:-

Yes you are quite right in regard to my being a "hoosier", Butler University being my Alma Mater, afterwards with the old firm of Bowen Steward & Co. I will be very glad in deed to have your verses on "Indiana". Vernon Lee's last book is Althea. Dialogues on Aspirations and Duties \$1.50 net, "Laurus Nobilus" is also \$1.50 net. Had a good visit last week from our mutual friend Dewitt Miller. Most delightful companion isn't he?

Sincerely yours,  
*F. M. Morris*

no test that he could not tell and eating a woman or child says that the natural disposit were good, that his fidelity striking, and that he was n gence; but in the slave-mar where the race is not unknow sidered everything that is de —The same source has tl mass of the private corresp of the very highest literary an has been discovered by a ge in one of the public college; and it is, I believe, about t world. The present Minis truction has, it seems, some papers, and fears are express well-known Catholic zeal, b them to go forth unmitilant tant to believe that such an as M. de Falloux can seriou: such injurious design."

—The catalogue of the Union gives the following fat prosperity and progress:—" \$5000, has reached \$80,00 from 937 to 16,476 Its c seven Works of Art, costing 929, costing more than \$50, tution has distributed about Art, painted by 231 different in fifty towns in sixteen States from Maine to Louisiana, in Dusseldorf, Paris, and London

—There is a "Punch," it in Canada to meet the want disturbed state of feeling in caricature being the legitima temper and an invariable revol paniment. The Montreal Cor Evening Post gives the follw it:—"The seventeenth numbe

an 'Punch' made its appearance the day before yesterday. This publication has now attained a circulation of not far from two thousand copies, and is very little inferior to its London prototype, although it is not so large. The principal caricature represents the interior of one of the rooms at the Floricultural Exhibition, held here this week; in the centre is a little stand, surmounted by a large vase, from which proceeds a well known human countenance, surrounded by foliage, &c.; the vase is labelled 'Dignitas Neutralis,' and a gardener standing on a pair of steps waters the plant with £7,000 per annum; underneath is written, 'Remarkable variety of the egg-plant, prevented by adverse circumstances from being exhibited at the Horticultural fête.' I need hardly say that the 'plant' represents the egg-pelted Governor of Canada, and the gardener is the prime minister, Lafontaine. Two or three days ago, another caricature made its appearance, beautifully designed and drawn by Mr. Lock, a well known artist here, and which will be engraved; it represents Lord Elgin as a fox, pursued by a lot of hounds and huntsmen—the hounds have all human faces, the three leaders of the pack representing England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the national characteristics of the faces are famously preserved. The two prominent huntsmen are intended to represent the editors of the Gazette and Courier, but the

with you); and then the procession started, the principal officers and grandees emulating each other for the honor of carrying the coffin on their shoulders. On passing the harem, a separate building a little to the north of the palace, the shrieks and lamentations of the women were most piercing. Twenty-six buf-faloes were killed and distributed among the poor, with 26 camel loads of bread and dates, and a considerable sum of money. At Cairo there was no ceremony attending the conveyance of the Pasha's body from the Nile to its final resting-place, and even Abbas Pasha, the present Viceroy, joined the funeral only at the mosque.

\* \* \* \* \*  
"Until last year Mehemet Ali enjoyed a very strong constitution; his stature was short, and his features formed an agreeable and animated physiognomy, with a searching look, expressive of cunning, nobleness, and amiability. He always stood very upright, and it was remarkable, from its being unusual among Turks, that he was in the habit of walking up and down in his apartments. He was most simple in his dress, and cleanly in his person. He received strong impressions easily, was very frank and open, and could not easily conceal his mind. He loved his children with great tenderness, and lived in the interior of his family with great simplicity and freedom

on board. Ten minutes after our parting gun was fired, and its echoes had not died away when the paddles were in motion and the boat heading for Taboga. We ran past several steep volcanic islands, matted in foliage, and in an hour came to before Taboga, which is to Panama what Capri is to Naples, except that it is far more beautiful. In the deep and secure roadstead one may throw a stone from the ship's deck into the gardens of orange and tamarind fringing the beach. The village lies beside a cocoa grove in a sheltered corner, at the foot of hills which rise in terraces of luxuriant vegetation to the height of a thousand feet. The mass of palm, cocoa, banana, tamarind, and orange trees seems rolling in a flood from the summit to the water's edge. The ravine behind the village contains an unfailing spring of sweet water, from which all vessels touching at Panama are supplied. The climate is delightful and perfectly healthy. We left Mr. Nelson on the island, where he intends to remain until he is fully recovered from his late illness.

"A few hasty rambles through its ruined convents and colleges and grass-grown plazas—a stroll on its massive battlements, lumbered with idle cannon, of the splendid bronze of Barcelona—were all that I could accomplish in the short stay of a day and a half. Its situation at the base of a broad, green mountain,

with the sea washing three sides of the narrow promontory on which it is built, is highly picturesque, yet some other parts of the bay seem better fitted for the purposes of commerce. Vessels of heavy draught cannot anchor with

there is but in the ship practicable of rock, w beyond the it. The s to the S range of l wreathed view by th west the g rise behind curve of even now whistle Y and Señor the Ethio guitars.

American, are beginn the morn den rumbl general r crowd in Panama—detained f The hotels poor fare For a limi of business to those of

"The ter on the the line o after leavi side of the gona, con same gen will prob some poin out by Na and depot. The engin ed a great short a sp overcome who has n tropical ra structing t this is in of lignum torrents o will requi unusual st road seem value of The nativ there is a United St

[From a letter]

You will discoverab the ancien DEAN BEE wich, the service is old stone t lations of be only a not antece

at least, an early period in its annals; the well-kept but deserted synagogue attests the wealth of the Hebrews, who here once prosecuted a

flourishing trade, and whose temple is now preserved by strangers through a testamentary provision. Occasionally a hill of bananas in Thames street indicates the fact that two small vessels yet keep up the once constant in-

and some of the less known German poets, are well worth the attention of some of the enterprising publishers of your city.

A scientific gentleman, who was my com-panion on my way higher, assures me that individual climate in believe it, and am in- vicinity of the Gulf he marked difference here and that on our saline humidity is a natives, and the fogs cases of pulmonary her characteristic ries away from the region, by immuring mid dusty thorough- sound of a gong to gaudy drawing-room ocean. They leave most glorious season, id a bracing air re- of the place. Now l one of Italy, as does the gay crowds that es of the old world, retities of the new.

select committee ap- pmonns to inquire into ies of England, and the n, have made a report, vidence of M. Guizot, Libri, in regard to the elgium, and Italy. m, that while London, alligence, possesses but worthy of the name, e for the purposes of s than seven, open to he day and at all tea- a rejoices in no fewer esden in four, Vienna possess three; while nd Milan are respec- Scotland, besides the rsities, has the valuable Advocates' Library at of Trinity College in to a privileged few, istic, scientific, and the other libraries in olly unworthy of the

e absolutely but three can recall as national British Museum, the at of the University of half of the kingdom e pile of circumscribed ked by the private mu- etham, of Manchester, Analogous gifts to the r Dr. White, Rector of Dr. Williams, also an 1716. The former is the select few at Sion id the latter is some- tained in Red Cross Cathedral cities are to is of typographic wis- divinity or scholastic

are the public libraries om the evidence in the ains 5 open libraries; Belgium, 14; Bavaria, 8; and France, 107.

in the United States the foundation of two are being laid in a style that will do credit to the nation—the Astor Library and the Smithsonian Institute.—*Republic*.

ESTABLISHED 1902



ANTIQUES

STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER

FIREARMS AND ANTIQUES

805 MADISON AVENUE

NEW YORK CITY

TELEPHONE  
PLAZA 5003

June  
First,  
1917.

Mrs. Emma M. Carlton,  
#913 E. High Street,  
New Albany, Ind.

Dear Madam:-

I have your very interesting illustrated letter, and I shall certainly be interested in your collection; so, if it is not too much trouble, if you will send me a list of the bottles, I will be glad to consider their purchase as a collection.

If possible, give brief description of each historical bottle and its color.

Very truly yours,

SVR/LMG

*Stephen Van Rensselaer*

RECEIVED BUT NOT READ

plays leisure intervals in making admirable translations from German literature.

His MS. versions of the Titan of Richter

(Mrs.)

E. Carleton,  
New Albany, Ind.

please  
remain  
if  
not-  
available

Sandy Island

in

The River Ohio.

(1)

\* Moving-film pictures of the entire celebration were taken; and are now going the rounds of the United States; to be seen by at least 30,000,000 people - and to be shown also in England.

the world's memory  
whole State of Indi-  
end of our noble  
ver Ohio- "the Hud-  
ry of Indiana began  
of the Hudson river  
ended northward.  
of the founding of  
~~near~~ Sandy Island  
sque historic fea-

ture of the celebration ~~in~~<sup>was</sup> the voyage from Sandy Island, down stream, and the landing on the Indiana shore, of Mr. George Scribner and three sons, of Indianapolis, with other New Albany descendants of the original pioneer Scribners, Nathaniel, Abner and Joel.

\* With the earliest history of Sandy Island, highly interesting and most ancient details are connected. According to Indian tradition, it was, in times without date, the scene of a bloody battle, fought by the earliest inhabitants of Kentucky, who are re-

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Hist

35  
62

(2)

ported to have been white men;- a wandering tribe from Asia- who came hither by Behring straits- explored the country, descended the River Ohio, and made their homes in Kentucky. They are stated, in old chronicles, 1818, to have been the early mound-builders- as the Indians did not build mounds;- and, possessed arts and a civilization which the more recent American Indian did not know. Sandy Island was the battle-ground on which the Indians exterminated these white aborigines. "An old Indian", so goes the chronicle, in conversation with Colonel James F. Moore, of Kentucky, informed him that the western country, particularly Kentucky, had once been inhabited by white people, but that they were exterminated by the Indians. The last battle was fought at the falls of the Ohio, and the Indians drove the Aborigines into a small island below the rapids where the whole of them were cut to pieces. He said it was an undoubted fact, to be proved when the waters of the Ohio became low. This was found to be correct, on examining Sandy Island, as a multitude of human bones were discovered. The Indian chief- named Tobacco- told General George Rogers Clarke, of Louisville, that the Battle of Sandy Island, decided the fall of Kentucky, with its ancient white inhabitants. General Clarke says that Kentucky, in Indian language, signifies the river of blood. In proof of a great battle near the falls of the Ohio, General Clarke said that there was a great burying ground at Clarksville, two or three hundred yards in length. This was confirmed by Major John Harrison, who received the tradition from an Indian woman of great age.

(2)

The old Indian chief, Cornstalk, told Colonel M'Kee, of the Kenhawa, that Ohio and Kentucky had once been settled by white people who knew arts unknown to Indians. *The word "Hoosier" occurs in Sumner's*

So much for the most ancient annals of Sandy Island; there the first Hoosiers of the land- ~~of the~~, were exterminated by the American Indians. The writer of this sketch owns the skull and bones of one of these *Indian bones of the* aboriginal Hoosiers;- having dug the same out of the decaying banks of the old Clarksville burying ground, within the last ten years.

Sandy Island, to-day, lies where it did then, at the foot of the old Canal, on the Louisville side of the river. "The Navigator"- or pilots guide of 1808, copyrighted at Pittsburg by Zaxok Cramer, before New Albany was on the map, thus refers to it.

"There is a small sand island with young willows opposite the Shippingsport landing, about 100 yards from the shore, which requires some attention. The channel is good on either side, but if you wish to land at Shippingsport, you must keep it on your right hand." The four islands along the southern Ohio river shore at that date were marked on the pilot's chart of the river as Island 61, Corn Island;- 62 Goose Island; Rock Island 63;- and Sandy Island, 64. At that time, also, pilots who brought boats from the upper part of the river in safety down the Falls were established by the courts of Louisville and Jeffersonville; and were allowed to charge \$2- for escorting each vessel.

In 1825, "The Western Pilot" written by Samuel Cummings, was published by George Conclin, Cincinnati. It gives these interesting directions for safe passage past Sandy Island;-

t) "Sandy Island:- head nearly opposite the foot of the canal, Shippingsport, channel to the left, and close to the head of it, or under the foot of the bar connected with the head of it. On going out of the canal with a flat boat, you must pull hard over for the island, to avoid the ledge of rocks that makes from the left shore towards the head of the island, then keep close to the island all the way down, if you want to run to the right of the Portland bar. If you wish to go to the left of it, pull over from the island a little above the foot of it, say from the false point of the island."

Sandy Island, of the present day- once the scene of a murderous battle of two races;- again the point from which the early Scribners took to their vessels on the way to the Indiana side of the river- is still edged with willows. It is uninhabited save by an occasional fisherman's shack; and is generally a harbor, on the Kentucky side, for numerous houseboats, painted red, blue, yellow or green, and long black rows of loaded coal-barges, awaiting steam convoy down the river. In high water, the island goes under, almost over the tree-tops; and in low water, walking over to Sand Island on the dry, rocky bed of the river, is a popular diversion for old and young. Jasper is found along the North side of Sand Island in great abundance, and sold all over the country by local geologists. From Sand Island, at the sunset hour, a beautiful view of dear, smoky, industrious little New Albany, can be taken, with the wonderful and picturesque outlines of Silver Hills against a radiant rainbow sky.

When the pioneer Scribners came West to found a town, the boats on the Ohio were of these varieties:- "Barge, keel-boat, the family-

boat, or flat-boat, the pirogue, ferry-boats (horse-power) gondolas, skiffs, dug-outs, and others in great numbers. And the charm of the river is over it all. An old boatman told me that he had stood on the Portland wharf -in the 20's- and counted fifty river-craft, of all larger sizes, going South loaded with freight and human beings, to the New Orleans markets, or other southern destinations. "Flint's Recollections" gives this graphic picture;- "The boatmen are dancing to the violin on the decks of their boats-----The bugle, with which all boats are provided, as the boat glides around the bend, strikes up its notes in the distance over the water, to be echoed from the bluffs." "There is no wonder that the way of life which the boatmen lead- apparently so indolent- should prove alluring to the young people, engaged in the severer labors of agriculture, on the banks of the river."

Between Pittsburgh and the mouth of the Ohio, there are one hundred considerable islands; some of these are of exquisite beauty, covered with trees of the most delicate foliage.

New Albany.

Emma Carleton.

## Replia To Indiana.

masters of Indiana's crime?  
are all the deeds of Native State sublime?  
do you not know of gray shops' evil bar,  
whose lights do glitter in the night afar?  
our loyalty to Native State is fine,  
but temporal things should not be made shining,  
the curse of drink is felt in every State;  
blot it out, thy life shouldst consecrate."  
Berea Ky John M Jackson

to which the Editor adds

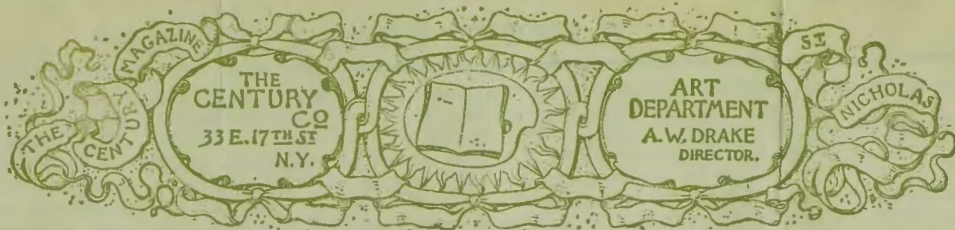
We have somewhat gotten the idea that Brother Jackson is a Prohibitionist. He will enjoy a bit of verse we have in hand in which an Indian Man takes his Governor to task right briskly. We are sure he will appreciate it if some verifier will "hit off" his own State of Kentucky as to her relation to the liquor traffic.

to not much I may come down here in the winter, to the  
Isles, or I may fly over the seas, if I be in more ways the  
physicist, and carry out a large cherished desire to visit the  
Mediterranean country, and go to Jor, possibly to Egypt and  
Holy Land. At all events, I only allude to it to give an  
of how the "wings" want to test themselves.

I have read some of Mr. John Meikle. It is stimulating, at  
least to show what a man who really cares can do; and  
it is a clue to such a philanthropist as I am. A fellow  
has Scotch, Irish and Welsh blood in him may be the  
what he did: but not one with the thinner, delicate strain  
of just washed-out English.

I enjoyed what you said of a lot of the old folks who  
knew - George Yarnes - from a distance - George much near  
Mrs. Vetcher, at Elgin Vetcher, her husband, was quite a  
friend of mine. He was sort of literary editor of the Journal  
when I was a reporter: and in 1847 when I went South, in  
an appointment "in the army," he gave me good-bye, as said  
would come home in a modern surcoat. I had never heard the  
word; I was threatened with tuberculosis. But I didn't, my mother  
thinks. He was somewhat prejudiced in my favor: but I never thought  
of a man, that I was at all equal (very far from) my dear  
brother, G. J. - of whom I thought and think there are very  
few and no superiors. I was a printer, I entered a printing office  
the age of 12 - out for a year, then reentered, and never left it  
until I went to Washington in 1859 with Carl Hornsman. I came to Indiana  
as a journeyman printer, worked for John Johnston and then for William Marley  
from whose office I went into the Journal, possibly about 1858 - early in the  
year, or the latter part of 1858. Now this is enough about my early life: write  
any part of it.

I send you this because you invited it: and not from any ex-  
pectation of my own. Your letter stirred up old memories - I hope you re-  
call, and with gratitude that we are all better, and able to be about. be  
me.  
Yours truly, E. M. Halford



March 16, 1905.

Mrs. Emma Carleton,  
913 East Main St.,  
New Albany, Indiana.

Dear Mrs. Carleton:-

Pray pardon my delay in acknowledging the little play, which was received with much amusement and appreciation. I did not know that one of my fads had been promoted to a place behind the footlights.

Your letter of March 8th came two or three days since, and I have held it till I could consult our editors concerning your suggestion about the bottles of Strawberry Hill. Of course, it seemed a most attractive topic to me, but I am sorry to say it did not make an equally strong appeal to the editors. They think, curious as it seems to you and me, that the subject of bottles has been exhausted for The Century by the publication of a single article.

I am sure, however, that you have a charming subject. Why not try it with The Delineator, 18 West 23d St., this city, or The House Beautiful, Eldridge Court, Chicago? It ought to find a place in one or the other. Be sure and let me know when it is published.

Please present my congratulations to the old Chinese bottle on its timely rescue from the dust heap and its good fortune in falling into the hands of so appreciative a collector as yourself.

Yours sincerely,

A. W. Drake



## Indiana Audubon Society

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AMOS W. BUTLER                      JAMES G. KINGSBURY                      R. WES. MCBRIDE

*Indianapolis*, June 9, 1902.

Miss Elizabeth Nunemacher,

New Albany, Indiana.

Dear Miss Nunemacher:

I am sorry that I have been so ungrateful as to say anything good of the English Sparrow to you since it makes you "shrink from hearing good of characters" which you dislike. I am a friend of this sparrow and shall wage a warfare in his favor. I thank you for the one dollar for your dues for 1902 in the Indiana Audubon Society. I hope you will be able to be present at its next meeting and favor us with a paper.

Very truly,

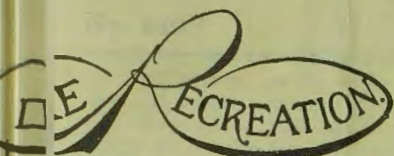
*William Watson Woollen*

### What is Talked About.

— The trial of the Astor-Place Rioters, which was thought to furnish a severe test of

Shefford, Bedfordshire, a zealous antiquarian and collector and contributor to many of the archaeological journals. WM. COOKE TAYLOR, one of the most prolific authors of the day, of

Such was his affection for his "Moak," as he called him, that it was his practice on every Christmas day to give him the first cut of the plum-pudding, a treat which the animal seem-



(Begin at B and read both ways.)

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO EVERYTHING THAT THE NAME IMPLIES.

\$1.00 A YEAR. 10c. A COPY.

O. SHIELDS (COQUINA),

EDITOR AND MANAGER.

25 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.

Aug. 30, 1895.

Miss Emma Carleton,  
New Albany, Ind.

Dear Madam:-

Your valued favor of 26th, enclosing MSS., at hand.

I thank you cordially for the privilege of reading these. They are all excellent, timely and exactly in my line, and I am grateful to Capt. Comeyn for having suggested your writing me. I presume he thinks I ought to buy some humorous literature, but unfortunately I am not in a position to do so. As you may have noticed, I give but little space to jokes, and the majority of these I borrow from my contemporaries. RECREATION is yet new and I am expending all the money it earns, and more, to pay for printing, engraving and artists' work. I have none left with which to buy copy, and besides my friends have been so generous with me that, aside from the "Possible Smiles" column, they have furnished me more copy than I can use in three years.

I should like to have this of yours, and would be glad to give you ten yearly subscriptions to the magazine, for the lot, if that would be any inducement. If you would like a smaller number, for a portion of the verses, etc., I would select and exchange on the same basis.

I return your MSS. herewith and await your further pleasure.

Yours respectfully,

*J. C. Shields*  
Edr. and Mngr.

# BREEZY MEADOWS

TELEPHONE 27-2 HOLLISTON, MASS.  
TELEGRAPH TO " "

METCALF, MASS.

July 13<sup>th</sup> 1909

Dear Emma

I said so. I mean sure  
on what you have factored. He  
stayed all the rest - until fall - when  
I hope to make something fine out of  
such good material.

I had a good deal of company and  
spectators on my birthday, the 11<sup>th</sup> of July  
and I have also had a severe attack  
of Sciatica, in right-leg keeping me  
very miserable. A manure can here for  
a week and made the pain worse -  
but in trying electricity and bandages.  
~~for~~ after had to be killed - Can't hold a letter -  
Love from F. S. -

Louisville, Aug. 18, '98.

To the only girl I love:

Not having heard or seen you for so long, I thought I would write you a few lines.

Today I am nineteen years of age. Since the day I was born I loved you but not till late months, have I realized, that in all the world which includes millions of people, I have only one friend who is a friend. That little friend is my Mama.

Are you still troubled with nervous trouble, soar throat, biliousness, neuralgia, rheumatism, constipation, and how is your big to.

I hope you have been relieved of some of those torments.

Is Ray still holding his position on the fire department?

When he got hurt did you get Doctor Cook?

How is Bezo?

Is he still selling humbo/dt pants for \$1.75?

Moran & Long are going to make them for \$1.74.

Wake me up early tomorrow morning and I will cut the grass, as cutting is my future intention.

Are you still cleaning house?

How is Mrs. Sackett's corn, tomatoes and potatoes. Are Magnesses well?

Well I could say more, but I see Mr. Phil D. Long is looking around to find some trouble so I must close.

I remain your loving son

Emil a Bizot.

P.S. This boat carries a 13 pounder as Gus calls it for you.

is letter was written by a 19 year old boy to his mother - after he had left home in the morning - and was at his place of employment in Louisville - in a tailor shop in Louisville - father is Mr. Auguste Bizot - a french man and a gentleman - now in New Albany & all the references are to family matters - which, of course, he had just heard is mother letter of before he went home, about an hour previous & Please return -

Ten minutes' riding brought us to the sugar-house—a brick and mortar edifice suggestive of a New England factory with its tall smoky chimney and mill-rolling buzzing.

The encyclopædia at your elbow will spare me the trouble, reader, and you the weariness of going through the details of sugar-making; of describing the long rack with flexible vertebrae (inquisition-reminding machine), upon which were stretched in even layers the leaf-denuded stalks of cane to be whirled up and crushed by rollers and carried off bruised and bleeding; of describing the gutters and pipes through which the expressed juice of the cane ran into kettles and boilers and vats, where it was boiled and simmered and stirred and padded about by fat negroes, whose shining and sound teeth gave the lie direct to your dentist's idea that sugar injures the enamel or eats into the cores of your various respectable masticators; or of alluding to the hogsheds which, filled with wet sugar, stood upon wooden bars, through whose interstices into vats below dripped molasses that in months to come would gladden many a Yankee throat on buckwheat pancake day.

"We finish our sugar grinding next week," quoth my friend, "and then we have a bit of merry-making—a 'king's' ball, at which you must make one of the guests; and a queenly affair it will be."

"A king's ball!"

"Ah, you have not heard. Certain of the youngsters among us at every yearly winter's ball of the neighborhood, are presented with bouquets by the ladies who have been the chosen queens of the festivities then concluding; and each bouquet presentee is crowned the king of the next year's ball—being one of the fortunate individuals whose time, purse, and gallantry are thus placed at the disposal of beauty and fashion. Each king accordingly selects a queen, and under their united auspices the ball is given. So at our forthcoming one you must join our festivities."

\* \* \* \* \*

And I did.

The parlors of Monsieur De —'s plantation mansion were comfortably filled with the Creole beauty and fashion of the parishes of St. Bernard and Plaquemine; planter's families; with a small addition of city friends.

[Mem.: Although the general society of New Orleans is still in a chaotic state, and she has no located, acknowledged empire of Japonicadom, and no "upper ten" as yet entered in the relentless ledgers of fashion; and although he who speaks of "moving in the first circles," talks in riddles, among the Creoles of country and city "exclusiveness" is a known word, and its meaning properly recognisable by the ten year interlopers of the Second Municipality.]

The complexion of the rooms was decidedly French, and yet with a dash of American feature and carriage to suggest a contrast.

Creole beauty is not usually of that caste with which to cultivate love at first sight. One must push his acquaintance with it in order to get into raptures and bubble over his fountains of enthusiasm. You see the full black eye; the raven lustre and classic weight of hair; and the well-chiselled nose and gracefully met lips. But in their hours of repose their beauty is not striking. In its hour of exhilaration and excitement, however, the Creole beauty of Louisiana will satisfy the most fastidious critic in the aesthetics of physiognomy.

Before me at the ball it was in its triumphant mood. Then so exquisitely set-off by the thousand minute charms of dress and motion which your true French woman, or

French-descended woman, can so well adapt to herself.

There were many present of the *ancien régime* of Louisiana. Exclusive; but not cold nor haughty. Proud they are; yet affable. Exacting of etiquette to a hair line; yet hospitable; and none more so. I was soon (although among strangers) as much at home in feeling as if my memory had learned and moulded their growing features day after day, from early childhood.

The ringing laugh; the merry music; and the shadows of the dancers and masquers at that "coast ball," will be among my most pleasurable reminiscences of the South.

As I stood by an open window refreshing myself after a quadrille, with the puffs of river air coming gratefully inward, and there looking admiringly and musingly upon the gay scene before me, my friend touched my shoulder and called my attention to the glorious couple who were whirling in one of Jullien's waltzes, while the eyes of the idlers became intently fixed upon them.

"Are they not worthy of the admiration their appearance elicits?"

I nodded assent.

"Man and wife—in the prime of life, with forty years figured down for them in the old bible at their Knickerbocker early home; yet as buoyant in feeling and tender in intercourse as though they were lovers."

"Lovers! there's a story in your eye—I see it. Take a seat in this recess, and narrate without any allusions to 'long ago' or 'once upon a time,' if you please."

"They were lovers, and thereby hangs the tale. She was an idolized belle, when he was a bashful sophomore at college with his books. She was a finished woman while he was yet an awkward boy. They met at his mother's house; and as he gazed into her liquid eyes, and listened to her joyous voice, hopes and thoughts, new and exhilarating, were born in his soul. Their opportunities of society became frequent. While he made her his idol, and loved as youth only loves, without reason or analysis, she looked upon him as a younger brother—laughed at his jokes—teased his whilom nervousness—praised his rhymes (of which she was the inspiring muse), and accepted his escort to soiree and concert when beaux more promising but less faithful failed in their punctual homage. Years passed on. Many were her offers of marriage; her refusals were frequent. He grew more manly; loving as blindly, as devotedly as ever; and as secretly—for as yet no thought of his idolatry crossed her mind, or was impelled into utterance by his speech or action. The slight difference of age, his instinct taught him, was fatal to his hopes. Avowal might bring rebuke, and rebuke banishment. He reflected as the months rolled on, and reflection summoned to his relief prudence. He accepted voluntary banishment, and left New York—for that was their residence—for New Orleans, which was in the infancy of its prosperity, and the *ultima Thule* of domestic emigration.

"The parting was agonizing to him; and the calmness of his adieu was frightful to her vision. For the first time she suspected his love. He reached New Orleans; and in the study of Louisiana law, intricate in practice and abstruse in detail, forgot for a time the power and majesty of his love. Ambition succeeded beauty as his idol. Hours there were when the memory of his early love returned in power as of old; but in study and mental toil and ambitious aspiration, that power was lessened of its sting.

"She made a *mariage de convenance* with money broker to oblige her father; and in frigidity of her husband's soul was as unkind as one of her generous impulses and affectionate dispositions always must be when met with no return of sympathy. Her husband failed. So did her father. Both died; she and her family were destitute.

"Her early lover had remained single, amassed wealth, and was earning the proud distinction of a name. News of her position reached him, and in the midst of winter, the pressure of a large business on his shoulders, he left New Orleans, and journeyed to New York. They met. Time had but the seal of all glorious matured loveliness to her brow."

"And in the usual style of the *Larrikin* books—I've read such tales a hundred times—they were married, and he relieved every body from difficulty."

"You guess the exact sequel. But story has one merit, it is as true as the compass points in the quadrangle through your window. They were married. She returned with him to the sunny south, and the year both of them freshened by the memories of youth, and the realization on his part of his long thought dead, and on her part of a business doubly grateful by its contrast with the past. It is ten years since this. And they are as trusting and confiding as ever. I am a parable even in society, and bold against etiquette of Creole customs, as you saw their whirling together in yonder waltz. He was king of the ball, and chose her as queen. Both things innovations. But their story was known and appreciated; and they are courted everywhere, and all they do admired."

## Gleanings of Continental Travel

### NO. V.—FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF SWITZERLAND

THERE is no life so dreary as not to be green spots of enjoyment, over which my fingers lovingly. So in our travels through Europe, the short stay with nature in Switzerland returns in after years our purest, sweetest, our most cherished recollection.

Glorious and unapproachable country temple of nature, where man casts off time all thoughts but of her and drinks of the purest and loftiest natural source of enjoyment, mighty and grand in thy unrivalled beauties, wonderfully beautiful in thy chanting loveliness, thy Alps do not rise soaringly to the pure sky than the heights the true Alpine traveller does to the heights who inhabits it!

That no other country usually visited by travellers approaches her in her natural attractions, that Scotland, and the Rhine, and America, are tame beside her, the traveller, at least, will never deny. Elsewhere are beheld her great and characteristic features; where else a Jungfrau, crowned with its virgin snow; where a Panorama like from the Righi or Faulhorn; a lake like the Lucerne, where savage wildness ceases to be terrible, because it is inconceivably so where mountain passes of such grand fields of ice, sweeping down Alping glaciers where else can we so feel in every air the blows the spirit of pastoral life, the fire from the world, the communion with self?

It is not alone, however, inanimate nature which forms the charm of this country, but a social being, and though beauty and solitude would still be beautiful, we have

THE PRESENT IS  
THE "BALANCE OF  
ALL PRECEDING  
FORCES"

1905

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.,  
336 NORTH RITTER AVE.,

May 9

My Dear Mrs. Carleton:

I have been intending to ask  
your permission to use, for some future  
issue, your article on John B. Anderson in  
the journal of some years since, and at  
the last minute I find I want it in a  
hurry - now. Is it all right? I'm taking  
for granted it is, and it will go to the  
printer, perhaps tomorrow. You will  
be credited with it, of course.

I am somewhat behind hand with  
this too. Wish I could find some  
one in A.A. who does soliciting. I'm  
sure there are a few subscribers there if  
they were found. Would be glad to  
give a commission of  $33\frac{1}{3}\%$ .

I note the argument you advanced  
some time ago touching "Havaine" and the  
old word <sup>(notes)</sup> *houssier*, as used by Scott. My  
objection to the theory would be that the early

Indianism as the nature of civilization  
(I believe that was your point) were nowise  
distinctive from other pioneer peoples. I think  
the most probable theory of the name is that it  
was brought from the south, where it meant,  
and still means, a rough, uncouth type of  
humanity.

Yes, the old McGuffeys were better than the  
interlopers that took their place. I know they  
were the first literary format from which I  
drew, and the ones I read in class at the country  
school have always remained with me. It may  
have been the sixth but I think it was the  
fifth reader that was the highest in our school.  
I would love to see it again, whichever it  
was.

Thought I would follow your  
suggestion and try a little dose of James,  
but — its an awfully busy world.

All your getting well again, I hope so.  
Kindly remember me to your family

Most cordially,

Geo. S. Cotton.



the whole period that Neptune has acted upon Uranus my theory has not deviated from that deduced from direct observations by more than one-ninetieth of the circumference.

"Is it true that there are numerous errors respecting the distance from the sun? No; this is false. In 1812 I have made an error of one-fourteenth of the distance—in 1822 and 1832, one-sixteenth—and in 1842 one-thirtieth—never the tenth, which I might have reached without being liable to any reproaches.

"Is it true that the theoretic mass of Neptune differs from the mass deduced from observations of the satellite to such a degree as to be an irresistible argument against the identity of the theoretic with the observed Neptune? No, this is false. According to M. Struve the mass deduced from the satellite is sixty-five one hundredths of the mass I had predicted. I declare, that if any one should be misled by this deduction, which corresponds only to a variation of a one-fifth in the diameter of Neptune, it would only be by keeping out of sight the difficulties of the same kind presented by the masses of the other planets."

Thus emphatically M. Le Verrier disposes of the objections to the identity of the theoretic and observed planets in direction, mass, and distance. The merits of the case will, we think, be understood, in spite of the passionate expressions of Le Verrier, or the suspicions and accusations of the reviewer; and a sufficiently large and impartial body will be found to do final justice to the great mathematical talents of Peirce, the scientific labors of Herschel, and the brilliant success of Le Verrier.

#### WHIPPLE'S LECTURES.

*Lectures on subjects connected with Literature and Life.* By Edwin P. Whipple. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

THIS volume contains six lectures, delivered at various times within the last few years, on "Authors in their Relations to Life," "Novels and Novelists—Charles Dickens," "Wit and Humor," "The Ludicrous Side of Life," "Genius," and "Intellectual Health and Disease." Only one of them,—the second, has before appeared in print; but they have all, or nearly all, been delivered before large and intelligent audiences in Boston, Cambridge, Salem, Worcester, Providence, Portland, Bangor, and other principal towns in the New England States, and are now carefully revised by the author. They will add to the reputation which Mr. Whipple acquired by his former collection of essays; since they exhibit equal vigor and freshness of thought, a similar extent of reading and felicity of expression, with a more thorough and exhaustive treatment of the subject; while the more abstract nature of the topics discussed affords a better opportunity for the exercise of analytical skill. Our author now appears as an original writer, penetrating for himself into the mysteries of mind and character rather than as the practised critic of the works of others. He should not, however, rest satisfied with what he has yet accomplished, but should follow the path to which the peculiar structure of his mind, his literary tastes, his former reading, his habits of investigation point. His intimate acquaintance with the progress of English literature, from its glorious dawn with Chaucer down to the present time, might lead him with advantage to trace its history of mingled glory and shame, now exulting in a love of freedom, now grovelling in the lowest depths of subserviency: pure with Milton, witty and licentious with Rochester and Sedley, strong and nervous with Webster, and Decker, and Marlowe, smooth and elegant with Addison and Pope. It is to some such task that Mr. Whipple

should henceforth devote the full energy of his powers. He is at the age in which such an undertaking may be best begun and accomplished; and the materials are before him. The lecture on Dickens in the present volume, the essays on Wordsworth, Byron, Sheridan, Dr. South, Macaulay, Talfourd, Sydney Smith, the Old English Dramatists, the British Critics, and the English Poets of the Nineteenth Century, in his former volumes, and on Fielding, in the North American Review for January, 1849, show how well he can manage those materials. Everybody reads Hallam's four volumes, but they cover comparatively a brief period, and however high we may rank him as a historian, Mr. Hallam is confessedly a sorry critic. The Outlines of English Literature, and the cartloads of books of *Elegant Extracts* which are published every now and then, are only endured because better books are not to be had. If a good work on the subject, clear, concise, just, and well written, were published, all this trash would quickly find its appropriate resting-place in the limbo of books with shattered reputations.

Mr. Whipple's style is equally felicitous in the present volume as in his previous essays; but it has some defects incident to the design with which these lectures were prepared. It occasionally, though rarely, is too rhetorical for the discussion of a grave subject, and at times the affluence of anecdotal illustration is such as to impede the progress of the argument. These are defects in a printed essay, but they are absolutely necessary in a lecture, if the speaker wishes to secure the undivided attention of his audience, and "not speak when ladies are talking," as a shrewd lecturer once informed that part of the sovereign people who had assembled, ostensibly to hear him, but in reality to discuss the latest fashions, and "the new engagement which came out last Sunday." That great Parliamentary orator, Mr. Fox, used to remark of a speech which read well in print, that it must have been a failure when spoken. Mr. Ogden Hoffman, of this city, and Mr. Choate, of Boston, are noticeable instances of the truth of the opposite remark, which is almost equally well founded, that a good speech will read badly. Nothing can be more easy and delightful than to listen to these gentlemen. While hearing them, one revels in a perfect "nest of spicery;" and it needs not a very enthusiastic person to declare that he could sit all night and listen to them. But the same person would not read their printed speeches; Their printed speeches owe all their zest and interest to the reader's recollection of the orator's manner, tones, and gestures. Even Mr. Fox made a splendid failure when he undertook to write history. Now something of this difficulty, though for obvious reasons in a limited degree, is felt by every public lecturer. His object is to interest and instruct his audience, not to put them to sleep, to induce the young people to "do their courting," or the old people to bring their knitting, and Mr. G. P. R. James's last novel. He cannot fix their roving minds by a profound essay unless he introduces declamation and anecdote. Hazlitt somewhere says wit is the salt of the mind. A lecturer must be bountiful in his use of the salt or his audience will leave his solids untouched. One of Mr. Whipple's chief merits as a lecturer is precisely here, that his declamation does not decline into rant, and that his anecdotes are well chosen and apposite. He maintains a high tone, and does not pander to the craving after questionable novelties. He lifts the audience to a level with his subject, and never degrades it to a level with their prejudices and

passions. Happily joining the theoretical and imaginative with the practical in his own mind he charms all classes. The man of business finds in the lecturer one who has been alive to the world, and has not grown dry and parched in the cloistered seclusion of a library; a therefore he the more willingly listens to the instruction brought out of the ever-living works of men whom experience taught ages since or whom subtle thought still teaches. The man of books, on the other hand, finds the lecturer one who has read as much as meditated as deeply as himself; and therefore he the more willingly listens to the instruction brought out from the daily contact with men in action amid the strife, and cares, and disappointments, and joys, and ever renewed exertions, which make up life and experience. It is in this union of the practical and theoretical, the actual and ideal, that the peculiar power and value of Mr. Whipple's writings is to be found.

Running all through them is a vein of quiet unobtrusive wit and genial humor, which is strongly characteristic of the author's mind and at the same time gives to his lectures life and grace which they could not otherwise possess. The most abstruse and recondite subjects are thus made interesting to a popular audience, and instruction, as it were, forced into the mind which would otherwise refuse to receive it. Nor is there anything unnatural or constrained about his wit. It flows out from his subject, and is always bright, joyous, and sparkling in its nature, never morose or misanthropic. But even a more striking characteristic of our lecturer's mind than this fondness for the mirthful is his tendency to critical analysis. In this he appears to revel, and in it his powers of thought and language are displayed to the best advantage.

In his first lecture, delivered before the literary societies of Brown University, our lecturer considers authors in their various relations to their own and future times, to society, to booksellers, and publishers, and in their domestic relations. A few sentences from his remarks on the married life of authors, present a pleasant example of the playful, anecdotal style:—

"The best treatise on divorce was written by the laureate of Eve and the creator of the lady in Comus. The biography of scholars and philosophers sometimes hints at voices neither soft nor low piercing the ears of men meditating on Greek roots, or framing theories of the moral sentiments. You all know the aidful sympathy that Socrates received from Xantippe, in his great task of confuting the lying ingenuities of the Greek sophists, and bringing down philosophy from heaven to earth. The face of one of England's earliest and best linguists is reported to have often exhibited crimson marks, traced by no loving fingers; and Greek, Hebrew, Latin, and English, must often have met and run together in his brain, as it reeled beneath the confusing ring of a fair hand knocking at his ears. The helpmates of Whitelocke and Bishop Cooper were tempestuous viragos, endowed with a genius for scolding, who burnt their husbands' manuscripts, and broke in upon their studies and meditation with reproaches and threats. Hooker, the saint and sage of English divinity, was married to an acute vixen, with a temper compounded of vinegar and saltpetre, and a tongue as explosive as gun-cotton. Addison espoused a countess; and spent the rest of his life in taverns, clubs, and repentance.

"Perhaps the sweetest pictures in the poetry of human life are those which represent the domestic felicity of those authors who married happily. The wives of Wieland, Buffon, Gesner, Herder, Priestley, Wordsworth, not to mention others, are



November 27, 1909.

Mrs Emma Carleton,  
319 Upper High Street,  
New Albany, Ind.

Dear Mrs Carleton,

Mr. Johnson, I believe, has written you one or two editorial letters about the bandbox article, giving the desired length, &c., and he has also shown me your very nice letter to him. We are going to call the article "Old Time Bandboxes", by Emma Carleton, and in addition to the headpiece, which is very daintily done, we shall have some eight little pen drawings which we shall distribute around or through the text, and a colored frontispiece entitled "The Band-box Room". This latter is by Ruth Halleck, while the pen drawings are by Alfred Brennan who illustrated so beautifully your bottle article, "At the Sign of the Carboy". I will send you a proof of the frontispiece and blueprints of the illustrations with a day or so.

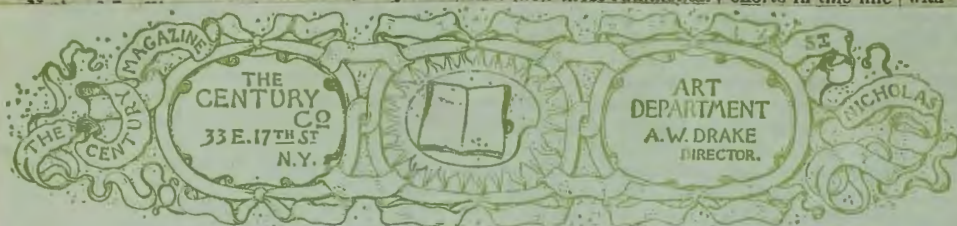
As I have now a collection of several hundred bandboxes I thought it might interest you to know the subjects of some of them. Among the historical ones are the following:

Two of Castle Garden, showing an early view when Castle Garden was an Island. Figures in the foreground.

An early view of City Hall of New York, showing the fountain and the iron fence surrounding the whole triangle in front of City Hall, most of which is now occupied by the New York Post Office.

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man civic wreath. "It is believed," says the that their most rudimentary efforts in this line with sketches of prominent persons who



One with a view commemorating the opening of the Erie Canal, showing lock, horses on the tow-path, buildings, etc.

One showing the old Capitol at Albany, with surroundings.

One with a view of General Taylor on horseback, camp scene in distance, infantry in background, soldier in foreground-- "Old Rough and Ready" is the title of this box.

Interesting in the present day of high flying, there is one of a balloon ascension showing the balloon rising, called "Clayton's Ascent".

Then I have a classic one, showing a fountain, classic temple, etc., and one known as the "Wind Mill and Railroad Bandbox", with a horse drawing rude cars loaded with wood, etc., the windmill in the background, and still another, with a date on it, showing the sign of a Hartford bandbox maker, which is very interesting indeed. There is also one showing the Deaf and Dumb Asylum which formerly stood in the vicinity of Madison Square Garden.

Nearly all of these are very beautiful in color, some of them as beautiful as any Japanese print you ever saw. They were all printed from wood blocks, with three or four printings, and were printed by hand-press, or rather by foot-press; and I believe the charm of their color lies in the fact that they were printed from earth and vegetable colors, long before aniline colors and dyes were invented. The result is lovely yellows, running from bright canary to yellow ochre; and blues that range from the faintest shade to the

ters, such as Burke, chapters are devoted to literature, during the cause of progress are given of the leading weekly newspapers. The poets, novelists, dramatic writings have aided Many of the persons the author's observa

LITERATURE.—Our literature with the abilities of George Ticknor—now the extent and thoroughness of the particular department of work now announced, learn that the History of the book has been long in preparation and stereotyped, it speaks by one of our most.—*Evening Post.*

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deepest ultra marine; and combinations of colors that are charming indeed--lovely pinks, bright reds, fadey greens, etc. I am sure you will be able to make a very interesting article.

flower

Among the bandboxes there is a great variety, and some which look almost Byzantine in character, with conventionalised birds peacock, etc. Among the more homelike ones is one with a farm scene, showing an old farm-house and outbuildings, with trees, flowers, and so on. Still another is one with full-rigged ships sailing around it and on the cover the words "Success to manufacture and commerce."

In the colored frontispiece I am sending you you will see that the pretty young lady is trying on her grandmother's calash, which closed like an old-fashioned buggy-top. I think it is a very pretty little picture. Don't you think so too?

Now, if I can be of any further use to you, you must let me know, because we want something very swell for this; and I think you will do it in a charming, essay-like style, as you did the bottle article.

I am sure I have one or two unanswered letters of yours; but overwhelming office work and more or less ill health for the last year or so have kept me from doing many things that I am in the habit of doing promptly. But collectors know how to forgive all other collectors, so I am sure you will forgive me.

Anticipating much pleasure from your story of old bandboxes

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

*A.W. Drake*

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other—there he sits with a sort of imaginary washing of his hands, which no doubt he learnt from Mrs. Siddons in the famous scene from Macbeth.

"His hazel eye still retains the fire of youth, his manners their vivacity, and his youthfulness of spirit contrasts with the long grey hair parted on his forehead and hanging down his shoulders—for literary men, like Samson, seem to consider their strength resides in their unshorn locks. Leigh Hunt resembles one of the old noblesse dressed in black, his coat generally buttoned to his chin, his tall spare figure, his urbanity of manners—all make up the look of a noticeable man.

"Earnestly talking with another, stands Browning, leaning on the mantel-piece: his well made, neatly dressed figure, of the small size, has a dapper appearance: his sallow complexion garnished with coal-black whiskers, which grow under his chin; his hair, however, is of a moderate length, and forms an exception to the rule before named. He is doubtless pointing out some curious passage from his favorite poet Donne, or quoting with extreme unction a few lines from Kit Smart, the mad poet: possibly he may be explaining some peculiar dramatic effect of *Alfieri*, and urging upon the author of the '*Blind Wife*' the admirable method the great Italian poet pursued in writing and correcting his plays fourteen times before he trusted them into the printer's hands.

"Another has joined this little group: it is Horne, with his bald shining head, and little figure '*en bon point*': down his shoulders hang those graceful light anburn locks, so peculiar to himself. His light grey eye is twinkling at some remark Browning has made upon the simplicity of '*Sordello*.' Seated on the sofa, with one leg crossed over the other, and with his hand buried in his bosom, sits an old man, with a few straggling grey hairs on his forehead, dressed in tolerably well-worn black, his deep-set eye, grey and abstracted, as though in some speculation lost! he rises, his figure is tall, broad, and gaunt, his deep guttural voice seems to come from the depths of his heart, and the impressive tone he speaks in gives an emphasis even to the commonest of common-places; he is reciting a passage from Milton; he has got the first edition in his hand, and is demonstrating to an attentive listener that the '*blind old man*' intended an emphasis to be laid on every word beginning with a capital, excepting at the commencement of each line; he slightly stoops, but it is a trifle for so old a man, and his venerable face seems to light up at the sound of Milton's verse, and to bring back with them all the dreams of youth, when, wandering with Coleridge, Southey, and Lamb, they held high converse with the mighty dead.

"We have only seen one portrait of the fine old poet that at all gives any idea of him; a friend of his was so pleased with it that he sent the artist a sonnet, which we must find space to quote:—

"We die, and pass away; our very name  
Goes in silence, as the eloquent air  
Scatters our voices, while the veined frame,  
Shrouded in darkness, pays the grave's stern claim,  
With the blank eyes deep fixed in death's blind stare.  
These sure were thoughts to plunge us in despair,  
But that the artist and the sculptor came—  
Then living music flows from buried lips,  
And the dead form throws off the grave's eclipse!  
Oh! best magician, that can fix for aye  
The fleeting image; here I seem to gaze  
On Wordsworth's honored face, for in the cells  
Of those grey eyes, Thought, like a prophet, dwells,  
And round those drooping lips Song like a murmur  
Strays."

Mr. Powell's ideas of poetry and art are so clearly expressed that they have much of the force of originality. His views of Dramatic writing, especially, are not unworthy of one who has distinguished himself in that department, and there are many similar passages equally worth quoting with the following:—

"A good play is a combination of thought and action, and not a vehicle of description. The march should be in deeds, not words: we should

see the procession, and not hear it described. The skeleton of a great play is the ballet; no better test can be brought than to see how it will dance. If a play has legs it can run alone, and there is little fear for the result. As a proof let us select Shakespeare's plays, and we shall be convinced how perfectly each piece resolves itself into a ballet. A tragedy differs from it merely in this particular, that music accompanies one and words the other: the first excites or soothes through an appeal to the senses, while the other does it through the understanding.

"The first appeals to the lowest faculty, the second to the highest: we must not forget, however, that the drama demands stage representation: that the right estimation is only attained through that medium. This, no doubt, is the reason for the indifference of the public to the unacted drama. It requires a combination of great excellence to understand and carry out in the perusal a fine play: the student must first possess an imagination, second only to the poet himself, to dispense with the outward and visible signs which render Shakespeare go popular with the masses.

"How few care about the finest unacted plays! we have heard many men of great powers of mind declare that the demand upon the attention was too strong, the mind had several offices to perform: first to realize the characters as shadowed by the poet; secondly, to put them into action in the mind's eye; and thirdly, to observe the coherency or sympathy between their idiosyncrasy and their language.

"How much a tragedy of five acts contains! It is a little world of itself—a family of originalities—a gathering together into the perfect shape of the tangled threads of life; there act, side by side, power and weakness, virtue and vice, pride and humility, folly and intellect, yet all must be so harmoniously disposed as to look a complete work of art. It must be a piece of music, so artistically arranged as to give but one melody; the different characters must sound differently, yet together. Mr. Coleridge once said, as the light which consists of many colors has but one result, so should a fine work of art, be it in painting, poetry, or sculpture, produce one effect, although consisting of several agents or constituent parts. In every point of view, the dramatist is the revealer of passion through genius: we act, suffer, or rejoice as the ideal personages did; their experience is made ours, and from the graves of the past their departed spirits pass into our minds to renew some passage in their own existence."

But we have sufficiently multiplied our quotations from a volume which will soon be widely known. Mr. Powell promises us a similar one on American writers; we hope he will not forget our kind caution above written, and that while he writes just as freely as if he were a born Jonathan, he may be careful not to overstep or even approach the limit of polite usage. There are many passages in the present work which he will by and by regret having written—many which are open to more severe criticism than is our province or wish to apply, which are at variance with conventional courtesy; we are sure he will never regret the endeavor to avoid such in any work he may produce hereafter.

#### BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

MESSRS. CARTER have now ready the memoirs of the late Rev. Dr. ASHBEL GREEN, of Phila., consisting mostly of autobiographical reminiscences and journals from his own pen, arranged, at the author's request, by the Rev. J. H. Jones. This work has more than the usual claims upon the attention of the life of a writer of Divinity. The long career of its subject, extending over revolutionary times, the participation in the scenes of the war in New Jersey, with the subsequent official positions of the narrator as Chaplain to Congress,

with frequent opportunities of studying George Washington,—his presidency at Princeton College, and his extended respect and influential clerical position in the Presbyterian Church, disclose no ordinary sources of interest. He was master, too, of a natural easy style of brevity and directness which adds to the attractiveness of his communications. In our next we shall exhibit this work at some length.

Messrs. Carter have also for sale, from the publishing house of William S. Martier Phila., a second edition of Dr. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER'S "*History of Colonization on the Western Coast of Africa*," bringing the work down by additions to the time when the colony was declared an independent Republic. It is a careful collection of documents and statistics from the papers of the Colonization Society, and the records of the times; and may be consulted not only for the history of the particular enterprise which has resulted in the establishment of an independent government, but for much incidental light on the slave trade, and the commercial advantages of the African coast. A copy of it should be found in all our public libraries.

The translation of *Pascal's Provincial Letters*, by the Rev. Thomas M'Crie, of Edinburgh, has been reprinted by the Carters. It appears well translated, and is edited with diligence and ability. A sufficiently long and a well written preface introduces the work with the Protestant feelings of the writer. This, it appears, is but the third English translation of this celebrated work, of which Bayle saw a polyglot edition in four columns, of French, Latin, Italian, and Spanish. Mr. M'Crie characterizes the first translation contemporary with the Letters in 1657 as uncouth in phraseology, the wit and spirit of the original completely shrouded, and dull and unintelligible. A London translation of 1816 is slightly spoken of.

*History of the French Revolution of 1848.* By A. DE LAMARTINE. Translated by F. A. Durivage and William S. Chase. 1st American edition (Boston: PHILLIPS, SAMSON & Co.). It is seldom that we have a history of a great event, written by one who took so prominent and active a part in it as in the present instance; and it is still more rare for a man to present his acts in the form in which he wishes to leave them with posterity, while still a prominent actor upon the scene. The example, however, is to be judged from the French, not the English point of view. French celebrities of all kinds have, almost from the commencement of book-making, been partial to the custom of taking the public into their confidence, and making their asides to the many-headed monarch, as the actor to the pit before him. The practice, although perhaps repugnant to that home feeling which forms so strong a feature in the Anglo-Saxon character, has been of advantage to historians, and has also contributed not a few of the best literary productions of the nation to the libraries of the world. We are far, however, from confounding M. De Lamartine with the gossiping writers of the "*Mémoires pour servir*." His work is not in any sense a Memoir—it is, as he calls it, a History. His private acts, sayings, and thoughts are only introduced when they have a direct bearing on the subject in hand. Indeed, we think that the author has even kept a tight curb on his style in his desire to present a "plain, unvarnished tale" of the acts in which he participated. We think that this has produced an improvement over

many of his works. There is less sentiment than in *Les Confidences*, but no sacrifice of the vivid painting which marked the *Girondins*. The animated scenes of perhaps the most dramatic revolutions) or the portrayed most vividly where, the author saw himself. In the Chamber of Individuals in the at the same time seen of the even

The work will shine's honor as reading it to say should have depicted work should be alone by all reports right defence of rope, the man was yet taught the New. The workography with the same publishers combination of ness in their e The translation

*The Philosophy of French of Victor Notes and Introduction Cheshunt College volume will be æsthetic science think Cousin ha tion of the object philosophic ability is this book; but, little imagination fitness of a man beautiful, who gilded clouds agreeable. Cous Philosophers, almost solely in of beauty; and the English and An We cannot but heart who does sculpture, after Emerson) "open Eternal Art." either in Art or canon of taste a (such, for instance Graduate, has c ing), should read*

*Exercises in adapted to the F basis. By JAMES in Brown Unive new text-book! ter than that w the last two (or like to be char unless you can positive advantage this is very nea instructor says and what is mo tural enough th own ideas about other things, bu adopt them he they are corre fore, that we sh we are to look find in Arnold, many volumes of*

been knocking at our doors in almost monthly succession ever since we took up the pen.

And in the first place he will probably answer that his is a book which when once

(JOHN WILEY). A new work on Bookkeeping is usually expected to rest its claims on the merits of some practical plan of keeping accounts: such, however, is not the case with

por, who is a celebrity in as directed his arrangement culated to ine elementary n has been to n conformity eneral, by ad m one set of nner of treat th originality as others do, ks, he makes o instruct by into separate a number of knowledge of answers to the o the teacher ded course of g-Room, and ted to render a accountant, dent.

pular Biblical PUTNAM has with the title dited by Mrs. chapters, writ- editor, intro- from Cowley, "Davideis." s, "more pro- rning, in the at of Noah? son afford as of Hercules? s good a wo- dship of Da- ebration than Does not the lites into the more poetic s or Aeneas? es of Thebes eat historical ars of Joshua, rs? Can all give such co- ate on as the prophets and oo much in a ull execution this passage. I, though his ability which eglect. The gracefully en- ng) is amply ee of which ido, another ndon plates. he Old Mas- e may study it, the print ssin's vigor- ow preserved

as have now ph WILSON's h Life," in a suited for a ing and quiet

938 T. Letour Me.  
Gendrin apahis  
Aug 8<sup>th</sup> 99.

My Dear Mrs. Farleton:

I have never thanked you for your very kind & very interesting letter of May 19<sup>th</sup> although I have wished to do so on more than one occasion. indeed I have several times rummaged my old letters in the hope of finding yours. but always failed to find it. I have even "gone through" Mrs H's correspondence thinking that it might have gotten mixed up with hers. but in vain.

To day having occasion to hunt through a bundle of answered letters dating from last winter I came across yours & gladly hasten to acknowledge your kindness

for Teachers, by THOMAS JONES, Accountant | firesides of the land, for among all such this



and some faint notion may be obtained of the difficulties which the young artist was compelled to encounter in the preliminary steps of every undertaking. The exact sciences were but slightly regarded, even by those who made pretensions to complete learning in those days; and a great proficient could only hope to be called a clever carpenter or a not dream of such fame as Arkwright. It is much to be regretted that the townsmen that Perkins vied with in the highest days, held in the highest esteem. They fully appreciated his worth, and were proud to honor him. In his life, when far removed from birth, his thoughts and feelings were homeward, and he never lost the hope of returning to lay his bones in the soil. His wish has not been forgotten in memory will remain for the spot.

### Unique

(From the Union Magazine)  
THE BELLS  
BY EDGAR A.

HEAR the sledges with  
Silver bells!  
What a world of merriment  
tells!  
How they tinkle, tinkle,  
In the icy air of night;  
While the stars that  
All the heavens seed  
With a crystalline  
Keeping time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To the tintinnabulation that  
From the bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells,  
From the jingling and the

II.  
Hear the mellow wa  
Golden bells!  
What a world of happiness  
tells!  
Through the balmy  
How they ring out to  
From the molten  
And all in tu  
What a liquid dith  
To the turtle-dove that l  
On the moon  
Oh, from out the so  
What a gush of euphony  
How it swells  
How it dwells  
On the Future! how  
Of the rapture that  
To the swinging and  
Of the bells, bells, bells,  
Of the bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells,  
To the rhyming and the

III.  
Hear the loud alarum  
Brazen bells  
What a tale of terror, now  
In the startled ear of night  
How they scream out  
Too much horrified  
They can only shriek  
Out of tune.  
In a clamorous appealing to  
In a mad exhortation with  
Leaping higher, higher  
With a desperate  
And a resolute ondo  
Now—now to sit, c  
By the side of the pal

Oh, the bells, bells, bells!  
What a tale their terror tells  
Of Despair!  
How they clang, and clash, and roar!  
What a horror they outpour  
On the bosom of the palpitating air!

this performance is as difficult and little to the purpose, as a commentary, in language, on a picture—for a picture Miss Cushman's Meg Merrilies certainly is—admirably conceived, in perfect keeping of costume and attitude, and always shown in a light in which

a very charming little sketch about an old house & farm near New Albany: Moremiller's I believe was the name, French people who had vineyards & made wine etc. I wanted awfully to see you & ask more about the neighborhood but I lacked - well I didn't have the nerve, as the slang phrase has it. I came near it again the next summer just before I first went to "Bedar Jean". I had a letter to Herman Bave, whom I thought would certainly know what I wanted to see, but he wanted to keep me at Jeffersonville so I waited my time. I went for one day to New Albany but by that time I was disgusted - I see so I came home & wrote to the Rinkens & went

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[Oct. 27.]

with the rush of the thing itself descending on her person; and, of "banished for mad!" with a keen cry of agony. All the interlacings and interlocutory appeals of the character were well considered and admirably managed.

done, there will be less difficulty than there has been in the establishment of a regular Italian Opera.

## MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

ton Irving would have been worth remembering, though he had written nothing else. The rusty fowling-piece, the old half-starved dog, the knot of village politicians, and the inheritor of the hero's 'shape, make, and vices,' are the literary sketch—ra-

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but having that. I have the  
whole Samson Indian count-  
-ry. It is the most beautiful  
section of Indiana & I turn  
toward as if in mere name  
even now I am homesick for  
a sight of its blue hills  
its waving woods & beautiful  
river. If fortune is good to  
me, one of these days I shall  
come that way to live for  
good. I wish you had told  
me how far N. mile & Indian  
creek were from N. Albany. &  
whether one could get his mail  
etc. easily. That plays quite a  
part in my calculations for the  
summer.

Once more thanking you  
for your kindness I am  
Sincerely yours

W. J. Mayhew

Union have done well  
ful tale for presenta-  
ers, they have shown  
Mr. Darley to supply  
e return of Rip af-  
ep in the mountains,  
it is, perhaps, the best  
ably because the artist  
a single idea. But  
beautifully interpret-  
lacent air against the  
new assaults him, and  
acco into his pipe; or  
palities of the boat he  
ren in a tub. This is  
haps perfect. The ar-  
ppy in placing Rip  
ple; but the dog here  
the illustration, which  
fective. It is, we re-  
pe old, friendless man  
ined his triumph; for  
rowing up through the  
d dwelling; the door  
on the ground; the  
rvant and companion,  
master, no longer re-  
man himself, misera-  
stretching his hand to  
a look of most piteous  
og, sighed poor Rip,

this production that it  
erior order of similar  
but apprehend that  
its class which will  
k with it."  
recently gratified an  
by the delivery of the  
Anniversary Examina-  
Ladies' Institute," at

as of the rhyming race,  
of place;  
I begging off,  
I discordant cough,  
I your singers plead  
I I can't indeed,"  
his prompt career,  
n't the Muse appear.

n they asked I came,  
not the quill should claim;  
my labors smile  
I will not mood my style.

s my sober team,  
forget to dream.  
e hearts of men,  
my humble pen;  
new a stage  
s captions age  
e rude surmise  
e not over wise,  
his pastoral scene  
I made me very green.

fading as they fall,  
the banquet hall,  
reath of fragrance pour  
n the silent floor,  
ur festal day,  
s metrical bouquet.

pesten the name  
remote from blame—  
whip insures  
t a shrine like yours!  
diling glances fall  
e've known you all!

pathful graces blend  
evives a friend;  
features once adored  
has restored;  
pling as they flow,  
ins many a year ago;  
remembered yet  
ugh those brides of jet;

No. 144.]

exaggerations, and the blindness that prefers a  
daring measure to justice and truth. Those w  
are urging with most ardor, what are called  
greatest benefits of mankind, are narrow, w  
pleasing, concealed, and affect us in the  
sane do. They

"The man c  
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says, 'I am sel  
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just, then is the  
what they will.'  
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Mr. Emerson,  
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the blindness that prefers some justice and truth. Those who most ardor, what are called the of mankind, are narrow, self-

himself in the individual soul, incarnates himself in every man. We are left without grounds for this assertion. We cannot find what is Mr. Emerson's starting point. But

that God in us is incarnate, this self-reliance, self-isolation, will result in anything but pride; and who does not remember the words of the other, "When ye have done all that ye can do,

to Cedar Grove. 4. where I spent two seasons & wish I was there now. I am landscape with farm life animals, fowls etc. it is the most suitable place for me that I have found. I know finer landscape country. but not just the combination I find there.

The hints you give of the places you speak of are very alluring to me. I am naturally of the temperaments that wants to see over the next hill - ~~are very~~ alluring & I'd like to come & see at once. but for the next month I have a invitation to occupy a friend's home over in the White-Water country - if I go I cannot come to the Ohio till Sept. There is no place so dear to us as Cedar Grove - for many reasons - that of course is an preference

ants!" And, all be abased, If shall be ex- upon an argu- uth is one, and e, and not in wo claiming so lusions should

other grounds. xim, that self- a. But try it row it into the mself this new ive it the bene- Show that it s and fancies, believe thy in- easures of thy by self-trust in within thee."

nds who now e, do with such who are little s to confide in n? Is not an ess for it im- cide between er? For our t to determine ntellectual act; sentiment, but not good men ries, and lived nsequences of the world but 'o the common nity, we will thyself in ima- thou wilt not ss. Let each nself as the vn perfection, hers, "Invade ach me not, I of love, and e we should spread of such Nature will will melt down but the high

n philosophy. not thy heart; wilt, for intui- d justice, but al law of God, riches of his luminated the lf. edom, but thy s in following thy failures, thy strength, died for thee. ith the divine n thyself to he world, and ternal, essen- it. Believe, ration, and if nity in that as not left his ow thou hast st found his

the mournful

unworthiness of the Christian lands? Alas, they are owing to these very principles that Mr. Emerson is now pushing upon the world,

volume recalls the memoir of Dr. Milnor, of this city, published by the American Tract Society during the last season. Both go back

can troops, and became king's printer during the whole of the ensuing war, and nothing could exceed the violence of his abuse of the rebels, as he

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OFFICE OF.....

JOHN MITCHELL

REAL ESTATE

AND

LOANS

Kendallville, Ind., March 2<sup>d</sup> 1900

Mrs. Emma C. Colton  
New Albany, Ind.

Found here in copy

on N.Y. for \$3.12 in

payment 1 copy of the  
Book, "New Purchases"

Book \$3.12 as for you,  
Boston 12 little of the  
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Please mail me the Book here.

Truly Yours  
John Mitchell

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The general picture presented to us in this New York after it was abandoned by the Ameri- city to go in a body to congratulate him on his

#846 Havitt Place

Bronx

New York City

April 2<sup>nd</sup> 1890

Dear Mrs Carleton:

Well, here the Annual Spring Bulletin, and I suppose it will find the season well advanced in Southern Indiana. I suppose you are already past Hepatica and Spring beauties, and dog tooth violets, and anemones, and are looking toward wild columbines, and maybe Cypropedium - and such. It has been the old story hereabouts: Hepatica and lots of it in early April and promise of an early spring and then a freeze up, but things are sprouting nicely in spite of the chilly winds. It will seem incredible but I know before our Spring beauties and dog tooth violets gather after the evening meal within two blocks of the flat in which we live. This will give you an idea of the rapid growth of the Metropolis, and the Bronx in particular. There is no transition period. It is wilderness

me a state and  
in navigation  
game of chess  
this was to date  
help me plentiful, on the also taken care,  
knowing how much of the salt beef and  
pork, and hard bread of the flour, and  
at first he to a bee like me, who had always  
lived ashore, and at home.

And I could not help regarding him with  
peculiar emotions, almost of tenderness and  
love, as the last visible link in the chain of  
association which bound me to my home.

One year, and City the next. Right back of us  
was a stretch of heavy timber which has recently  
been cut away, but some of the midgrowth  
and lowly wild flower have survived. - of course  
one very dry season, or lacking that - a few seasons  
even the most favorable - and the last traces of  
the prairie will be obliterated.

It is a long stretch from wild flower  
to wild men but you will note by the  
view which I am sending that Inwood  
is a most versatile region. A fellow with  
strong arm could throw a stone from the  
Redmans grave to Broadway on the east, and  
if he were to throw the other way, why there  
you hepatica and Anemones and prairie  
forest just is the Injun left it. Such is my life  
The burial is like the one we got nearly last  
August. Injun Cuddled up - or rather as I told  
you settling on his heels when he died and buried  
thus - on his side in the grave, and covered with  
oyster shells. You see we have a "Dining Rod"  
or rather a plain steel Rod which we thrust into

## III

the ground and thereby locate the shell pockets. Then we dig down and find Dog Burials, Indian burial, fire place and other things. This you will recall in the 17<sup>th</sup> British Regt Camp as well as an Indian village. We were digging out a Rev. fire place on the edge of Beaman Ave. where we got a cork screw, a pocket knife, gun flint, broken wine glass, and broken bottle, and happen to extend the excavation into Indian grave. You see it was like this:

Circa 1779, maybe in Sept, or Octob a little Company of British officers met together - some were encamped on the spot and others came from Ft George Camp or maybe from Kingsbury. and they sat around the stone fireplace and toasted the oysters in the fire which had been lighted by means of the gun flint and they opened the oyster with the knife, and they pulled the corks with the folding corkscrew and they drank rum, and they toasted King Geo. III and

Queen Charlotte, and of course after that  
 toast the glass was too sacred for  
 further use, and the natty little officer  
 of the 17<sup>th</sup> Light Dragoon - he of the silver  
 lace and button - and I have him better -  
 looked the officer of Marine in the eye - and  
 last Sunday I got the silver button of the Marine  
 officer then - and he dropped the glass, in  
 silence upon the stones of the fireplace, and  
 something happened to the glass, - so there you are  
 But the Surgeon - Well he had turned to "Such  
 Aureate earth" that man wanted him "dug up  
 again", and the blessed evening he is  
 holding a reception before the Medical Society  
 at Washington Inn, and would you believe it  
 it is only the moment I realized that I  
 should have been there. forgot it entirely.  
 No, I have not as yet sat to read  
 "Words to the wise - and others" but I am glad  
 to learn that you are "discovered". But Day?  
 We are discovered too!!! And we are going  
 into the elaborate new History of U.S. by Avery

the ambiguous and ill-digested

we should see the buttons, all tinted until they  
are alive. American, British, and Loyalists.  
We hope to see ourselves in Vol. V. will  
be 16 vols in all, best binding, \$300, or thereabouts.

Thank you for Gerardia. I guess the  
Island of Manhattan knows it no more,  
but it still flourishes over at Fort Lee across  
the Hudson for 129 ft. Some years ago  
I journeyed by the D. R. & N. R. R., and the  
train stopped on account of an accident  
in a railroad cut, and on the rocks  
within a few feet of my window was the  
finest specimen of Gerardia in bloom I have  
ever seen. Next fall I shall try to coax  
Ger. back to Manhattan.

I shall of course be glad to hear  
what you are doing this spring.

Yours sincerely

W. D. Allen

We are pursuing the good work of exploring the Camps. The Hudson Highlands is now the scene of our labors, and as the Camps are all within almost primitive forests and our party all nature lovers, you may guess our joys are real - More so when I tell you that the Society allows us \$250. — a year in expenses — Car fare, and out here we spent only \$125. last season but we shall try to get away with the \$250. this season.

review of the principal Events in the World, as they bear upon the state of Religion from the close of the Old Testament history, till the establishment of Christianity." By D. DAVIDSON.

We have also received from this house Dr. SPRING'S *Memoirs of the late Hannah L. Murray*, which we reserve for an extended notice in our next.

SAMUEL HUESTON (139 Nassau st.) has issued an excellent manual of the motives and privileges of the Christian Sabbath, in a little volume entitled "Heaven's Antidote to the Curse of Labor; or, the Temporal Advantages of the Sabbath, considered in relation to the working classes." By JOHN ALLAN QUINTON. With a Prefatory Notice, by Rev. Dr. TYNG. It is written, too, by a working man, the occasion which called it forth being a premium offered to that class for such a composition by a committee in England.

APPLETON & Co. have ready new editions of Mrs. HOWITT'S Tales for the People and their Children, with the titles—"Tales and Stories for Boys and Girls," "Juvenile Tales and Sketches," by Mary Howitt. In each three volumes are included in one.

The same house has also ready a new, improved edition of *The Sacred Poets of England and America*, edited by R. W. Griswold, with illustrations, of which we gave account last season. It is made up from good sources, is the best collection of the kind yet published in this country, and is appropriately revived among the gift-books of the present year.

PUTNAM has issued an edition, without the plates, of Mrs. ELLET'S Family Pictures from the Bible, in a neat 12mo. volume.

M. W. DODD is the publisher of a miniature volume of original poetry, entitled "Poetical Sketches of the Messiah." By Rev. SAMUEL F. PORTER, of Kingwood, N. J. The first sketch is entitled "The Gates of Hell," the second "Jacob's Ladder, the Gate of Heaven;" the third "Tabor; or, the Mount of Beatitudes;" the fourth "Bethany," the fifth "The Sacrifice," and the sixth "The Penitent Thief." The style exhibits fluency and ease, and without being a subject for criticism, the sketches

deemed the same among the matters common to the public in the author's *Confidences*; and it is a characteristic affair. The estate was burdened with debts, inasmuch that the owner was obliged to sell it—the land of his ancestors, of his boyish recollections. He had amused himself with writing an autobiographical reminiscence, an account of his first or rather second love, if such it can be called where no love was on his side. This he read to a friend, who was delighted; a bookseller offered a handsome amount for so many volumes of autobiography; M. de Lamartine shillyshalled, in a manner which he seems to think indicative of the right feeling, the true delicacy; but he was brought to a point by the threatened sale of his patrimony: here was a conflict of delicacies, and he made the larger sacrifice, by selling his confidence to the public and redeeming the ground sacred to his ancestors.

M. de Lamartine does not scorn to follow examples, but he improves upon them: he consents to be like Rousseau, only greater. Rousseau gave forth his *Confessions*, which were to instruct the self-wrapped disingenuous intolerance of man, and to fetch out of candor better counsel and kinder intercourse; their whole power derivable from the transparent truth. M. de Lamartine deems *Confessions* indelicate, so he selects only such *Confidences* as are engaging; and those he "touches up," heightening, softening, coloring, and adorning the historical piece which he paints from the looking-glass. Rousseau was the example *ad evitandum*; M. de Lamartine finds that it is he who is to supply the complement, the example *ad imitandum*. Rousseau was great downwards; M. de Lamartine modestly thinks that he, perhaps, is not so great, but it is heavenwards: Rousseau was the sublime abyss, he is the sublime mountain. But, somehow, the example is not so effective in the improved fashion; for it lacks the one principle of life—truth. He has beautified until you cannot distinguish the fact from the fiction which is founded on it. Its untruth is manifest in the single trait of internal evidence, that he reports conversations uttered

aspirations, his own tendency, his own imagination: she died for love—he collected materials for a pretty autobiographical episode to adorn his memoirs withal.

The *Confidences*, and its singular complement *Raphael*, are all of this tissue. In *Raphael*, M. de Lamartine paints himself platonically adoring a lady who was devoted to the service of Diana by a disease of the heart, which made her afraid to unite with him in a more fervent worship. That lady, so "pure" under penalty, is the beau-ideal of his adoration.

These literary traits of self-exposure help to explain M. de Lamartine's political failures: he is not content with fact and truth; he relies on a beautified counterfeit of truth; his own aim is something different from the thing that is really to be attained. As in the autobiography every living soul is appropriated as an accessory to the portrait of Lamartine, so the Republic was to be a background for an historical portrait of Lamartine. He is not content to be a great man, but must be a great something more than man. He is to be a great poet, without the self-forgetfulness of the fine phrensy; a great lover, without undergoing the dominion of a subduing passion; a great statesman, but released from vulgar considerations of details and practicabilities—a statesman whose trouble is not to go beyond the attitude and the eloquence. As chief of the Provisional Government, he got up a sublime picture of a revolutionary chief, Jovelliste bestriding the storm: but it was only a picture, not a working sublimity; and his government fell to pieces. He attempts to write the "History of the Revolution of 1848;" but says M. Eugène Forcade, "this is not a history, it is an impotent apology;" it is also a labored attempt to display the hero "Lamartine" in grand situations, himself grander than they.

The failure of the bargain that was to be deemed Milly is imputed to the Revolution which has paralysed the bookseller's plan. The bookseller might well reply, that the work is not worth the bargain; and further, that if M. de Lamartine had addressed himself

December 22, 1908.

Mrs. Emma Carleton,  
913 Upper High Street,  
New Albany, Indiana.

My dear Mrs. Carleton:-

I beg to say, in reply to your very delightful letter of the 21st, that "Views and Reviews - Henry James (Ball & Co., New York), will be sent to you today via the New Albany library. Please call there and get it. It contains the essay that you asked for, viz., on Walt Whitman.

You and Mrs. Brown, I fancy, would be good chums, for Walt Whitman she almost worships.

The duplicates of your own articles I will be very glad indeed to receive for the State Library and pay the charges. Please do not neglect to send them as soon as collected.

In regard to the Mitchell C. Kerr scrap book: I think that the State Library would possess a treasure in receiving it on deposit. If you will send it here at our expense, I will send you a deposit receipt for it, saying that it can be taken away only by your order or by the order of the family of Mr. Kerr himself. Will that not be satisfactory? If you wish to inform his son, well and good; I leave that entirely to you.

remembrance and serviceable repair. With-  
tending a special or invidious plea in its  
we challenge the consideration of our  
s to the fact, that Columbia College has  
existence in this city, under one name  
ther, ever since 1755, the better part  
ctive, stirring, and progressive century;  
we find it at this day, and in the centre  
population of nearly half a million,  
y better known, enlarged in fortune or  
lth of career, than on the morning when  
v. No. 20.

ambition, for example, has rendered services  
which must be recognised in all future efforts  
in this direction. How these good services  
might be enlarged, and what conditions of  
growth should enter into the future, are prob-  
lems for the guardians of the College in its  
new development.

The character of the new President furnishes  
es to us reasonable ground for believing that  
such progression may be properly entertain-  
ed and attempted with a promise of the hap-

ed the Lecture-book of his son, and found the  
self-same words employed, without change,  
development, or addition, as were in use in his  
own day, at that College, twenty years before.

That Institution, like every other, must call  
to mind the country in which it stands, and  
the times; that its students are part and parcel  
of the country, to be launched one day on its  
tumultuous current; and especially that they  
are, or are to be, American citizens, capable of  
office, and destined to a share in the affairs of

a great government, in a busy and momentous period in the history of the world. A building cannot be built of stone, and mortar, and timber alone; there must be a soul and design somewhere, to preside over it, or one day it must tumble to the ground a useless and shapeless mass!

concluded to let him go for one voyage, and see how he likes it.

"Ah! indeed!" said the captain, blandly, and looking where I stood. "He's a fine fellow; I like him. So you want to be a sailor, my boy, do you?" added he, affectionately patting my head. "It's a hard life, though; a hard life."

"But when I looked round at his comfortable

"Upon this my benevolent friend thought there was a grand opportunity to befriend me.

"Yes, he's quite a sportsman," said he, "he got a very valuable fowling-piece at home; perhaps you would like to purchase it, captain, I shoot gulls with at sea? It's cheap."

"Oh! no, he had better leave it with his relations," said the captain, "so that he can go huntin

I thank you very much for your courtesy and thoughtfulness in these matters, because they provide the Library with interesting material which might otherwise be lost.

I keep in mind that I am due in New Albany some day, and of course expect to make a pilgrimage to your house.

Accept my most hearty wishes for a happy time during these holidays, and believe me

Most sincerely yours,

*Drummond*  
Librarian.

voyage to Liverpool and back before the mast. The story opens dramatically, with a gift from his brother of a shooting jacket, a fancy investiture, which is afterwards productive of no little mirth at the wearer's expense. A certain parlor decoration of a glass ship, which his father had in former days brought home from Hamburg, bore its part in tickling his imagination. Passing this over, with other incidental influences, Wellingborough Redburn is one day at New York, in the hands of his brother's friend Mr. Jones, making a tour of the shipping on the look-out for a ship for Liverpool. The introduction to Captain Riga of the Highlander is a key to the nature and spirit of the book:—

#### CAPTAIN RIGA IN PORT.

"Next day, my brother's friend, whom I choose to call Mr. Jones, accompanied me down to the docks among the shipping, in order to get me a place. After a good deal of searching, we lighted upon a ship for Liverpool, and found the captain in the cabin; which was a very handsome one, lined with mahogany and maple; and the steward, an elegant looking mulatto in a gorgeous turban, was setting out on a sort of sideboard some dinner service which looked like silver, but it was only Britannia were highly polished.

"As soon as I clapped my eye on the captain, I thought to myself he was just the captain to suit me. He was a fine looking man, about forty, splendidly dressed, with very black whiskers and very white teeth, and what I took to be a free, frank look out of a large hazel eye. I liked him amazingly. He was promenading up and down the cabin, humming some brisk air to himself when we entered.

"Good morning, sir," said my friend.

"Good morning, good morning, sir," said the captain. "Steward, chairs for the gentlemen."

"Oh! never mind, sir," said Mr. Jones, rather taken aback by his extreme civility. "I merely called to see whether you want a fine young lad to go to sea with you. Here he is; he has long wanted to be a sailor; and his friends have at last

looking tummy again.

"Oh! no, he was a wealthy merchant."

"Ah! indeed!" said the captain, looking grave and bland again, "then this fine lad is the son of a gentleman!"

"Certainly," said my friend, "and he's only going to sea for the humor of it; they want to send him on his travels with a tutor, but he will go to sea as a sailor."

"The fact was, that my young friend (for he was only about twenty-five) was not a very wise man; and this was a huge fib, which, out of the kindness of his heart, he told in my behalf, for the purpose of creating a profound respect for me in the eyes of my future lord.

"Upon being apprised that I had wilfully borne taking the grand tour with a tutor, in order to put my hand in a tar-bucket, the handsome captain looked ten times more funny than ever; and said that he himself would be my tutor, and take me on my travels, and pay for the privilege.

"Ah!" said my friend, "that reminds me of business. Pray, captain, how much do you generally pay a handsome young fellow like this?"

"Well," said the captain, looking grave and profound, "we are not so particular about beauty, and we never give more than three dollars to a green-lad like Wellingborough here, that's your name, my boy? Wellingborough Redburn!—Upon my soul, a fine sounding name."

"Why, captain," said Mr. Jones, quickly interrupting him, "that won't pay for his clothing."

"But you know his highly respectable and wealthy relations will doubtless see to all that," replied the captain, with his funny look again.

"Oh! yes, I forgot that," said Mr. Jones, looking rather foolish. "His friends will of course see to that."

"Of course," said the captain smiling.

"Of course," repeated Mr. Jones, looking ruefully at the patch on my pantaloons, which just then I endeavored to hide with the skirt of my shooting-jacket.

"You are quite a sportsman, I see," said the captain, eyeing the great buttons on my coat, upon each of which was a carved fox.

very sea-sick when you get to sea."

"And with that he smiled very pleasantly; and bowed two or three times, and told the steward open the cabin-door, which the steward did with peculiar sort of grin on his face, and a slanting glance at my shooting-jacket.

"And so we left."

There were some little articles to be disposed of for the outfit, "a dismal rainy day" be passed on the wharves, and then came a lot of gentle initiation into the duties of ship-carpenter in the business of "cleaning out the pig-pen and slushing down the topmast." The first impressions of a boy of spirit, but of tenderness, are very naturally conveyed through these and similar scenes. There are some touching incidents, too, which will strike home to the hearts of mothers as they read, and excite, peradventure, in old sea-captains, a revival of old memories at which they will pause for moment before hurrying to the next chapter. The meal of "raw carrots" is one of the touches of nature (homely, of little import in the world of great things, but so true in itself as the relation) which have caused us to think of De Foe. Raw novelties and hardships, however, soon become familiarity and insensibility, and the green hand turns in and out, the various nautical duties arise, with the confirmed feelings of a sailor. A gentleman in the fore-castle would be simply a subject of caricature; the son of a gentleman turned sailor, and writing his report, is a character which old Montaigne, or any other philosopher of his kind, would study with delight. The fore-castle of any ship is the world in miniature. You will find all the governments of the world represented there in individual nautical Louis Bonapartes, Pope Pius, and Emperor Nicholas. The tyrant of the sea was one Jackson, perhaps the most remarkable specimen of portraiture in the book.

JACKSON.

"Did you ever see a man with his hair

ture portions, or of the author's capacity to handle the vexed questions of Lord Byron's life, we can of course say nothing. By the acknowledged stoppage of the work in England, we may presume strong grounds of objection on the score of property or propriety, for one thousand letters of Byron, &c., would never lack a publisher long under fair circumstances. What were the distinct grounds of the legal interference alleged by the editor, or what was of the combination of influences," to which he alludes, we know not. Whatever be the grounds, the case evidently is one of literary conflict between the two countries, which is published here which is published in England on suitable grounds in the country, and can only, in the most interested, regretful relations of England and of such as to secure us of literary rights. It is a ship, in the present between the countries, the prohibited on one side issued on the other, published in both lands.

THE CA

*The Caxtons: a Family*  
Bulwer Lytton. For

UNDER the shelter of "The Caxtons" have before us for some number has brought the close, and as we have from Messrs. H. a few observations upon the production of the Doctor School, showing some facility of penmanship, free of interest, and awaited with an anxiety flattering to an author. It was questioned early, when, presently, the country caused the law to Sir E. I. being under one of his proved a happy one is. We see, in the first wearying of the high which he has indulged we have matter for concern has been successful walk, is a point not so mind. Popularity is a favor of any fiction; it can be pleaded that approvingly, too. To expect to account for this present, wherein alone is recognised. Readers Romantic, the Historian clinging lovingly to any them a type of their. That this fact is the character of modern and now in this Literature that knight-errant of Lytton, has also resolved doubtless willing ability of talent should at the first effort it set his late exaggeration of style had brought more genial would indeed have of science or magic, but his old demon—affected

destroys the effect of what would otherwise have been a decided improvement in his manner of thought. In the case of "The Caxtons," this complete want of genuineness is more particularly felt, from the labored attempts at simplicity and nature, a straining too evident throughout, to suffer the word artistic to be applied to his work. On the contrary, what was willingly intended to be a picture full of quiet repose, has, owing to this evil spirit, been converted into a tissue of feebleness and inanity. Nevertheless, as curiosity towards the new, and respect for the author's

*Life, Health, and Disease.* By Edward Johnson, M.D. New York: Wiley.

Of all the humbugs which perplex mortality, hydropathy has, to say the least, a sprinkling of sense. It is this slight tincture which enables it to soak into the heads of some apparently quite astute people, and to, thereafter, absorb all their faculties. It is not astonishing that so liquid a hobby should have a run. We expect every day to hear that its rival—which, by the way, has given place to it—has adopted some of its views, and with the all-powerful similia similibus in sight, had pre-

own yellow Croton worth something! think that it is mud."

grow cold water give a *six bad*—erroneous theory. of great utility. and also that the little soap is not for French ladies, tely stated, never rning one's body ing a soaker even

the practitioners of, underhand man—spread their views. work the title of the author attempts plogy, the wisdom of men, in 175 metaphors, forced (now) illustrations—asional Greek and the whole written tyle. Little if any views of the auctent as "Author of pendix, where the at all this fine writy a hydropath, and ellent.

readable one, espeve the snake in the at any one will be laugh at it or with ll drive away dyske a walk from the ween each chapter.

E WEEK.

Philadelphia have al for 1850—"The ited by Reynell ment on the issues design and in several execution. The ginal and partly sepapers being from ed Editor, opening d the highly appreer's group of statu-r, which is appro-frontispiece of the are from the apnglish writers, Miss uts, Rev. T. Dale, ssington, &c.,—this ngering as an Ame-mostly gone out of mezzotint illustra-various excellence, z taken from West-esigns. There are t; printed in colora g is in a new and

*Dr. Croton*

*Louisville Ap 11*

*My dear Friend*

*Emma*

*I am very sorry*

*that I cannot come to assist*  
*Wedding. I know that you*  
*be left in mourning & I had*  
*hoped to get over to comfort*  
*you when shall we go to the*  
*woods? almost every day*  
*that is pleasant I can come*  
*over in the afternoon. Of course*  
*we low agree from our letter*  
*lament each, but but we must*  
*make amends by trying to be*  
*as happy as we can over the*  
*loss. Tell me when we can*  
*go. I told you Pa & he said*  
*he would speak to you about it,*  
*but then he may have forgotten*  
*it.*  
*Truly yours*  
*E.D.C.*

tasteful style. Among the original matter we notice the following, which has now a mournful interest:—

SONNET TO MY MOTHER.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Because the angels in the Heavens above,  
Devoutly sing unto one another  
Can find amid their burning terms o  
None so devotional as that of "m  
Therefore by that sweet name I long  
You who are more than mother ur  
Filling my heart of hearts, where G  
In setting my Virginia's spirit free.  
My mother—my own mother, who d  
Was but the mother of myself; b  
Are mother to the dead I loved so d  
Are thus more precious than the of  
By that infinity with which my wife  
Was dearer to my soul than its so

Butler & Co. also publish  
Flake for 1850" with nine  
Sartain, and original contrit  
Coates, Professor Moffat, Miss  
is very neat in its general appe

The new edition of Tupp  
Philosophy by the same house  
ral outlay of the publishers in t  
of this favorite volume. The  
this work is extraordinary, ther  
many editions of it issued as  
History. The present is in a  
presentation, an ample small  
type well leaded, and each line  
ning across the page. A dash  
fixed shows an animated look, a  
enthusiasm of the proverbs.  
moral writing has always bee  
by the people, there having bee  
lar productions than Young's  
Cowper's moral declamation,  
of Time, to which, we suppose  
evidences of general acceptat  
Proverbial Philosophy, with n  
from the rest, is fairly to be ad

Christmas Blossoms, and Nei  
for 1850 by Uncle Thomas, is a  
juveniles also published by But  
illustrations are well selected,  
we speak from observation, i  
young folks. The large type  
too, are no unimportant consi  
youthful literature.

The British and Foreign Me  
Review, Oct. 1849. R. & G.  
York. This, perhaps the mos  
the English reviews, comes  
well-laden. There is but litt  
apt to interest the general rea  
sant to notice the favorable att  
upon two American works,  
stetries, and Dr. Gairdner's Me  
which is pronounced among th  
has been produced.

M. Boudin furnishes statisti  
erroneousness of the doctrin  
tion, which suppose that resic  
men to climates otherwise ur  
He has brought forward am  
little success and the great me  
attended the attempts at the  
Algiers. In the same way th  
always failed in fixing himse  
the French cannot propagat  
Corsica.

The difference of the comp  
of the different races placed  
circumstances, is seen by exan  
white and the negro populatio  
cases the mortality was as follows:—

In Philadelphia, whites	24	negroes	47
" N. York, whts. above 10 ys. 15	"	"	26
Eastern Penitentiary, whites	20	"	70
Westersfield	23	"	100
West Indies, White soldiers	78	neg. solds.	40
Sierra Leone	"	16 deaths	" to 1 death.
Gibraltar	"	21.4	" " 62

The mortality of the negro tribes is due to  
phthisis and typhus—they are almost exempt  
from malarious influences.

In Sierra Leone the whites are 160 times  
more fatally affected by fevers than the blacks.  
In diseases of the chest they enjoy a greater

ciety. Vol. IV. No. 2. This number of t  
quarterly publication of the New Jersey Hi  
torical Society contains a "Memoir of Jo  
Fenwicke, Chief Proprietor of Salem Tent  
—whose name and fame are so intimately a  
sociated with the settlement and growth

Louisville, Ky.,  
Jan. 8, 1887

Dear Miss Nunemacher:

Some time  
ago, in the dim Laurentian  
Period of the Earth's existence,  
I received a postal from  
you making enquiry as  
to the "Text Book of Geology  
by Dana."

It happened that  
when your postal reached  
the Store I was absent—  
one of the officers of the  
Election then being held.

Your card did not reach  
me until two or three days

Shakspeare. Mrs. Ford reading the letter of  
the gallant knight, a spirited sketch by Cor-  
bould, is the frontispiece. The large type and  
elegant appearance of this edition causes it to  
be received with general favor.

Proceedings of the New Jersey Historical So-

It is capable of exciting much amusement

among the young folk.  
VIRTUE & Co. (26 John Street) have re-  
ceived the October number of Sharpe's Maga-  
zine. Jeremy Taylor is introduced in the  
"Mary Powell" papers, talking as he wrote.  
The imitation of his style is successful, but

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them. Th  
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friend an  
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Bartlett &

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city.  
ready bound  
n of "The  
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McFarlane,

nd the Game  
re now pub-  
ries of cards  
lent, the pe-  
eing drawn  
s questions  
or children.

amusement

would he speak to something is to be learned writer?

"He said, 'Perh come when you sh die of the charities for, not to consider ceaseless passion for ties with ourselves current of life, even for her child, as of Marcellus, eris,'—c Artemisia and Lao

The remaining and the reviews v Virtue and Co. x. of Frank Fai shank.

Greenwood; a CLEVELAND, is or hand-book is pany, with one tions of the chi press is judicious the necessary in what should be h prepared under t the book is all th for visitors to the scene to carry a catalogue of prop Several of the his one, in particu Mitchel. The pr It may be procu and at the offic way.

MONROE & Co rect Map of the Gold Region frd 1849, for J. J. J towns, ranchos, with their sever Also a new editi Trap to Catch a from this house for Young People a collection in t of "feelings and for Children," i introducing spir dium.

REDFIELD, w present with th issued the third Drawing Book. The mathemati are in the high ous portions of

Or

TO T D

Ort had I heard And often searched for thee through field and wood, Yet could I never find the secret bower Where thou dost lead in maiden solitude A cloistered life; but on one happy day Wandering in idle thought, with a dear friend, Through dying woods, listening the robin's lay, I saw thy fairy flowers whose azure gemmed The fading grass beneath a cedar's boughs. Oh never yet so glad a sight has met These eyes of mine! Depart, before the snows Of hastening winter thy fringed garments wet. 'Tis these azure flowers should never fade nor die, At bloom, exhale, and gain their native sky.

C. C. C.

November, 1849.

Manhattan Feb 23<sup>rd</sup>

My Dear Friend

It seems very late to be sending you mine for if I wait a little longer I may add 95 but I am trying to let you see some good letter was fully appreciated but I have had blindness, deafness to contend with since I lost Lauret & you & even now have to send you this without reading what I have written since Xmas, have had an acute spell of rheumatism in the foot the worst is over but nearly

delineations (colored), from LANSING THURBERG were given these specimens in question Aboriginal "Picture" 1845 by Mr. Thurber of one branch of the Castle; and executed of the tribe, about ten may be considered, portion of the Image referring to some of the that have occurred is, and extending back tradition. They are of interest.

MAN then read a paper igious Missions. Mr. the beneficial effect of then portions of man- he Moravian Colonies romoters of happiness 'liet Missions in the the Society of Jesus; ere sketched in rapid traced the history of from Canada to Para- tions of the American ation of their influence, ighty arguments, may in his own concluding apparent aim of Jesu- to "eat out the heart

arding the most effect- with the Indian mind and truthful.

a paper on the Origin he Chinese System of ans of facilitating the ese Language, illustrat- He began with a brief re of the Chinese lan- and written, and of the uished Sinologists have t. He showed that the sed that the written cha- "consisted of a wonder- phic symbols so perfect- ite intelligible when ad- person who understood language to which they this idea came to be ex- ectly opposite one was great body of the charac- ic, or that they are so in are also phonetic, that is, l upon the plan of denot- spoken words which they ews contended that both rtially and only partially earliest characters were ple of symbolizing ideas only in comparatively e plan been adopted of dy in existence to indi- er homophonous words.

Society; saying that the present subscription (with the late bequest by Miss Demilt of \$5,000) amounts to \$16,000—leaving \$9,000 lacking for the required aggregate of \$25,000. But another \$3,000 has been offered by an opulent citizen—provided the entire sum required for the erection of the much-needed edifice is raised by the 1st of January next. It will thus be seen that but \$6,000 are needed, provided this amount can be obtained in the ensuing two months or less. To this end, subscription books have been opened at the Society's Rooms.

The Librarian, Mr. MOORE, presented a

He asserts then that "the proper point of investigation is the limit that divides the symbolic from the phonetic development of the system—a point which can only be determined satisfactorily by rediscovering the original emblems of which the whole written language is composed." As a verification of this theory he then proceeded to explain an entire series of the ancient or ideographically formed characters, viz. those containing the sign for tree, amounting to 141 in number; and then exhibited some examples of compound characters. We will only add that its reception by the Society was most flattering, the closest



Boston, we observe a "D. Wilderness," original, by production, \$176; "Rig \$520; Venetian Horses, 1

— Mr. J. Fisk Allen in Salem, a collection of n under cover, embracing 5 of which, this present ses upwards of 4000 lbs. His some of his vines produc the year. Mr. Allen is au Treatise on the Culture the Grape Vine."

— A convention of Dr ers has been called in Bo tural statistics of the Sta 1840, set down the value c 029, which was more than awine in the same State, half the value of its sheep its neat cattle, and nearly of its horses and mules.

— A correspondent o quirer notices the pulpiti Church, at East Lexington by Dr. Follen:—"It has work, a candlestick, a cup a wreath of stars, and in t to symbolize respectively Gospel, spiritual commu science eake, the heavenly the whole gathered arou summed up in that embl once despised, but now re cant of the Divine words, t sacrificial death and glori Him who is "the way, life."

— Hon. Edward Eve R. B. Rhett, that he has r Mr. Powers, dated Floren says, the statue of Mr. finished, it having taken : than the artist anticipated its being his first draped j Everett says he has no dot who is thoroughly conscie best to fulfil his engagem statue. He took with hil dels of heads when he l Florence; and has been the support of his large f orders. The amount of into all of his works is ve of his busts there are d days' intense labor, on hi Bartholini's, the first nativ He not only bestows th personal labor on all his w in his assistants a degre of that class possess. It of his power to turn out his studio as might othe everything that leaves it utmost attainable point o

— "A singular and in the everlasting trade-din of the merchants Exchange," says the Tribu e, "occurred last week." A sale of stocks and silver-ware belonging to the estate of Mr. Clarkson, was on the tapis, and a full representation of the de-scendants of the name were present, each anxious to secure some relic of the olden time. The silver-ware was brought to this country by the first emigrant of the name, in 1691, and has remained in the family ever since. The stocks, of course, were modern invention, and comprised a value of about \$150,000 of National, State, and Bank shares. These sold at average prices; but the silver

3  
to go on all - I could not under-  
stand what you mean  
the Meddler's if I could  
read would know I know  
can enjoy that pleasure but  
I can not sit with great difficulty  
so must pass many lonely  
hours a Mother with 4 little  
ones as her hands full my eyes  
are weary and I must stop  
without saying so many things  
to go on all I would love to say  
but give my love to all the  
dear ones and accept a  
large share for yourself  
from your mother  
Hedra G. Anderson

"The Early W. Ingraham

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#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE

☐ The attention of subscribers to whom bills have been sent is particularly requested to their immediate payment.

MR. SAMSON Low, 169 Fleet street, London, is the sole agent of the Literary World for Great Britain, to whom all English payments are to be made, and orders for advertisements and subscriptions addressed.

A new work by James, the novelist, is shortly to appear, from the press of the HARRIS, entitled "Dark Scenes from History."

Griwald (R. W.)—The Sacred Poets of England and America from the earliest to the present time. 8vo. pp. 552 (D. Appleton & Co.)

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ton, Philadelphia; Mr. Ticknor, Boston.

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January 3rd, 1911.

Mrs. Emma Carlton,  
New Albany, Ind.

My Dear Mrs. Carlton:—

Your charming little gift arrived just on the day before New Years, and I want to thank you for the "Christmas Greeting" the "Wish", "Faith", and last, but not least the charming little passe partout containing the dainty little feather mounted on Jap paper, with the little golden shower back of it. It is so daintily and beautifully arranged and put up. I prize them all, and am sure that Mrs. Drake will be delighted with them.

I want to tell you that my daughter Hilah was married about two weeks ago, and will go to live in Indiana. She married Mr. Clifton Albert Wheeler, whose native town, I believe, is Mooresville, Indiana. I have told her that as soon as she gets settled, she must call on you, and make herself known. Mr. Wheeler is an artist, who shows great promise, and, I believe, is an instructor in the Indianapolis Art School.

We did not add to our Thumb Nail series this year, owing to the infringement of our idea by an English publisher, so I have no little Thumb Nail to send you, but I hope to find something which will please you. This marriage and the overwhelming work have kept me from doing many things that I usually do at this season.

You will be glad to know that my health is very much improved, owing to my long vacation, and that I am back in the harness and working every day - not quite as long hours as formerly, but still long enough.

With renewed thanks to you, and wishing you the happiest of New Years, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

A. W. Drake

Illustrated with nearly one hundred fine Engravings.

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M. W. DODD,  
Brick Church Chapel.

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THE INSURANCE COMPANY, for-  
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it has been in operation, ending 16th  
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the whole premium has been paid in  
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GOUPIL, VIBERT & Co.,  
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April 21st, 1909

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS That I &c

Dear Emma

I have beaten you now! I'm puffed up with reasonable pride. I'm more than XXX. Because I fell from high stone steps at my dining room door onto a big granite stone to step on as we get out of carriages hitting right on end of spine. Then careering over on to hafon(?), then my head got under the wheels then I squeezed out- and next fell back and one wheel went over my right arm without breaking a bone. Next- Jerry, my pet horse, backed by me, so near I could see under him and how big he looked, not more than one inch from my head. O awful- horrible! I scared every one so- and all said It was not only a mystery but a genuine miracle.

A young man pruning trees here was up in a grand old elm near by, saw me fall under wheels and jumped to get to my aid. My special maid and a seamstress heard me cry, and saw me in that awful predicament. I actually got up, was helped into the house. And walked upstairs to my room unaided. The bruises on my body are a piteous sight, but not one bone broken- nor my skull crushed in- saved from being trampled to death by a favorite horse who is very lively!

What do you say to all that? Am I not a hundred X; and some other X? Unknown quantities, I firmly believed took charge of me, saved me from a horrible death.

So here's to you- hoping you are now feeling strong-  
So

Kate Sanborn

What think of this paper?

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keeping before—and telling a mile away that  
it is coming. Of all sad things in the whole

they can come to see me-us. I am coming  
to see you sometime in the near future,  
I hope, but cannot tell when, but till  
then—

I remain cordially & sincerely  
yours Harriet R. Scribner

the sight of the  
heroes—walking  
all their mount-  
not fail to ob-  
shows and exhibi-  
of the fantasies  
ong them we have  
ed from one win-  
other a bust—sup-  
al—with a wreath  
d or-ribbon about  
ity of people not to  
vil, temperate, and  
s on, till it reaches  
ngs of the current  
ry—where we find  
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house-tops—more  
d sharing more (we  
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ment for the living  
their cocked hats on

ny has returned to  
people has calmed  
back to their own  
their Holiday, and  
st have, under some  
appointed orator re-  
titude the Funeral  
slowly out upon the  
peace—the peace of  
e peace of blest Im-  
the dead!

a useful spring-board  
is more frequently a  
—Eliza Cook's Jour-

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

Jan. 27th, 1893.

Mrs. Emma Carleton,

Dear Madam:

Enclosed please find

Messrs. Harper and Brothers' check for  
Six Dollars (\$6.00), in payment for your  
poem entitled "The Ideal Audience", ac-  
cepted for 16th page of Harper's Bazar.

Very truly yours,

The Editor,  
Per D.

Crowded with unhappy memories

Some, to mansion  
Where the ever  
Shall be fuller  
Than the turmoil  
Yet were once  
Blest with quick  
We should shudd  
To behold wha  
Some who see  
On the side walk

For, beside the  
And the maide  
And the old mar  
Swift and view  
Still the Fates  
Stern and silent,

MR. GILES'S OPEN  
MERCANTILE

A MEMBER of the  
business of the  
that all the prom  
lectures might no  
however, from ne  
popular orators  
invited, but had  
Rev. Dr. Bethun  
one lecture. Dr

but had not yet s  
We candidly  
to consider ourse  
in the least inter  
listless, careless  
meets at the so  
ment, it is evide  
not of our opini  
mend to these  
next experimen  
ment, to possess  
mittance to the

Home Jan 8-08.

My dear Friend.

I want to write a few  
lines to thank you very  
much, for your dear and  
sympathizing letter to both  
Etta & myself. I read so-  
kind of you, & we both  
appreciated it very much.  
It was so much to us.

course of delivery before the  
Association, at Clinton

series we were struck by  
visions painted upon every  
audience; each seemed to  
lection from the eloquent  
lecturer.

coming unpopular, it is said:  
Is it not very much because  
urers belong to a class who  
ng else? A young gentle-  
vigorous intellect that the  
the close and calm observa-  
or the devoted earnestness  
minister of religion; to be-  
mechanic even, demands a  
s to work scarcely less rare  
banded gentry of whom we  
tly our interesting youth be-

He accomplishes himself in  
cloth, cultivates an extremely  
acquires a pure and elegant  
several sentences of foreign  
prepared, with a gracefu  
esents himself to amuse and  
; and it is not surprising if the  
entertainment somewhat tire  
ase is far different when th  
of a man of genius and sens  
in this form, with a power  
page has not,—the magic c

of Mr. Giles's first lectur  
e began with the account  
ook as given by the Hibernia  
possessor. His droll absurd  
first seemed intended only  
concealed, in fact, hints of  
of the evening. In answer

And wonder  
Since time  
The river  
The travel  
The child  
And still he  
'Tis past, and  
A field is  
Yet still the  
Is flowing

There are  
following, which  
fancy to which  
ing thrown back  
creasing its ho  
(Shakspeare's fi  
velvet, the hands

The human face  
And it opens  
Time hath its  
Life hath its leg  
And he that r

Our summers ar  
Our winters  
Till years have  
And left it a lea  
Of promises

The beatings of  
The secrets of  
As the hand of  
The innermost li  
Are known by

How closely the  
And preach to  
For ever around  
Their mute, inex  
The passioned

We read in  
sense of the we  
sighing after the  
a sound moral  
"Things won and  
doing:"—

Thy frame a  
Where eve  
Bring tidings  
Where life

BOOKS

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The second number continues on plate 21  
ical instruments, the telescope, the camera,  
ric lantern, and apparatus for exhibiting  
polarization of light. Plate 22 exhibits  
rent number of electric and magnetic in-  
uments, galvanometers, magnetic machines,  
tic needle, and a great variety of the pro-  
ts of modern ingenuity in this interesting

to blame their own inefficiency. The done-boil-  
ing establishment of a poor man could in a  
few instances be broken up as a nuisance, but  
the filthy corn-stables of a wealthy distiller,  
though they stank like the Augean stables,  
and the milk fabricated there carried sure dis-  
ease with it, were untouched. They say "it  
is not everything that is offensive to the sight  
or smell that is really a nuisance." The Su-

pressed his soft, warm hand.  
MR. LONGFELLOW'S EVANGELINE AND  
KAVANAGH.  
[From the London Examiner, Oct. 13.]  
ONE source of the pleasure derived from the  
perusal of Mr. Longfellow's writings is the  
quiet truth of their local coloring. In the  
writings of some of his countrymen we detect

I send pamphlet history of Ripon College.  
Ripon College.

REV. RUFUS C. FLAGG, D. D., President.

Ripon, Wis., 1/28, 1894.

My dear Mr. Carleton,  
Even since your long-ago post-card inquiry was received I have intended to try to get positive information to give you, but sickness kept me away from Chicago at the holidays, and the books there do not answer your questions. Thomas Becket's father was Gilbert and a rich man. I think I have read somewhere of "Thomas and a penitential episode." Denunyon in "Becket" makes King say in Prologue that Thomas has never loved, but in Act 5, Sc. 2, 13 page "There was a little fair-haired Norman maid liv'd in my mother's house. If Rosamund is the world's rose, she was the world's lily." Becket must be the priest whose head was broken by the King's bullies. I regret my ignorance and inability, as Chaucer puts it: "My wit is short, ye may wel understonde." I thank you heartily for papers with some of your bright and witty brevities. Pray continue them and work out the Shakespeare too. Yours sincerely, O. B. Clark.

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life uncomfort-  
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by Prof. Ellet  
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Statistics which  
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a continuous and painful effort to be American. Mr. Longfellow, on the contrary, is contented to be what nature made him. And hence the impressions and modes of thought unconsciously received from the scenery and society amid which his mind has formed itself, reveal themselves with equal unconsciousness.

Mr. Longfellow's singular felicity.

This is in itself one of the works of fiction of the writings of De Foe's, conscious charms. Mr. I with higher than quick perception and tender, he is familiarly with and a soundness and applies these. He has patiently his talents. He is a full observer of countrymen, he is a school of German nationality. While yet we are conscious of the influence of the German Kavanagh. Mr. neates the even a spirit akin to *Evangeline* we are undeserving to thea of Goethe.

Kavanagh is a difference. incessant revelation break through Richter, are not has nothing of times character the indulgence so harshly with purity.

Perhaps the educated society but by that imagination at which Richter revel. The iron of our nature, the men of for entangled in the educated man alternately in There is the world, in which duties, and put the axis of the world of books culties find the life. This is the imaginativ progress; but united when a The present both in the capabilities of cal treatment. of romance, imagination, I world, is apt But since it is the poet, who

"we shall have always with us," must make the most of the materials offered to him in the best way he can. In these facts we trace the origin, and find the vindication, of that class of prose fictions of which Richter's and Longfellow's are examples.

The scene of *Kavanagh* is a New England village in the process of becoming a railway

town. The principal characters are the schoolmaster, with his wife and children; an old clergyman, unceremoniously cashiered by his parishioners; his successor, Kavanagh himself; the district judge and his daughter; the butcher, the mercer, the bird-fancier, and other notables of the village. Individual peculiarities are brought out with a fine touch. The old clergyman

bridegroom. The story was suggested by the expulsion of the neutral French from the province of Acadia by the British Government at the close of the war of succession. The transference of the exiles to other regions was effected with such reckless precipitance that many families were scattered, never to meet again. On this hint

Mr. Longfellow's imagery with the bride and bridegroom lives in mutual searches the story is told in a style of versification narrative in which suspension are the predominant features. The sketch of the transference of the French Acadians is truly idyllic. The farmer in the arms of his wife on the eve of embarkation, of the burning village, is the interest in *Evangeline*, but life prolonged search, intermission; and what is relieved by beautiful imagery of the southwestern lives of their inhabitants. relieved by the atmosphere of religious reliance, places through which the *Evangeline* passes. And the during woman, as of her lover, is peace. The imagery of the poem is with that higher spiritual pleasure even to the

must add, upon the strong New England life and society, and in Old England. They, but they are accidental bottom the men of New England still. In every English Mitford could tell) we parts to the prominent field. Their daily avocations, pleasures, are in the Their morals, their weak English parishioners cannot rid themselves of a dull with this difference, they have bickerings all the same as pleasant picnic party at is not without as pleasant

Both in New and Old lives of the same men, in world, form one of the change. And if not in England north of the Tweed, we spirits to Hester Green's and her the day after the ball, the fire of a certain place her feet while she was

NOVEMBER. as that has not felt of the failing year? on still with grief and fear, leaf, and widely dealt; r burns yon woodland belt no tree in glowing death of flame, to fade and melt of the west wind's breath. him blue mist, on slope and

light, in a dream of day: But from that full, the winds of change have burst, And purged the drowsy air with chilling rain: And spoiled the groves, and raved, and wreaked their worst, Till all the scene seems harsh, and cold, and grey F. G. H.

Greenfield, Mass.

Indiana University, 3/30/93.

Dear Mr. Carleton,

You are very kind to send me the *Scribner's Magazine*. I thank you heartily also for the clipping on *Becket*.

I think you could make two articles out of the eye in *Shakespeare*, but I do not quite like the second title. How would this from *The Tempest* (5.1.156) do?

"Their eyes do officers of truth."

Please tell Miss Day and Miss Muenemacher that there is to be a class of beginners in Latin this fall.

Please also have Judge Cardoill announce that we shall take *Becket* instead of *Queen Mary*.

You certainly can make use of the eye in the *Bacon Shakespeare* argument.

Yours sincerely,

O. B. Clark  
Mr. Emma Carleton, New Albany.

men in actual society. fellow in *Kavanagh*. It is a tale of simple earnestness, very graceful, and amid its exaggerated truthfulness animated by a tranquil and lofty spirit of endurance. The story is of a betrothed and her bridegroom, separated on the eve of their marriage, only to be re-united in extreme old age at the death-bed of the

But from that full, the winds of change have burst, And purged the drowsy air with chilling rain: And spoiled the groves, and raved, and wreaked their worst, Till all the scene seems harsh, and cold, and grey F. G. H.

REVEREND CAPTAIN SCHUYLER HAMILTON.

"Mira il favorecido del Dios!"  
It was not superstition's breath  
That thus dispelled the fear of death;  
Those words the aged chief bequeathed,  
In memory's garland should be wreathed  
To nerve thy soul in battle's strife,  
And shield it from the wiles of life.  
Favored of God! does his right arm  
Chosen few protect from harm?  
Can a frail mortal win by prayer  
The blessing of his partial care?  
Those who have never wandered  
From childhood's high and clear  
Whose primal love has kept  
Who've held their birthright  
The meek, the trustful, and the true  
Are nearer God than this world  
Their life, thus charmed by no  
Wards evil off like tempered  
For self-possession, faith, and  
The great preservatives from  
Live in a soul where justice reigns  
And Honor more than Law reigns  
Favored of God!—O let thy  
A holy watchword unto thee,  
A sign that thou art pledged to  
Communities which angels share  
Won on the earth in thy first year  
By loyalty to Nature's truth.

The idea of legal responsibility growing out of the publication of Dr. O.'s works, from any supposed resemblance to Manesca's, is preposterous and absurd. Similar expressions, and identical expressions in great numbers, must naturally occur in the works of different authors writing on a similar subject, though having no connexion or knowledge of each other's writings; and particularly so in an elementary work founded on practice, in which we must commence with the names of the

sity has drawn tears from so many eyes, in the fairy scene, the drinking bouts, the learning of the landscapes and Shakspeare compositions—in all things—the collection is thoroughly and unmistakably German—as much so to our apprehension as a collection of Volkslieder.

We can distinguish through all the intense feeling which is the marked peculiarity of that

4614 FRANKLIN AVENUE  
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Dear Madam:  
I regret that I  
am unable to give you  
any information about  
anything of Vernon Lee's.  
I have never even seen one  
of her books. I see that  
her name is Violet Paget.  
I have extremely little  
leisure - & perhaps even  
less "cash" but from what  
you say, I am tempted  
to try some of her books

justice to a distinguished foreign  
ing communication from Dr. O.  
to some allusions to his system  
y a friend of the late Mr. Manesca  
have now given a hearing to both  
ur columns to further communi  
No. 28 bis, rue de R  
PARIS, 172A C  
DORFF'S METHOD OF L  
D, WRITE, AND SPEAK A  
MONTHS.  
Editor of the Literary World:  
orantia loquax, sed rationi non con  
LLENDORFF has not received u  
r of the Literary World  
se he would have answered  
this. But better late than ne  
ould, perhaps, not be amiss  
to what Dr. O.'s system owe  
first work was on the Ge  
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which, previous to the pub  
was the greatest, and per  
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No grammarian before D  
patience and perseverance  
volumes to classify the noun  
rules which he has establish  
amarians who published afte  
ward, have adopted his syst  
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Method is considered a mas  
much as it simplifies the Ge  
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t in the course of a few ho  
be forgotten that, previou  
on, even the Germans them  
ed rules on the declension  
n habit, but none could ge  
the declension of any cla  
n any fixed rules, and th  
hese, therefore, who are th  
with Dr. O.'s works, it is evident that in  
first instance to the defining and classifi  
the declinable parts of the German lan  
the classifying and simplifying of the  
to his Writing Method, that success was  
and not to that part of his Method  
some resemblance to Manesca's oral

d which underlies and  
their grotesque fancy  
e not the motion of  
erman sings he does  
with open gesticula  
and is lost in rapture.  
n the Harvest Festi  
she been Italian she  
vell as sung; as it is,  
for a type of German  
En parenthèse of this  
ect, fine as it is, have  
hade of trees at the  
ee to concentrate the  
oup?) So might the  
ne stand for an em  
childhood; all those  
r's belong to her  
his family—the little  
and the wondering  
tiae of the trials of  
—even the professor  
ze with one hand and  
snuff with the other,  
in humour, based on  
feeling.  
ere the higher emo  
e the hard struggle  
which is also the  
His Othello, for in  
our Othello; he is  
gorous—not acting;  
he does not love as  
idently loves to the  
see how the artist  
she is, after all, but  
na! What was in  
this piece is ad  
age with the glasses,  
re justly conceived;  
much learning and  
most as hard and  
mpphony.  
true of the land  
n and exclaim what  
hat harsh forms—  
November sky that  
cannot make un  
rarely is the poetic  
few of the land  
otion which excites  
magination—which  
pression is ineffa  
reception ever after?  
stating and sincere  
so slow to move,  
ver and leave him

succeeds, the heart

severely wounded, Capt. Hamilton was taken  
near Monterey, where the Alcaide, observing  
a bullet in the button of his coat, assem  
blen of the village around him, exclaimed—  
"¡Favorecido del Dios!"—*Behold one favored of*

fancying to himself that he can trace in their  
paintings the same differences which are ac  
knowledgeed to exist in the social life of the  
three countries, Germany, America, and  
France.  
The Dusseldorf, though it may not repre  
sent the highest school of German art, is as  
complete a collection as could be desired if  
the object were an exposition of the German  
character. In its domestic scenes, its Harvest  
Festival, the career of that hopeful bursch,  
Mr. Ioba, whose examination at the univer

right place. He knows what it is to have a  
home, and his domestic relations are like our  
own; he loves his mother and his sisters; he  
believes that  
"Der mädchen in Deutschland sind blenhend und  
schone,"  
as the song has it; all his affections are clear  
and pure and true. Hence the beauty he ideal  
izes, is the beauty of innocence. The flaxen  
haired singer in the Harvest Home; the girl  
among the fairies; the children in Waldmül  
ler's school, in Goupil and Vibert's gallery—

how associated  
of their fac-  
ing in our m-  
or form per-  
would we h-  
have loved!

Our Art-  
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arisen an in-  
art, which  
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What an in-  
when out o-  
free gallery  
comes the  
this art and

millions. Golden days will those be, and not far distant from those artists who persevere in study. The world will come round to them sooner than they expect; they will "wake up some morning" and find their aspirations gained, a way of life open to them, as to other men, and they not required to "sell cheap, what is most dear."

It is a most fortunate circumstance also for our artists, at least for those who cannot study abroad, that so many opportunities are opening to them for studying the works of foreign artists. They are not tied to a school, but to nature; they have

"All the world before them, where to choose,  
And Providence their guide."

They have not only German art at the Dusseldorf, but French art—such as it is—at Goupil and Vibert's. With regard to the latter, we might hope, did not our national theory apply too well, that the exhibition was a less fair exposition of French art than the other is of German. But it is so perfectly *Parisian* that it is impossible it should not be an average collection of what are considered good pictures in Paris. In execution, we see at once the difference between the French and the German—one has ease, point, brilliance—the other, exactness, finish, fidelity.

But it is more especially in the choice of subjects, and their treatment, that we trace the peculiar Gallic fancy. The French can never let alone their women. And what is most singular in a nation so extravagantly gallant, they treat them, at least in pictures, in such a way as to render them unlovely to all eyes but their own. Behold Liberty, Madame the Republic, Rigolette, the Belle of the Belles, etc., how far different is the type of such beauty from that of the German school! So

Meeting and All Good Wishes  
to

The Amaranth Club—

1908

Between the lines, in letters, as we know,  
Unwritten messages are wont to flow;  
So, ~~at~~ the banquet-table, glittering fair—  
Remembrance bears the guests who are not there.

derived from them does not spring directly from their expression, as in the case of the Dusseldorf paintings. If those make us sometimes regret that such transcendent skill is expended upon unpoetic subjects, these much oftener cause a deeper pain by making us reflect how a similar skill may be used for (taking the word in its strict derivative sense) *meretricious* purposes, and so deprave the innocent, and blind the eyes of many of us who ought to be wise to old and plain distinctions.

### Music.

#### BURKE'S CONCERT AND PIRRSO'S SOIREE.

Our concert season may be said to have commenced with the complimentary concert given to Messrs. Burke and Hoffman, which, although postponed, still fell on an unpropitious evening. The artists could console themselves, however, with the reflection that they played to a not less discriminating, if less numerous, audience than a finer night would have brought to hear them. It has been Mr. Burke's rare fortune to excel in two of the most difficult arts, and to sustain, through the trials and temptations of both, a character which any one in the quietest walk of life might be proud of. He is known in every city in the country, and wherever he is known, the very sound of his name revives pleasant recollections. Mr. Hoffman is a young musician of great talent and promise. He plays with the strength and fire of manhood, and he has only to persevere in study to maintain the high reputation he has already won for himself as a distinguished pianist.

The chief novelty of their concert was the performance by Mr. Burke, for the first time in this country we believe, in public, of Men-

not least, were given two new Quintets by Spohr; No. 7 for two tenors, and one in F. opus 130, for the piano. Of these compositions the former converted us more completely to the Spohr faith than we had ever been before; it vindicates his right to the often conferred and rarely merited title of poet-musician. It is one overwhelming display of richness, beauty, and lofty fire. The second, which excited even more enthusiasm in the performers, and which was executed as *they only* of all the artists in the country could have executed it, is no less fine, and would probably be preferred by all who are not so old-fashioned as to like stringed instruments by themselves, and do not revel in the sweetly serious conversation of two tenors. The evening will be remembered by all as an evening "as was an evening," and this brief mention of it may warm the heart of some stray lover of music as an offset to the fact that Christy's Minstrels continue to draw crowded houses.

### What is Talked About.

DR. RAPHAEL, of Birmingham, the distinguished lecturer and Biblical Scholar, whose visit to this country we recently noticed, will commence, we understand, his promised course of Lectures in this city immediately, the topics embracing the career of the Hebrew People from the Book of Genesis to the present day, illustrated by the poetry and literature of the Old Testament bards, historians, and prophets, as well as the later post-biblical record. Dr. R. has delivered these lectures throughout Great Britain with decided popular success, the public journals having borne repeated testimony to the important matter, eloquent style,

written for Ferdinand  
Leipsic, and played  
ess at the Philhar-  
piece Mr. G. A. Mac-  
ndelssohn, originally  
reprinted in the  
observes that "it is  
felicity and newness  
ions, than for the ex-  
y are so successfully  
e this is lost in the  
enough remains to  
piece we have ever  
lt for the instrument,  
rituel as music. It  
e that it was at once  
ce.

few of our best musi-  
l some friends one of  
t Mr. Pirsson's, who,  
almost as well known  
e is for his excellent  
meetings are quite pri-  
ward to him for the  
em, and gratifying to  
our musical readers,  
m.

re were present Mr.  
and Messrs. Burke,  
delssohn, Boucher,  
several others whose  
fuses to spell. They  
t of Onslow for wind  
e to the Midsummer  
eautiful Scherzo from  
ongs and duets, some  
reverse, as was also a  
Burke, illustrating the  
n extremely affecting  
se of Summer. Last,

# THE LITERARY WORLD.

A Journal of American and Foreign Literature, Science, and Art.

No. 148.

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last copy of my manuscript with the photo-  
cut that you shot used. Mr. Shipman wanted  
the talk as well as the song but did not want  
me to occupy more than four or five minutes.

The song took very well, judging from  
the wet eyes and a few audible sobbings.

Thanking you for your kind encourage-  
ment and extending to you and your household  
my kindest regards I am

Sincerely yours  
Fanny Walker

any other countries in Europe. That the public libraries of England, as well as those connected with the Universities, are less accessible to the public than the libraries on the Continent. That the tax on books is greater, making their cost more than in other countries. That the duty on foreign books is greater. And that there is less provision towards enabling the humbler classes to read, or

would only be good enough to take it hands; or if we could only smuggle it he river to Brooklyn! Something must—that is as clear as the brightest Indian—sun with all the burners on—or we mad with thinking of it: the omnibuses the death of it. They have a design

hope the question will be satisfactorily and comfortably disposed of, with some of the others with which our city air has swarmed as long as we can remember. The Metropolis seems to be a favorite Christmas Goose, for every malapert and unpractised carver to try his hand upon. We remember the great

to improve their minds, than in any other country in Europe which ranks among civilized and enlightened nations.

The smaller States of Germany take the highest rank as far as the number of books, in proportion to the population, is concerned. They have in their public libraries 100 volumes to every 100 of population; Prussia has 412; France 100; the Isles but 68 to every 100. We shall present a full and complete relative proportion of the population in all the countries of the United States. It

France contains,  
Belgium, -  
The Prussian States  
Austria, with Lombardy  
Saxony, -  
Bavaria, -  
Denmark, -  
Tuscany, -

Of all these Libraries, it is stated that admission is free to the poor as well as to the foreigner as well as to the native.

If the principal cities of Europe be taken in the order of their respective population, they stand as follows:—

Paris (1) National Library, 1,000,000  
Munich, Royal Library, 100,000  
Petersburgh Imperial Library, 100,000  
London, British Museum, 100,000  
Copenhagen, Royal Library, 100,000  
Berlin, Royal Library, 100,000  
Vienna, Imperial Library, 100,000  
Dresden, Royal Library, 100,000  
Madrid, National Library, 100,000  
Wolfenbuttel, Ducal Library, 100,000  
Stuttgart, Royal Library, 100,000  
Paris (2), Arsenal Library, 100,000  
Milan, Brera Library, 100,000  
Paris (3), St. Genevieve, 100,000  
Darmstadt, Grand Ducal, 100,000  
Florence, Magliabechi, 100,000  
Naples, Royal Library, 100,000  
Brussels, Royal Library, 100,000  
Rome (1), Casanate Library, 100,000  
Hague, Royal Library, 100,000  
Paris (4), Mazarine Library, 100,000  
Rome (2), Vatican Library, 100,000  
Parma, Ducal Library, 100,000

The chief University Libraries are ranked in the following order:

Gottingen, University Library, 100,000  
Breslau, University Library, 100,000  
Oxford, Bodleian Library, 100,000  
Tubingen, University Library, 100,000  
Munich, University Library, 100,000  
Heidelberg, University Library, 100,000  
Cambridge, Public Library, 100,000  
Bologna, University Library, 100,000  
Prague, University Library, 100,000  
Vienna, University Library, 100,000  
Leipsic, University Library, 100,000  
Copenhagen, University Library, 100,000  
Turin, University Library, 100,000  
Louvain, University Library, 100,000  
Dublin, Trinity College Library, 100,000  
Upsal, University Library, 100,000  
Erlangen, University Library, 100,000  
Edinburgh, University Library, 100,000

The following list shows the Public Libraries in England, when they were founded, and the number of volumes they contain.

	Founded.	Vols.
The British Museum, London,	1753,	435,000
Sion College, Library,	do.	1631,
Dr. Williams's Library,	do.	1716,
Archbishop Tenison's,	do.	1684,

	Founded.	Vols.
Bodleian Library, Oxford,	1597,	220,000
All Souls' College Library, Oxford,	do.	50,000
Christ's Church College Lib., do.	do.	30,000
Ashmolean Library, do.	1714,	30,000
Four others, do.	do.	43,000
Public Library, Cambridge,	1484,	166,724

These libraries originated with De Bray, founder of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, who founded sixty of them in 1704 and following years; and his associates after him founded seventy-eight more between the years 1757 and 1801. They contain from 200 to 1500 volumes each, and are described as "clerical" in character. The books probably contain a great deal of Ecclesiastical History and Ecclesiastical History catalogues.

## THE ELMGATE, WABAN.

My dear Mrs. Carleton.

Ever since your letter <sup>came</sup> into the verses in which Mr. Phillips and I both enjoyed so much — I have meant to write, but you know how it is!

I do not see how you can have the heart and 'flying' to write verses when you are not comfortable in body and mind, but it is a wonderful gift.

Anything that I do must be, first of all, the result of physical well-being. Lately I have been much interested in a miniature exhibition which is being

Wales, and Scotland. Some of these are in a flourishing condition, but the greater part have been neglected. They were generally "founded by the charitable contributions of well disposed persons for the better prosecution of the studies of the indigent clergy." Of these libraries 165 exist in England and Wales, and sixteen in Scotland. In Hampshire is one of these libraries, which contains many valuable books, in which there is a notice stuck up, dating 125 years back, stating that all persons who take away books must deposit their value, showing that it was once a public and a lending library.

classes, and by the higher order of skilled artisans. Attached to the Institutions are libraries. Some of them have lectures, debates, clubs, and improvement classes besides. In Yorkshire they are all associated into a body called the "Yorkshire Union." This embraces seventy-nine institutions, and two more have asked for admission. The number of members is about 16,000. The average number of books in each library is 900. The Mechanics' Institute at Liverpool has 3123 members; the two at Manchester together about 4000. It is believed that the number of these Associations and Scientific

described as "clerical" in character. The books probably contain a great deal of Ecclesiastical History and Ecclesiastical History catalogues.

LIBRARIES.—There is also a great number of Cathedral libraries, of which there are twenty-four in England and Wales. The basis of these is theological. The books have been made to order, and the books have been made to order. The number of volumes in these libraries is from 1500 to 5000, with one or two of 11,000 volumes. By the way, in seven of these libraries there is a guarantee of their being permitted to read freely. In some, with great neglect, is apparent. The Cathedral Library of York, for example, was founded in 1723, for ever been accessible to the public. The recollection of the oldest of these libraries is no permanent fund for the libraries except that at Cambridge £550 a year from capital at Durham £200 from a similar source. These collections contain many early Bibles, etc. In some have been sold, and modern with the proceeds.

THE TRACT SOCIETY in London contributed to the founding of small libraries in Britain and Ireland. It contributes the same amount to be raised by the friends. In this way since 1832 it has contributed to 5410 libraries, averaging £5 to each. The value of the books granted is £24,800 (about £5000). The Tract Society publishes religious works, popular works, and the Society is conducted by a committee of dissenters and members of the Church of England; hence none of sectarian character. The number of these libraries is about 5410; many persons are employed in literature, and in the public-houses and other places.

INSTITUTES.—Associations of this kind exist to a considerable extent in Ireland, and other large towns. They are generally formed for working persons, and this class are able to join them at a small expense, small as it is, but chiefly by the middle class, and by the higher order of skilled artisans. Attached to the Institutions are libraries. Some of them have lectures, debates, clubs, and improvement classes besides. In Yorkshire they are all associated into a body called the "Yorkshire Union." This embraces seventy-nine institutions, and two more have asked for admission. The number of members is about 16,000. The average number of books in each library is 900. The Mechanics' Institute at Liverpool has 3123 members; the two at Manchester together about 4000. It is believed that the number of these Associations and Scientific

Ten and a half decades ago, in a lonely log cabin surrounded by bleak February fields and sparsely broken fousts, a mother held to her breast for the first time her child. There was nothing then to indicate the importance of the advent into the world of this child whos prospects seemed no more auspicious than those of any other. His parents were poor. His educational opportunities were poorer. Yet, there was within him that quality of character, that greatness of soul, that, - despite poverty, hardships and disadvantages - lifted him in the course of a few years to the highest position with which this the greatest of all nations may honor a man.

His influence was so broad, his ideals so lofty, so humane, that he shall live in history as one of the greatest characters the world has produced. And, as time goes on there shall gather about his name a reverence that is accorded to but few

x x x x x

To whom is the world indebted for the gift of this man? His mother! in whos heart the need of a nation throbbed, pouring into the heart of her child the warm life blood that awakened



EDITORIAL ROOMS  
Pulitzer Building, Park Row,  
NEW YORK.

Feb. 4th, 1893.

Miss Emma Carleton,  
New Albany, Indiana.

Dear Madam:-

I enclose the "Terribly Unstrung"  
verse as you suggest. The Paderewski poem  
was published in a recent issue of the  
paper. I will try to have it looked up  
*a copy*  
and ~~the money~~ sent you. The money was al-  
lowed and will be forwarded you from the  
cashier's office.

Cordially yours,

(Dictated to E.)

*Elizabeth G. Jordan*

son, and others have been so successful, point-  
ing at beauties, giving proofs of imaginative  
power, showing the appositeness and exqui-  
siteness of sentiments. We will sum all in  
the blunt confession, that, however Words-  
worth has been blamed for writing too much,  
there is nowhere in his writings a dozen con-  
secutive lines that have not given us delight  
enough to make us glad that he wrote them,  
and that, having trained ourselves a little "to  
build the—rhyme," we are compelled every-  
where to own his wonderful skill in language  
and verse.

Nor can we answer our own question as to  
the worth of his moral design otherwise than  
by showing what it is, confessing its influence  
upon ourselves, and appealing to others for a  
similar witness.

real subject of the poem, and, if it be true, its  
high and original merit. There is a singular  
coincidence here with another great poem—the  
Book of Job; the way that God takes to restore  
the heart-wounded, self-justifying, and almost  
rebellious patriarch, to a spiritual health far  
higher than he had ever known before, is very  
similar. His friends argue with him in vain.  
He is the more exasperated. Elihu, who  
speaks a sounder philosophy, does not draw  
him from his gloom. But when Jehovah  
speaks from the whirlwind, he enters into no  
explanation of the Divine counsels: He simply  
points Job to the World of Nature, as affording  
astounding proofs of his power, and wisdom,  
and love. While his friends, all four, appeal  
to the reason of Job, and seek to convince him

ament, God appeals only to his  
thou contend with me for an  
st thou comprehend me in the  
thou not overwhelming proof of  
goodness in the world around  
west thou not thy own igno-  
recity? Rely, then, on that  
adness. Believe in me, trust in  
I do is for the best, even  
it be incomprehensible. Be-  
seeking thy truest good, even  
the sharpest affliction upon  
that in my dealings with men,  
than the same benevolent de-  
u seest written in every leaf of

an appeal as this the soul of  
And to conclusions much the  
Wanderer lead the Solitary, as  
to mountain, and valley, and  
orchard. He would convince

er thousand voices, thunders God,"  
where he may catch the conta-  
into the same holy thanks-

ths, your stern inheritance,  
lds, that recompense your pains;  
ale, the sunny mountain top;  
in the wind their lofty heads,  
roaring waters, and the still,  
fering of my lifted hands,  
ps present their sacrifice,  
be silent more or less;  
hispers speaking, the full heart  
and thought is praise to Him,  
to thee, omniscient Mind,  
gifts descend, all blessings flow."

#### OF ENGLAND'S WORKS.

*The Right Rev. John England*,  
pp of Charleston, collected and  
der the advice and direction of  
ate Successor, the Right Rev.  
sylvius Reynolds, and printed for  
vols. 8vo. Baltimore: Murphy

is to enter into the minute con-  
Ecclesiastical faith and practice  
far the larger portion of this  
logical, abounds. And were it  
of our journal to adjudicate be-  
gious doctrines of rival contro-  
should despair of presenting in  
a tithe of the matter brought  
it does not need a theological  
precipitate the qualities of Bishop  
itings. They may be read as  
exercises, with interest, by any  
er denomination, who takes plea-  
actual subtlety, conveyed in a pure  
e, and tempered by frequent ex-  
candor and charity. We have  
who would be the last in the  
igate or maintain a lawsuit on  
bunt, profess themselves entranc-

ed by the metics and technicalities of the old  
law pleadings; and we presume good Protest-  
tants may be found of an ingenious turn of  
mind who will forget that they are in the  
hands of a Roman Catholic Bishop, while they  
applaud his logical acumen, and cry well de-  
at the last convincing steel-spring of an argu-  
mentation which is in reality sprung upon  
themselves.

Bishop England was a deft controversialist.  
The weapons of the logical armory he appeal-  
always to have had at command, ready for  
conflict; but in addition to anything which  
education or practice could bestow, we have  
read his countenance in his portrait amidst  
his style which betrays a man quite as well  
he did not possess a rare personal suavity

to bring the genius of the nineteenth century;  
and gave to him the heritage of nobility, the  
only true nobility, that of character.

This mother watched carefully over her  
child and moulded and strengthened that character  
and made possible its development into a  
power that swayed a nation.

\* \* \* \* \*

She was anxious that he should have good  
principles rather than elegant manners. She  
cared not that he should strive for high places  
of personal advantage, but rather that he should  
ever be true, be right, be worthy. Worthy of any  
work that he should be called upon to undertake.  
To her last hour she kept steadfastly to this  
purpose.

Calling her nine-year-old stripling to her  
bedside shortly before she died, she placed her hand  
tenderly on his head and faintly said, "my boy,  
mother is going to leave you, remember that I  
want you to grow up to be a good and useful  
man."

Abraham Lincoln remembered. It is

said that he treasured the memory of his mother  
throughout life. That he could see <sup>could hear her voice</sup> her eyes, and  
feel her hands, and that these memories were  
a source of strength to him when in later years

and a review of several recent works on Ventilation. In our opinion there is as much error in too much ventilation as in too little. The rooms, under the direction of those who make this their hobby, are decidedly uncomfortable from the draught of air which one constantly feels upon the back and feet. Give us a still air even if cold in preference, and while being far more comfortable, we shall probably escape local rheumatism and lumbagos. By these remarks we would not be thought to speak in favor of the Stuyvesant Institute Lecture-room. We have often wondered if the professional proprietors kept this room in such a state to increase their business. Mrs. Butler's friends can testify to its confined atmosphere.

The following table gives the comparative frequency of the causes of death at and after 60. Of 1000 persons who have attained that age, there die of—

Old Age	285.3
<b>Diseases of the Respiratory Organs—</b>	
Bronchitis, . . . . .	79.3
Asthma, . . . . .	62.4
Consumption, . . . . .	35.7
Pneumonia, . . . . .	27.1
Hydrothorax, . . . . .	10.4
Other diseases, . . . . .	22.6—237.5
<b>Diseases of the Nervous System—</b>	
Apoplexy, . . . . .	53.0
Paralysis, . . . . .	51.2
Other diseases, . . . . .	26.7—130.9
<b>Diseases of the Digestive System, . . . . .</b>	59.2
<b>Diseases of the Circulating System—</b>	
Diseases of the heart, . . . . .	51.3
Pericarditis, . . . . .	1.3
Aneurism, . . . . .	0.9—53.5
Diarrhoea, . . . . .	20.3
Influenza, . . . . .	14.2
Erysipelas, . . . . .	7.8
Other diseases, . . . . .	808.7
	191.3
	1000.0

Dr. Stedman, the able physician of the Boston Lunatic Hospital, makes the following statement of one of his cases in his Annual Report:—

"A phenomenon of rather singular character seems to have been the origin, at least the proximate cause, of insanity in one of the patients. Her sister states, that about two years since, when thirty-nine years of age, there suddenly sprang out upon her chin and upper lip a thick growth of beard; that her spirits were much affected by the circumstance; that she became more and more unhappy and mortified by her strange appearance; till at length she could not be persuaded to pursue her customary occupations. She was brought here laboring under the deepest depression and melancholy, from which she still suffers. Her beard continues to grow, and she is shaved with the regularity of our male patients. I have not been able to learn whether, at the time of this sprouting of the hair, the bodily health of this patient was peculiarly affected in any way."

*The Odd-Fellows' Offering for 1850* (E. Walker) is an enlargement of the issues of previous years. The contributions are, as usual, chiefly by members of the order. We notice F. Saunders, Mrs. Seba Smith, Mrs. Lewis, among the writers. Mrs. Kirkland furnishes a tale of emigrant life to accompany an engraving from Mr. Edmonds' touching, simply-treated picture, "The Orphan's Funeral." There is also one of Durand's quiet landscapes, stretching away beyond the village church to distant waters and hills. The selected engravings are well chosen from Martin and others. The work is creditable to the publisher's energy, especially at a time when the current of popular favor is somewhat withdrawn from the old race of annuals. This, however, has its special interest to the members of the Order. We select from its contents—

## MY STUDY.

BY MRS. S. ANNA LEWIS.

This is my Caba—a shrine below,  
Where my soul sits within its house of clay,  
Listing the steps of angels come and go—  
Sweet missioned heralds from the realms of day.  
One brings me rays from regions of the sun,  
One comes to warn me of some pending dart,  
One brings a laurel leaf for work well done,  
Another whispers from a kindred heart—  
Oh this I would not change for all the gold  
That lies beneath the Sacramento's waves,  
For all the jewels Indian coffers hold,  
For all the pearls in Oman's starry caves—  
The lessons of all pedagogues are taught,  
To those I learn within this holy fane of thought.

Here blind old Homer teaches lofty song,  
The Lesbian sings of Cupid's pinions furled,  
And how the heart is withered up by wrong;  
Here Dante pictures an infernal world,  
Wide opening many a purgatorial isle;  
Torquato rings the woes of Palestine,  
Alfonso's rage, and Leonora's smile—  
Love, beauty, genius, virtue, all divine;  
Milton depicts the bliss of Paradise,  
Then flings apart the ponderous gates of Hell,  
Where Satan on the fiery billow lies,  
"With head uplift" above his army fell—  
And Avon's bard surpassing all in art,  
Unlocks the portals of the human heart.

GEORGE S. APPLETON (Phila.) is again in the field this season with a budget of books for the season, specially prepared for "the little ones," a continuation of his series of last year. Of these there are two volumes of Natural History, with colored engravings and delicate white, blue, and gilt binding, the *Book of Birds* and the *Book of Animals*, gay and spirited, with a due supply of fact and anecdote; a little original volume of *City Cries*, with twenty-four designs by Croome, not the London cries of the nursery of the past generation, but a new American book, brought down to the times, with a news-boy, a hominy man, any quantity of Philadelphia negroes, a fireman in full action, and plaster figure-seller, with a bust of General Taylor in his arms. Then for the good scholars who have profited by the excellent *Little Annie's First Book*, there is a *Little Annie's Second Book*, with type equally large, and pictures equally demonstrative, all the words being in one syllable, like the talk of Rabelais' friars. *Little Frank and other Tales* is on the same plan. A step beyond, in the ladder of infant learning, is *Fanny and her Mamma*, *Little Dora*, *The Child's Cheerful Companion* (twenty-three woodcuts after Darley's designs), *Louise, or the Beauty of Integrity*, *The Child's Present*, with stories and colored pictures, &c., &c. We are glad to perceive that these are copyright books, in the preparation of which many delicate minds and loving hearts may find remunerative support for equally susceptible bodies. American children's books should be written by the mothers and sisters of America.

D. APPLETON & Co. are issuing their series of *Tales for the People and their Children*, in new form, three volumes in one.—The latest are Mrs. ELLIS's *Fireside Stories*, The Minister's Family, First Impressions. Somerville Hall, in one volume; *Lives and Anecdotes of Illustrious Men*, as Cromwell (by Southey), Cortez (by the Author of "Uncle Philip's Conversations"), the Dawnings of Genius, with examples from Sir Joshua Reynolds, Adam Clarke, the poet Crabbe, &c.; *American Historical Tales*,—the Adventures of John Smith, a never-failing theme, Hendrick Hudson, Daniel Boone.

*Fireside Fairies*, from the same publishers, a copyright volume, is in the best taste of the fairy literature which the Howitts, Andersen, and others, have made familiar to the youthful readers of the day. The stories are delicate and tasteful as well as imaginative, and the moral happily wrapped up in the invention. Aunt Elsie introduces them picture-nvely.

The woodcuts are appropriate, and the type and paper clear and bright.

*The American Almanac for the year 1850* (LITTLE & BROWN), in entering upon its third decade, maintains its high character for its astronomical department (under the direction of Prof. Pierce) and its valuable series of statistical papers. The scientific treatises of the earlier volumes have been resumed, with an elaborate article by Prof. Lovering, of Harvard, on Melloni's Researches in Radiant Heat. The lists of Public Officers, Pensions, and Indian Agents, &c., of the Coinage of the Mint, Revenue and Commercial Tables, Collegiate Institutions, General and State Officers, are fully maintained. The Annual Obituary and Chronicle of Events are brought down to the latest day. A List of Magnetic Telegraph Lines in Operation under Morse's patent, closes this now indispensable companion of the local directories in the counting-room, public libraries, &c.

*Poor Richard's Almanac* has been revived by J. DOGGETT, Jr., who proposes to publish the whole series of twenty-six years, of which he has been fortunate enough to secure an unbroken set, in annual instalments. The first is now issued containing all Franklin's editorial matter for the years 1733-4-5,—prefaces, maxims, and poetry, as an appendix to a carefully prepared contemporary almanac, by Professor Pierce, for 1850. In addition, there is the first portion of an illustrated edition of Franklin's Autobiography. The wood cuts are admirable, and the whole appearance of the work worthy of the felicitous enterprise of the publisher.

SCOBIE & BALFOUR's *Canadian Almanac for 1850* contains a vast amount of particular information on the affairs of the provinces, commercial, statistical, departmental, ecclesiastical, educational, financial, with a general map, &c., in a cheap and compact form, answering to the contents of the American Almanac. It may be had of Long & Brother in this city.

COLLINS & BROTHER have issued Books 3, 4, and 5, of BADLAW's *Common School Writing Book*, carrying out the features we have already noticed of the first numbers. With great ease and pliability, a firm regular exact hand-writing would seem to be the result by the concluding copies.

A revised stereotype edition of *A Manual of Morals for Common Schools* has been issued by JEWETT (Boston). The minor and major morals are here drawn from the learned books on Deontology, &c., and set forth in a plain and effective manner.

*The Footsteps of Messiah: A Review of Passages in the History of Jesus Christ*, by the REV. W. LEASK, has passed to a second edition from the press of W. S. MARTIN (Philadelphia). The plan of this work, which is written with energy, is the deduction of some general principle of moral or religious truth from particular incidents, as "Philosophy kneeling to Christianity," from the visit of the Wise Men to the manger and the consideration of the direct religious teaching of the New Testament. It is well printed with suitably large type, a thing not always attended to in books which are to be the companions of the sick and aged.

*The Presidents of the United States, their Memoirs and Administrations*, by EDWIN WILLIAMS, is the title of a stout octavo, with portraits and a liberal quantity of supplementary political statistics, issued by WALKER. It is a useful compendium of historical facts in a convenient form for reference.

cares and the affairs of state bore heavily upon him. No one knew better than he the importance of the influence of this remarkable mother.

Of her it could truly be said, "she hath done what she could, with what far reaching results time or eternity may tell."

x x x x x x x x

Abraham Lincoln's memory of his mother was the inspiration of the words of this song which Brother Clippinger has asked me to sing

x x x x x x x x

---

The foregoing is a talk given at Trinity Church on Mother's Day May 10. 14 - I had to cut it as Bro Clippinger seemed afraid I'd take too much time. The song alluded to was one that brother Frank wrote the words for, and I the music. If you care to hear it I will be glad to sing it for you any evening that you care to come to our house.

F. G. W.

Soft as lapse of Silga's waters,  
 When the moon of summer shines,  
 Strong as winter from his mountains,  
 Roaring through the northern pines.  
 Swan of Abo! we have listened  
 To thy saga and thy song,  
 Till a household joy and gladness,  
 We have known and loved thee long.  
 By the mansion's marble mantel,  
 By the log-walled cabin's hearth,  
 Thy sweet thoughts and Northern fancies  
 Meet and mingle with our mirth.  
 And o'er weary spirits keeping  
 Sorrow's night watch, long and chill,  
 Shine they like the sun of Summer  
 Over midnight vale and hill.  
 Sweet eyes smile for us in Norland,  
 Household forms we love are there;  
 In their bitter grief of parting  
 And their bridal joy we share.  
 We alone are strangers to thee,  
 Thou our friend and teacher art:  
 Come and know us as we know thee,  
 Let us meet thee heart to heart!  
 To our household homes and altars,  
 We, in turn, thy steps would lead,  
 As thy loving hand has led us  
 O'er the threshold of the Swede.

Amesbury, 11th month, 1849.

[From *Sargent's Magazine* for December.]  
 A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

(From the Noel Bourguignon de Gui Borozai.)

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

I HEAR along our street  
 Pass the minstrel throngs;  
 Hark! they play so sweet,  
 On their hautboys, Christmas songs!  
 Let us by the fire  
 Ever higher  
 Sing them till the night expire!  
 In December, ring  
 Every day the chimes;  
 Loud the glee-men sing  
 In the streets their merry rhymes.  
 Let us by the fire  
 Ever higher  
 Sing them till the night expire.  
 Shepherds at the grange,  
 Where the Babe was born,  
 Sang, with many a change,  
 Christmas carols until morn.  
 Let us by the fire  
 Ever higher  
 Sing them till the night expire!  
 These good people sang  
 Songs devout and sweet;  
 While the rafters rang,  
 There they stood with freezing feet.  
 Let us by the fire  
 Ever higher  
 Sing them till the night expire!  
 Nuns in frigid cells  
 At this holy tide,  
 For want of something else,  
 Christmas songs at times have tried.  
 Let us by the fire  
 Ever higher  
 Sing them till the night expire!  
 Washerwomen old,  
 To the sound they beat,  
 Sing by rivers cold,  
 With uncovered heads and feet.  
 Let us by the fire  
 Ever higher  
 Sing them till the night expire!  
 Who by the fireside stands  
 Stamps while he doth sing,  
 But he who blows his hand,  
 Not so gay a coral brings.  
 Let us by the fire  
 Ever higher  
 Sing them till the night expire!

## Correspondence.

CINCINNATI, November 20, 1849.

A BRIEF reference to the recent destruction by fire in this city of the most elegant and extensive collection of works ever offered in this or any other American city, will not be inappropriate to the objects of a journal devoted to all that concerns the progress of book-craft. Two weeks ago, the newly fitted book house of H. W. Derby & Co., Main street, was one of the chief ornaments and attractions of the city. Its costly fixtures and decorations, and its general arrangements for beauty and convenience, were excelled by no trading establishment in the country. Its great depth and light afforded a fine opportunity for a display of the large and comprehensive stock of books with which its shelves were filled from front to rear, a distance of 120 feet. Works could be found there in all languages and for all purposes; for the church, the court, and the school; the library, the parlor, and the boudoir; and in every style of finish and illustration. This *recherché* museum of universal literature had become the daily dropping-in-place of the literati and lovers of taste of both sexes: reminding one of the days when in "tedious London," the small shops of the booksellers were the places of meeting and resort of the intellectual writers and thinkers of the prolific age of Johnson and Goldsmith. How little they were satisfied with; I mean of external show and decoration! I can fancy the astonishment of the rough-shod Johnson could he have been presented with an embossed morocco gold-edged copy of his immortal *Rasselas*; or of "Poor Goldy," could he have seen the beautifully illustrated edition of his *Vicar of Wakefield*, with which our parlors are supplied. But taste increases its demands, as art expands its capabilities, and advances on its march of improvement; and as far as the latest and most elegant edition of the *Vicar* excels the homely but firmly bound octavos which the stately lovers of 60 years ago presented to their delighted mistresses, so far did the elegant establishment of Derby & Co. exceed the cramped and crowded apartments of the Dodsleys and Newburys of the classic age of English Literature.

This establishment at five o'clock on Friday morning last was discovered to be on fire. The stock in the main store, fronting on Main street, was valued by the proprietors at about \$42,000. In another room opening into this, the door of which fortunately was fire-proof and very tight, were shelved about \$16,000 more. This last portion was damaged only by the smoke partially: the main stock in the large store was nearly all ruined: chiefly by the heat and smoke, as owing to the tightness of the building, the fire, which originated from the furnace, and burnt merely a small portion of the floor and one or two book stands, made little or no outbreak. The extreme heat and the density of the smoke did the greater part of the work of ruin. A sadder or more melancholy sight than was presented that morning to those familiar with its fresh and brilliant appearance the day before, it would be difficult to imagine. The proprietors had about \$8,000 worth of stock in an adjoining building which was uninjured. They were insured on their whole stock about \$40,000: and they estimate their loss at about \$33,000, \$28,000 of which is covered by their policies.

The energy and perseverance which have hitherto characterized the course and progress of this enterprising house, give our community, who intimately sympathize with their loss,

ample assurance of a speedy reparation and resuscitation of this very extensive business; the interruption of which, owing to their uninjured stock, has been only partial, and will prove but temporary. Mr. Derby was in New York at the time of the fire—and on being informed of its occurrence by telegraph immediately left, and reached Cincinnati in 75 hours.

W.

## The Fine Arts.

CHAPMAN'S DRAWING-BOOK.

THE appearance of the third of Chapman's series of Drawing-books (on Perspective) again reminds us of the prodigious spread that Art within the last two or three years has taken among us—The existence of so many standing Exhibitions, Art-Unions, Free Galleries, the attention which private individuals have given to it, through the influence of Americans travelling abroad infusing a love of the literature of Art among their friends at home, and the increased attention that is given to it as a valuable and brilliant accomplishment, altogether has dilated Art into a theme which is now mixed up part and parcel with the commerce of the day. We now have drawing definitively incorporated with the general system of education not only in the West Point Institution, where it has achieved such results, but in the Free Academy and among others of the Public schools. Illustrated literature is one of the great features of the present day; the London Illustrated News and even *Punch* present a fund of popular information and humor in this form. The London Art-Union Journal is becoming the organ of all progress of taste in its application to the industrial branches, is exercising an influence which within the term of its existence has left scarcely an article on our side-tables or in our parlors, that is not an epitome of the most refined principles of Art. Some of our up-town mansions are the best demonstrations of this. The fabrics of the loom, our wall papers, damasks, and carpets, are amenable to more severe and profound Art principles and design than they have been known to be for a century before. While on the one hand we have the services of the practical artist enlisted in the decoration of our saloons and drawing-rooms, the gilder plying his burnishes, and the carver his scroll patterns; on the other we have a designer quietly composing a pattern in a remote part of the Eastern States which in the space of a single season shall enshawl almost half the backs in the Union, setting a superior article of woollen fabric broadcast over the country.

The present work is the worthy offshoot of such a condition of Art. Wood Engraving, which is its feature, has attained to a point of excellence with us which has far outstripped all other modes of illustration in designing for this class of Art. Mr. Chapman has stood foremost for many years; added to this he has been engaged practically in almost every branch of the art. He has, therefore, seized on the most appropriate pictorial illustrations of the principles of Perspective; he has presented a manual which is clear and terse in its exposition of principles the most important to be understood in Perspective. Such a work (for its extent) he probably looked for in vain himself. For an example of what the science of this department of Art can realize we will refer the reader to the woodcuts, p. 133, where in a space no greater than a dollar piece the skilful adjustment of a couple of inch lines suggests

Indianapolis, 15 Feb'y 1912.  
My dear Valentina -

How stupid of me to have  
allowed the day to percolate  
without taking heed thereof! Your  
clever postcard woke me but alas,  
it was a day too late for  
the timely greeting. Your lines  
for the aged with the admoni-  
tion to turn back for a look  
at the sunrise though one  
~~face~~ is facing toward the  
darkening west, we happily  
framed but some of us dare not  
look back, to do so could  
bring a stumble and a tumble.  
There is one place, however,  
where I differ from the  
other oldishers - I don't  
talk about the weather though  
~~otherwise~~ I am no wiser -  
no otherwise I mean -  
than the others - My Old-  
fishes had number 41.  
I did not think they  
could be made to last  
so long. With all the good  
wishes that may be wished  
~~and~~ I am sincerely and  
sincerely your friend -  
Jonathan Oldfish

principal characters were taken  
by Signor Rossi Corsi, with Sig-  
nor Don Bartolo. The Rosina  
lady has been seen before  
with much pleasure. She is  
a dy-like actress, and entered  
with spirit. Her singing, too, of  
course marked a great improve-  
ment. It was good and steady,  
able, is totally devoid of that  
many an excellent singer.  
of Di Tanti Palpiti she met  
score. She looked charming-  
h of the enjoyment of the  
ascribed to her exertions.  
Corsi makes a clever and  
out unfortunately not a hu-  
singing always shows talent  
his acting was undoubtedly  
eful indeed, that it is evident  
not flow readily, that the cha-  
l. The laughter, therefore,  
him, was taken by Signor  
exaggerations and bur-  
Bartolo were carried too far  
e have, however, before no-  
ven by these gentlemen, and  
of last week there was no  
r further remark. Signor  
Corsi was certainly success-  
ful voice of good quality and  
and it seems also to have  
ed. It is rather weak in  
ver notes especially; but the  
ry sweet in tone, and not  
He sang his music as the  
aste, and delivered his rou-  
the only defect being that  
ages wanted a little clear-  
nd tenor he will be efficient,  
d appearance and bearing.  
d performed, with a certain  
lways satisfactory. Signor  
s Don Basilio, and gave his  
musicianly manner. The  
all, and the chorus was also  
beautiful music of the opera  
one to it; and it is music  
es the ear.  
luly-announced appearance  
lonna, Signorina Bertucca,  
opera of Otello, an opera  
many years been per-  
ntry. Being one of the  
ra season, the house was  
art, all being eager and cu-  
is, to see upon what their  
nt might depend. It may  
ner the opera chosen be the  
lay the lady's powers; we  
but there are caprices of  
ers that must be indulged.  
ears to us that Signorina  
better fulfilled the demands  
edy than in tragedy. Her  
o, excellent in the upper  
und, and capable of great  
not often found; but, as  
ase with an upper regia-  
s accompanied by inferior  
the lower part is weak  
Her execution is admira-  
ble, or delicate as required;  
er than the distinctness of  
while her shake is good  
fectly under control. She  
well instructed, and with  
f the French school than  
of the Italian. Indeed  
ly French; add to which  
earance aid the supposi-

tion that she may have studied in Paris. As an actress she cannot be said to be great. She is careful certainly, but one hardly feels her part, and when that is not the case, an audience cannot be carried away with the representation. We must not omit mentioning her admirable performance upon the harp in the closing scene, which showed great taste and skill.

From some cause or other, perhaps that of a heavy libretto, Otello has never been a favorite opera. The music is beautiful, and with difficulties enough to attract the ambitious, or dismay the timid; but however sung or performed, it is often found wearisome to a general audience. Signor Forti has an arduous task in the part of Otello, and much glorious music committed to him, and it is but justice to say that we have not before seen him to such advantage. Rossini's music displayed many beauties in his voice, and its management, that were not called out in that of Donizetti. On the whole, that tenor must be a singer of no mean pretensions who acquits himself well as Otello. His opening arias were given with energy and fire, and his voice was in excellent order. We have left ourselves hardly space to enter upon the claims of the other performers, Signori Novelli, Guidi, Beneventano, &c., nor to refer to the admirable management of the orchestra, which M. Maretzek is bringing to good discipline. We must, therefore, await another performance to enter more fully upon the matter. The Opera was well presented, and indeed must be classed among the best representations we have had here. It was very successful; as much so as the debut of the Prima Donna herself, who narrowly escaped an encore in the aria, "Assisa à piè d'un salice," which she sang beautifully. She will be really an acquisition.

#### MR. PIRSSON'S SECOND SOIREE.

On Tuesday evening of last week Mr. Pirsson gave another of his delightful evenings, or rather *re-unions* of our best artists and amateurs, partly to test the capabilities of a new "grand," fresh from his manufactory. The following was the *programme* on the occasion—or to speak more precisely, is the *programme*. 1st. Grand Trio: Messrs. Burke, Hoffman, and Boucher; Beethoven, Op. 1, No. 3, dedicated to Prince Lichnowsky. 2d. Quintett: Messrs. Burke, Scharienberg, Helma, Boucher, and Dr. Quin; Spohr's 2d Double Quatuor thus arranged. 3d. Spohr's 1st Double Quatuor arranged as a quintett, by the same performers. 4th. Brilliant Fantasia for the Flute by Mr. Finkenstaedt, accompanied by Mr. Timm. 5th. Grand Quintett: Messrs. Finkenstaedt, Burke, Timm, Boucher, and Mendelssohn.

The evening was one of quiet enjoyment. One music desk fell, but it soon rose, and one player suddenly fancied himself reading in a strange cleft; but as it was the first time he has been known to miss a note since the great earthquake in 18—, it was supposed he did it to show that he could. Mr. Pirsson, who has the good taste to give these parties, is rendering his parlor through them the centre of the musical intelligence of the city.

Men of the world hold that it is impossible to do a disinterested action, except from an interested motive; for the sake of admiration, if for no grosser, more tangible gain. Doubtless they are also convinced, that, when the sun is showering light from the sky, he is only standing there to be stared at. —*Eliza Cook's Journal*.

#### What is Talked About.

— We commence in this week's paper the publication of a series of articles on the LIBRARIES OF EUROPE, which will be found to contain much valuable information, carefully and laboriously digested. They are from the pen of JOHN R. BARTLETT, Esq., whose name is so well known to the country from its connexion with various liberal learned pursuits. We trust to be enabled to continue these papers with a similar series of the leading American libraries, public and private, in the course of which a great deal of interesting material will be brought for the first time before the public.

— Mr. Gliddon's "private view" of the Panorama of the Nile came off on Tuesday evening, and notwithstanding the crowded state of the rooms, left a most favorable impression on the large number of distinguished spectators, from professional and fashionable life, assembled for the occasion. Its claims as a work of art justify Mr. G.'s promises. It may be visited again and again before the interest is exhausted, particularly as we understand the remarks of Mr. Gliddon will be varied from time to time till he has touched upon every point suggested by the scene. We shall return to the subject in our next.

— The forty-fifth anniversary of the New York Historical Society was celebrated by an address from the Vice-President, Hon. Luther Bradish, at the University Chapel, on the 20th ult. His subject was the Philosophy of History and the Progress of the last century, in the course of which he introduced a sketch of Mehemet Ali, derived, it is understood, from personal observation during a residence in Egypt. Mr. Clay was present during the evening. In noticing the proceedings, the *Providence Journal* adds: "Mr. Bradish ranks among all who know him as one of the most accomplished men in the country. With a mind stored with much practical knowledge in all that relates to the great interests of the nation, is combined that which he has acquired from extensive reading, from a familiarity with most of the European languages, and from personal observation in various parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa. He is, besides, a most polished gentleman in his manners; and it is worth a visit to the New York Historical Society to see with what elegance and dignity he presides over its meetings."

— The first centennial anniversary of the University of Pennsylvania was celebrated at Philadelphia, by an oration before the Society of Alumni, by William B. Reed, Esq., on the evening of Nov. 13th, and a dinner of the Graduates on the following day. At the latter the Hon. Henry D. Gilpin presided. Speeches were made by the President, by Prof. Reed, and others. A letter was read from the oldest living Graduate, the venerable Dr. Miller of Princeton, now in his 80th year.

— A pungent article in the *Christian Inquirer* complains of the over-productiveness of criticism in American literature, and asks: "Cannot we have some productive and creative authors?—writers who will go out as the bee goes to gather honey from the gardens of nature, and not sit at home writing books about books, essays about essayists, and thoughts on thinkers? It is reported that Fichte commenced one of his lectures thus: 'Gentlemen, think the wall;' whereupon all the scholars tried hard to think the wall. 'Now, gentlemen,' continued he, 'think the man who thought the wall.' We are all of us thinking the man who thought the wall, except a few,

who are thinking the man who thought the man who thought the wall."

— The *Courier and Enquirer* is publishing a series of articles on the London press, its history, business management, contributors, &c., commencing with the Times and Herald. The present editor of the Times is said to be Mr. Delaine, son of one of the original associates of the second Mr. Walter, who established the paper in its present prosperity. The journal was originally founded by a Mr. Walter, a printer and bookseller; his son carried it on with increased resources and expenditure, at a time when its discontinuance was seriously thought of. The principal property is now in the hands of the grandson, Member of Parliament for Nottingham. Mr. Gilbert A'Beckett, the writer for Punch, it appears from this article, has only recently retired from the Times, where he received £500 per annum, on a contract for three years, to furnish two articles weekly. Mr. A'Beckett's pay for the same articles in New York would be dollars instead of pounds, in case he were fortunate enough to secure an engagement of this kind. The correspondence of the Times employs an editorial establishment of two or three individuals in Paris: a Mr. O'Reilly had been at the head of this for fifteen years, till, at the breaking out of the last French revolution, he took his post in Italy. £800 or £1000 a year is the pay of the Paris correspondent. The New York correspondent is stated to receive £100 per annum. Mr. Oxenford, the translator from the German, is the London theatrical critic.

— The gossip of our foreign papers supplies us with the following personal and other items:—Mr. E. W. Lane, the author of "Modern Egyptians," and his sister Mrs. Poole, the authoress of "Englishwomen in Egypt," have left Egypt for England, after seven years spent in research and study.—It is reported that Madlle. Rachel is about to be married to one of the judges in the courts of Bordeaux.—Mr. Urquhart, M.P., in going in a small craft recently from Chesme to Ipsili, was attacked by pirates, and robbed of everything in his possession, even to his clothes. The weather being very mild, Mr. Urquhart did not suffer much inconvenience from the absence of his usual covering.—It is stated in the French journals that there are now about 60,000 decorated persons in France.—The Rev. H. H. Milman has been appointed to the Deanery of St. Paul's.—A giant of immense proportions, named Joaquin Isserragué, has made his way from his mountain home among the Pyrenees, to Paris, where he exhibits himself at the Café Mouarde. He is seven feet four inches in height, and of proportionate width. His appetite is prodigious—half a dozen beefsteaks for his dinner, his after dinner coffee out of a soup-tureen, and a large loaf he calls his roll.—Count D'Orsay has retired from Paris with the Misses Power to the country house of his relative, Mad. de Grammont, where he is occupied restoring the paintings of the village church, and building a mausoleum to the memory of Lady Blessington.—One of the last requests of the late distinguished musician, Chopin, was, that the requiem of Mozart should be performed at his obsequies, which has been done at the Madeleine, Mdmes. Viardot and Castellan, and Signor Lablache, being the principal performers.—Mr. De Quincy intends soon, it is said, to publish in *Blackwood* some more astounding "Opium-eating Confessions" than any he has yet made. At his period of greatest success, his regular dose was 8000 drops per day! In order to

# THE LITERARY WORLD.

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EVERT A. & GEORGE L. DUYCKINCK, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION 157 BROADWAY.

Since i rite i find the goddam  
handle in the box excuse me.

Gentlemen:-

I get pump wich I buy from you but why for gods  
sake you doan send me no handle. Loose to me my customer. Wats  
the use a pump wen you doan have no handle. Shure I doan think  
you treat me rite. i rote ten days and my customer he holler  
for water like hell f or the pump, She got no hanale so wat the  
hell I goan do with it. Doan send me hanale pretty wuick i senu  
her back and i goan order some pump from Meyers.

goodby

yours truly

Antonia Batra

In the old world's final day,  
And Christ our head in his teaching said,  
"The poor ye will have alway."

Remember, laborer at the forge,  
The knowledge you sure have learned,  
How seldom the gold that his coffers hold  
The rich man's fathers earned.

Remember how thrift began the hoard  
That luxury's want supplies;  
How industry turned dame Fortune's wheel,  
Or luck drew forth a prize—

And think, as you speer at his proud career,  
And envy his golden height,  
That you may ride by the rich man's side  
If you fashion the ore aright.

VOL. V. NO. 23.

most essential features.

The night on which it occurred, is described as one of the darkest and most awfully silent that had ever been known. There was no crowing of cocks nor barking of dogs; no howling of wild beasts nor hooting of owls. The very waters ceased to murmur, and the winds to whistle; all nature seemed motionless and dead. In the mid watches of the night, Mahomet was roused by a voice crying, "Awake, thou sleeper!" The angel Gabriel stood before him. His forehead was clear and serene, his complexion white as snow, his hair floated on his shoulders; he had wings of many dazzling hues, and his robes were sown with pearls and embroidered with gold.

to pray in this place?"

"Because it is Mount Sinai, on which God communed with Moses."

Mounting aloft, they again passed rapidly between heaven and earth, until Gabriel called out a second time, "Stop, Oh Mahomet! descend, and make the prayer with two inflections."

They descended, Mahomet prayed, and again demanded, "Why didst thou command me to pray in this place?"

"Because it is Bethlehem, where Jesus the Son of Mary was born."

They resumed their course through the air, until a voice was heard on the right, exclaiming, "Oh Mahomet, tarry a moment, that I

may speak to thee; of all created beings I am most devoted to thee."

But Borak pressed forward, and Mahomet forbore to tarry, for he felt that it was not with him to stay his course, but with God the all-powerful and glorious.

Another voice was now heard on the left, calling on Mahomet in like words to tarry; but Borak still pressed forward, and Mahomet tarried not. He now beheld before him a damsel of ravishing beauty, adorned with all the luxury and riches of the earth. She beckoned him with alluring smiles: "Tarry a moment, Oh Mahomet, that I may talk with thee. I, who, of all beings, am the most devoted to thee." But still Borak pressed on, and Mahomet tarried not; considering that it was not with him to stay his course, but with God the all-powerful and glorious.

Addressing himself, however, to Gabriel, "What voices are those I have heard?" said he; "and what damsel is this who has beckoned to me?"

"The first, Oh Mahomet, was the voice of a Jew; hadst thou listened to him, all thy nation would have been won to Judaism.

"The second was the voice of a Christian: hadst thou listened to him, thy people would have inclined to Christianity.

"The damsel was the world, with all its riches, its vanities, and allurements; hadst thou listened to her, thy nation would have chosen the pleasures of this life, rather than the bliss of eternity, and all would have been doomed to perdition."

Continuing their aerial course, they arrived at the gate of the holy temple at Jerusalem, where, alighting from Al Borak, Mahomet fastened her to the rings where the prophets before him had fastened her. Then entering the temple, he found there Abraham, and Moses, and Isa (Jesus), and many more of the prophets. After he had prayed in company with them for a time, a ladder of light was let down from heaven, until the lower end rested on the Shakra, or foundation-stone of the sacred house, being the stone of Jacob. Aided by the angel Gabriel, Mahomet ascended this ladder with the rapidity of lightning.

Being arrived at the first heaven, Gabriel knocked at the gate. Who is there? was demanded from within. Gabriel. Who is with thee? Mahomet. Has he received his mission? He has. Then he is welcome! and the gate was opened.

This first heaven was of pure silver, and in its resplendent vault the stars are suspended by chains of gold. In each star an angel is placed sentinel, to prevent the demons from scaling the sacred abodes. As Mahomet entered, an ancient man approached him, and Gabriel said, "Here is thy father Adam, pay him reverence." Mahomet did so, and Adam embraced him, calling him the greatest among his children, and the first among the prophets.

In this heaven were innumerable animals of all kinds, which Gabriel said were angels, who, under these forms, interceded with Allah for the various races of animals upon earth. Among these was a cock of dazzling whiteness, and of such marvellous height, that his crest touched the second heaven, though five hundred years' journey above the first. This wonderful bird saluted the ear of Allah each morning with his melodious chant. All creatures on earth, save man, are awakened by his voice, and all the fowls of his kind chant hallelujahs in emulation of his note.

They now ascended to the second heaven. Gabriel, as before, knocked at the gate; the

same questions and replies were exchanged; the door opened and they entered.

This heaven was all of polished steel, and dazzling splendor. Here they found Noah; who, embracing Mahomet, hailed him as the greatest among the prophets.

Arrived at the third heaven, they entered with the same ceremonies. It was all studded with precious stones, and too brilliant for mortal eyes. Here was seated an angel of immeasurable height, whose eyes were seventy thousand days' journey apart. He had at his command a hundred thousand battalions of armed men. Before him was spread a vast book, in which he was continually writing and blotting out.

"This, Oh Mahomet," said Gabriel, "is Asrael, the angel of death, who is in the confidence of Allah. In the book before him he is continually writing the names of those who are to be born, and blotting out the names of those who have lived their allotted time, and who, therefore, instantly die."

They now mounted to the fourth heaven, formed of the finest silver. Among the angels who inhabited it was one five hundred days' journey in height. His countenance was troubled, and rivers of tears ran from his eyes. "This," said Gabriel, "is the angel of tears, appointed to weep over the sins of the children of men, and to predict the evils which await them."

The fifth heaven was of the finest gold. Here Mahomet was received by Aaron with embraces and congratulations. The avenging angel dwells in this heaven, and presides over the element of fire. Of all the angels seen by Mahomet, he was the most hideous and terrific. His visage seemed of copper, and was covered with wens and warts. His eyes flashed lightning, and he grasped a flaming lance. He sat on a throne surrounded by flames, and before him was a heap of red-hot chains. Were he to alight upon earth in his true form, the mountains would be consumed, the seas dried up, and all the inhabitants would die with terror. To him, and the angels his ministers, is intrusted the execution of divine vengeance on infidels and sinners.

Leaving this awful abode, they mounted to the sixth heaven, composed of a transparent stone, called Hasala, which may be rendered carbuncle. Here was a great angel, composed half of snow and half of fire; yet the snow melted not, nor was the fire extinguished. Around him a choir of lesser angels continually exclaimed, "Oh Allah! who hast united snow and fire, unite all thy faithful servants in obedience to thy law."

"This," said Gabriel, "is the guardian angel of heaven and earth. It is he who dispatches angels unto individuals of thy nation, to incline them in favor of thy mission, and call them to the service of God; and he will continue to do so until the day of resurrection."

Here was the prophet Musa (Moses), who, however, instead of welcoming Mahomet with joy, as the other prophets had done, shed tears at sight of him.

"Wherefore dost thou weep?" inquired Mahomet.

"Because I behold a successor, who is destined to conduct more of his nation into paradise than ever I could of the backsliding children of Israel."

Mounting hence to the seventh heaven, Mahomet was received by the patriarch Abraham. This blissful abode is formed of divine light, and of such transcendent glory that the tongue of man cannot describe it.

One of its celestial inhabitants will suffice to give an idea of the rest. He surpassed the whole earth in magnitude, and had seven thousand heads; each head seventy thousand mouths; each mouth seventy thousand tongues; each tongue spoke seventy thousand different languages, and all these were incessantly employed in chanting the praises of the Most High.

While contemplating this wonderful being, Mahomet was suddenly transported aloft to a lotus-tree, called Sedrat, which flourishes on the right hand of the invisible throne of Allah. The branches of this tree extend wider than the distance between the sun and the earth. Angels more numerous than the sands of the sea-shore, or of the beds of all the streams of rivers, rejoice beneath its shade. The leaves resemble the ears of an elephant; thousands of immortal birds sport among its branches, repeating the sublime verses of the Koran. The fruits are milder than milk and sweeter than honey. If all the creatures of God were assembled, one of these fruits would be sufficient for their sustenance. Each seed closes a houri, or celestial virgin, provided with the felicity of true believers. From this tree issue four rivers; two flow into the interior of paradise, two issue beyond it, and become the Nile and Euphrates.

Mahomet and his celestial guide now proceeded to Al Mamou, or the House of Adoration; formed of red jacinths or rubies, and surrounded by innumerable lamps, perpetual burning. As Mahomet entered the porch, three vases were offered him, one containing wine, another milk, and the third, honey.

"Took and drank of the vase containing milk," said Gabriel. "Well hast thou done; auspicious is thy choice," exclaimed Gabriel. "Hadst thou drunk of the wine, thy people had all gone astray."

The sacred house resembles in form the Kaaba at Mecca, and is perpendicularly above it in the seventh heaven. It is visited every day by seventy thousand angels of the highest order. They were at this very time making their holy circuit, and Mahomet, joining with them, walked round it seven times.

Gabriel could go no further. Mahomet now traversed, quicker than thought, an immense space; passing through two regions of dazzling light, and one of profound darkness. Emerging from this utter gloom, he was filled with awe and terror at finding himself in the presence of Allah, and but two bow-shots from his throne. The face of the Deity was covered with twenty thousand veils, for he would have annihilated man to look upon in glory. He put forth his hands, and placed or upon the breast and the other upon the shoulder of Mahomet, who felt a freezing chill penetrate to his heart and to the very marrow of his bones. It was followed by feeling of ecstatic bliss, while a sweetness and fragrance prevailed around, which none can understand, but those who have been in the divine presence.

Mahomet now received from the Deity himself, many of the doctrines contained in the Koran; and fifty prayers were prescribed as the daily duty of all true believers.

When he descended from the divine presence and again met with Moses, the latter demanded what Allah had required. "That I should make fifty prayers every day."

"And thinkest thou to accomplish such a task? I have made the experiment before thee. I tried it with the children of Israel, but in vain; return, then, and beg a diminution of the task."

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Indianapolis, Ind.

343 N. Penn. St.

March 23, 1892.

Mrs Emma W. Carleton.

My dear Madam,

The postponement of the meeting of the Indiana World's Fair Commission is delaying necessarily the work of the Woman's Committee. I had hoped, as Chairman of that Committee, long before this time, to make an appeal to the women of the State on behalf of a good representation of the work and interests of Indiana women at the Columbian Exposition.

I know that you are a woman upon whose interest and influence in doing its work in your community our Committee can confidently depend. So soon as our circulars can be endorsed by the State Commission they will be issued, and a package of them will be sent to you for distribution among your circles of co-workers. One of the first steps which we shall desire to take towards exciting interest in your community will be holding a public meeting, and forming a local auxiliary committee of your representative women.

As I find it impossible to ascertain how long it may be before this formal action can be taken, I take the liberty of sending this in advance, that you may be preparing yourself and friends to give our appeals a favorable reception. Yours very sincerely,

Mary Wright Sewall



Mrs. Emma Carleton,  
New Albany,  
New York.

New York May 6, 1893.

Dear Madam:-

We return the manuscript of "Children's Sayings" sent by you to this office, having retained two of your paragraphs which will be paid for on publication in The Tribune.

Very respectfully,

Walter Lynen

Thence to Esne or Latopolis—here are the ruins of a magnificent temple;—and here too, we saw on the banks a trio of the three thousand Almés or dancing girls banished from Cairo by the Pasha;—the most beautiful of their sex in Egypt, says our Captain, who will not permit us to land. The mummy of Poti-

## THE CHAP-BOOK

The editor of the CHAP-BOOK presents his compliments and has pleasure in accepting your manuscript, entitled

"Robert Louis Stevenson"

A cheque for four dollars in full payment is sent herewith, the receipt of which you will kindly acknowledge.

THE CAXTON BUILDING  
CHICAGO

mening our return voyage.

Like most travellers in sailing up the stream, we have taken a one-sided view of things. On our return we can look upon the other.

But as we are not writing a book, we can only mention a few of the remarkable objects seen as we occasionally diverge from the

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sensual gratification.

There is a time in the career of every young man, when he awakes to his great destiny, like an heir of a throne to the responsibilities of the crown, to which he has succeeded. Let every one select the vocation for which he is by nature fitted. A very respectable cobbler may be spoilt in a poor lawyer. A young man had better stick to robbing another's sheep upon the mountains, than fleecing them in the Lord's pasture.

Overgrown wealth cannot possibly be generous: A man of a million might give one half of it without being at all the worse. He would even be the better for it; as a dropsical man with a hogshead of water in his skin would be a gainer by being tapped for a barrel.

Finally, young men should be religious.

Such are a very few things which he said, but the flavor of the champagne evaporates on decantation. The whole discourse was a perpetual popping of the sparkling bottles; a continual ringing of the rifle, where every shot told. Many of the thoughts would be recognised as old acquaintances, if one had leisure to divest them of their novel dresses. Never were more elegant variations woven by a musician upon simple melodies, than were the endless brilliant illustrations of acknowledged maxims by Mr. Mann. In fact, nothing was said by him in the usual formulae of speech; his objective mind seems to have invented new vehicles for the conveyance of his ideas. His style is epigrammatic, aphoristic, and, we may add too, pugilistic. It was even poetic in the same sense that the "Essay on Man" is so. Indeed he bears the same relation to prose writers, as Pope, in that remarkable specimen of condensation, does to poets.

It was said of the Founder of our faith, at one period, "that he spake not except in parables;" Mr. Mann says nothing without a figure.

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211

"For rhetoric he could not ape  
His mouth, but out there flew a trope"

The lecture was not perhaps so much a feast, as a fight; and the hearer felt a little weary at the close, with the contest, and glad to escape from the hard knocks inflicted on his knowledge box, from his innumerable projectiles. Had our emotions been once in a while aroused, our brains might have been relieved; as tears are known to take off the pressure of dangerous excitements in the intellectual organ.

His curt and cutting style is admirably adapted to insinuate by innuendo, as well as overpower by sarcasm. It possesses rather the stimulus than the bitterness of gall; but whatever there is of this, which we must confess to be considerable, is spent upon tough old targets, such as Byron, or the useless and the idle; the vicious and the brutish in the mass. Such he does not spare, but evidently delights to blister with his nettle. Every sentence that he launches against them is carefully whetted to a razor edge.

He is excessively susceptible to the rhythm of measured periods; his own having something of the monotony of Ossian. So fastidious is his ear, that it seems always to exact a certain succession of sounding words; and at the commencement of a passage one may predict the nature of its close. Each sentence has a brother; the period, when completed, commonly ending in a point, often very like a sting. Something nearly resembling alliteration, and jingling of expression, frequently obtrudes ambitiously upon the auditor, giving a sort of music to the phrase. This naturally betrays the speaker into a kind of recitative, which is not very pleasant, when he drops from his exaltation, as he does occasionally, into a natural tone of voice. At such times we felt as if we had caught a blow upon the shoulder, with an order to arouse ourselves, and listen.

As the whole performance was glittering with points, there were plenty of opportunities for the usual demonstrations of applause. These seemed to follow, as is customary on such occasions, the thunder of the diction instead of the lightning of the idea. We will not charge the orator with coquetting too much with his phrasing. Probably he cannot help being ingenious in nimble turns, and artistic in cunning lace-work. But the effect is sometimes (is it not?) to produce a ringing in the ear, rather than a melting in the heart.

DECIUS.

#### MR. GILES AT CLINTON HALL.

CONVERSATION—and Music! One the music of the soul on earth—the other, the soul conversing with the upper world; the invisible, the illimitable; and yearning for the longed-for, and the unenjoyed. These were the subjects of the 2d and 3d lectures of Mr. Giles; and, with "Books," the theme which preceded, and "Love of the Beautiful," which is immediately to follow, is there a quaternion of gems of words and thoughts to be compared with them? Whither shall we go, unless to them, for wisdom, comfort, pleasure, consolation, enthusiasm, inspiration?

The lecturer informed us what conversation was, and was not. It demanded confidence. Doubt was like the shadow of a hawk among the birds. Conversation tolerates everything but dulness and ill-nature. His voice manifestly trembled with theorizing memories, when speaking of the pathetic sweetness of a woman's voice when something touches her heart. At such times she far excels Mrs. Siddons in

the tragic scene. Woman is eloquent in conversation. I have been more improved, said he, in conversation, than by pulpit, senate, or popular address. Public speeches are rarely eloquent.

His portrait of Samuel Johnson was a masterly and highly finished painting, and, from an early fondness for that unapproachable old talker, we are happy to remark in these days of ferocious criticism, such a noble specimen of careful, though bold, courteous but manly delineation of that great and good man of marvellous conversational capacity. His drawing of him as a man, a thinker, and a talker, was in so good a temper, so appreciative and profound, so acute yet just, that we felt he had hit the ideal of him there.

Madame De Stael, he went on to remark, was perhaps the most eloquent woman, and consequently the most eloquent being, that ever was. How could that woman be otherwise than wonderful, who was singled out for the hatred of Napoleon? It is singular how that extraordinary being, called a woman, has contrived to impress herself upon three distinguished men. Here is Napoleon, for example, fearing a simple woman more than any man in Europe, aye more than an Austrian corps d'armée. Next, the lecturer himself evidently almost adores her; and thirdly, there's poor Goldy writing, that "a woman decked out in all her charms is the most terrible object in creation."

Of the parallel which the lecturer drew of Socrates with Coleridge, we shall merely say, that it was not taken from Plutarch.

The mention of what he said on music must be brief, for want of space. Every mother, he asserted, ought to sing with her infant at her bosom; for song is the language of the heart, and intelligible to the babe. The bad passions are not musical; only the good, as patriotism and love, give lyrical utterance to their emotions. We are a silent nation, our work is without voice. No song of the milkmaid is heard at the milking hour, as in other countries, and the ploughman does not whistle over his furrows. Learning was once communicated by the bard. A people are not quite dead till the lyre is dumb.

The enchanted island in Shakspeare's Tempest, created and governed by the wand of Prospero, is the type of the power of a great composer. He is a wizard, moulding the soul to all his wayward fancies. Notwithstanding the disparagement of many, music is profoundly intellectual, if Paradise Lost is; for whatever puts our spiritual powers in action must be intellectual.

It is said that the opera is not natural, but strong emotion takes the form of music, as much as it does the blank verse of Shakspeare. Lyrical expression is not less sacred than religious rite. He spoke of the Oratorio, which is not religious, but a preparation for it—of Beethoven and Mozart; and with enthusiastic admiration of Handel and Haydn, especially the former, whom he styled the Milton of music, and revered for his lofty genius, and sublime interpretations of religion, and the mysteries of the infinite. Handel expresses the genius of Protestantism; Haydn is the interpreter of the Roman Catholic faith.

Music was born in the sanctuary, where it has risen to a higher development than when it has been devoted to pleasure. It should be a part of universal education, and become the music of the common heart. Social music we have not; church music we have not. But we need the former to keep off the demon of

politics and polemics from desecrating the family altar; and the latter to inflame the cold and sluggish heart of Protestantism.

After all, however, notwithstanding the strong encomiums of the lecturer upon music, we are doubtful whether, in any of its forms, it is comparable to the music of the speaking voice. Certainly we cannot at present call to mind an instance where an elegant and crowded auditory has listened with so much pleasure to the uninterrupted music of one performer for so long a time, as it did on these two Thursday nights to that of Mr. Giles.

#### Reports of Societies.

##### NINETEENTH MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

[Condensed for the Literary World, chiefly from the London Athenæum.]

THE last meeting of this scientific body was held at Birmingham, and commenced on the 12th of last September.

Connected with the presence of so many of the friends and cultivators of science, were several excursions and exhibitions of a more popular character. Among these was a visit paid to the extensive coal-mine at Dudley. Here a large audience was gathered into the cavern, which was lighted up for the occasion. Sir R. J. Murchison, the celebrated geologist, addressed the visitors to the mine, delivering his lecture through a speaking trumpet, on the geology of the region, and particularly on the position of the Staffordshire coal basin with reference to the upper Silurian rocks on which it rested, and the lower red sandstone by which it was flanked. After the conclusion of the lecture red and blue lights were burned, to the great delight of the spectators. On adjourning to the surface, Sir Roderick again addressed the crowd from the summit of the Wren's Nest, a hill of Silurian formation, on the geological character of those rocks. The Bishop of Oxford, in compliment to the speaker, proclaimed him "The Silurian King."

Prof. Rogers, of Philadelphia, being called on, explained the features of the Alleghany Mountains, and showed their analogies with the older mountains of England.

On one of the evenings an exhibition of electrical light produced by Mr. Gassiot's battery took place, and was explained by the illustrious Faraday.

In the general committee the meeting for the next year was fixed for Edinburgh, and Sir David Brewster elected President by acclamation.

##### SECTION OF MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

Mr. Birt made a report on the Electrical observations at Kew. It appears that out of 15,170 observations on atmospherical electricity at Kew, 14,515 were positive, and 655 negative. The tension of electricity is at a minimum at 2 o'clock in the morning; from this hour it rises slowly till 6 A.M., then rapidly till 8 A.M., then gradually till 10 A.M., when the maximum is reached; a second maximum is at 10 P.M., and the diurnal minimum is at 4 P.M. In almost every instance when the atmosphere has been negatively electric, heavy rain was falling, and from a particular kind of cloud, cirro-stratus. The maximum of the negative condition was at the greatest development of the cloud.

Mr. H. M. Grover showed an orbital motion of the magnetic pole, by a series of declination lines drawn from the different observatories of London, Paris, and St. Petersburg, during the space of 260 years.

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ter and each point of the rolling body. In  
mexion with this subject, the same gentle  
n described experiments on the oscillation

power far below that of the speculum metal.

The application of graphical methods to the  
solution of the problem of perturbations in  
Planets or Comets, by J. C. Adams. Mr.  
Adams explained how, from geometrical repre  
sentations of the disturbing forces, the effect  
on the radius vector and longitude of the dis  
turbed body may be obtained without calcula  
tion.

On the determination of the wave length of  
different points in the spectrum, by G. G.  
Stokes.

Observations on Berkeley's theory of vision,  
by Sir D. Brewster.

gical knowledge to those engaged in agri  
culture, and pointed out the course of making  
observations with reference to that pursuit.

Observations with the thermometer and  
barometer during several ascents in a balloon,  
by Mr. Rush.

Several subjects were brought forward by  
Sir David Brewster. Incombustible cloth  
prepared by dipping ordinary calico in phos  
phate of magnesia, was exhibited by Sir  
David. He also read a paper by Lord  
Brougham on the inflexion of light, showing  
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P.S.  
John O., I have send you a  
copy of my favorite poem - Agnes de Vere -  
to present to your lady critic with  
the compliments of the author.  
Tell her it is from the pen that wrote  
"Betsy Spoon, The Mite of the Beetle Ground",  
a weird romance in verse, the scene  
of which is laid about the Ohio falls  
and from there to New Orleans, but  
mainly at the village of New Albion,  
in the times of sixty years ago.

J.W.B.

different sides when submitted to a second inflexion. The same philosopher suggested an improvement in the photographic camera by the addition to it of an eye-piece, with a graduated adjusting power. He read a paper on circular crystals and their polarization, first observed by Mr. Fox Talbot.

On irradiation, by Professor Powell. The amount of irradiation, the author suggested, might be measured for each condition of light by measuring the size of a cord cut at the sides so as to leave about half of a very oblong parallelogram, in a telescope, furnished with a micrometer.

Report on recent applications of the wave principle to the construction of steam vessels, by Mr. J. S. Russell. The wave principle prescribing lines only in one plane, the curves in the other two planes are left to the discretion of the constructor. In this way it appears possible to obtain speed with moderate length, and other desirable points in the construction of vessels. The boat constructed on the wave principle showed a decided advantage over its competitor, though made by an experienced shipwright.

On a mechanical equivalent for the auroral action of the 17th and 18th November, 1848, by Mr. E. Highton. During this aurora the electric telegraph was greatly disturbed, so much so that the armature of an electro-magnet was raised by the currents excited by it in the wires. From this effect, found by experiment to be equal to one third of an ounce, and from the estimate that 180 feet of wire was exposed to the action of the aurora, Mr. H. concluded, that if a surface of a square mile were similarly affected, the weight raised would equal 75 tons.

The same gentleman made some observations on sounds occasionally heard on making and unmaking electro-magnets.

#### SECTION OF CHEMISTRY.

On the use of basic Acetate of Lead and Sulphurous Acid in the manufacture of Sugar, by Dr. Scoffern. The writer stated the quantity of sugar existing in sugar cane juice at from 17 to 23 per cent. The juice was 90 per cent. of the whole weight of cane, but only 60 per cent. was on an average extracted. The lime used in the separation of impurities effects its agency at an expense of two-thirds of the sugar. Basic acetate of lead was known to be the most powerful purifying agent, but could not be employed because no means had heretofore been known to effect the separation of the excess of lead. Dr. Scoffern uses sulphurous acid, forced into the solution by mechanical means, to separate the salt of lead. The advantages to be derived from this process were said to be—1. The whole of the sugar can be extracted instead of about one-third. The product is perfectly white, and dry. 2. In refining, it affords a fine sugar from the coarsest and most impure staples, dispensing with the use of lime and blood.

Objections were made to the process, that the grain of the sugar would be injured by the sulphuric acid, into which a part of the sulphurous would be converted. Dr. Playfair thought the acid would give a taste to the sugar.

In answer to an inquiry, if the salt of lead could be separated by voltaic electricity, Dr. Faraday said that in his opinion it was impracticable.

On the Presence of Fluorine in Sea Water, by G. Wilson, M.D. Fluorine was found in the bittern of salt works in the vicinity of the

Frith of Forth, also in the deposits in the boilers of steam-boats plying on the Frith of Clyde, and on the German Ocean. Prof. Siliman, Jr., has discovered fluorine in the corals brought by the U. S. Expedition from the Antarctic Seas.

Many of the members expressed it as their opinion that fluorine must be considered an element in the constitution of sea water.

On Phosphorus as producing cold-short Iron, by Mr. Rinman. When phosphorus is present in combination with iron, the wrought iron manufactured from it is very brittle under the hammer, becoming, as it is called, cold-short. The quantity of phosphorus is sometimes as great as one fourth of one per cent. Phosphorus gives increased fluidity to cast iron, and it was suggested that the singular fluidity of the Berlin iron may be due to such a combination. Silica, on the contrary, was thought to give strength to cast iron, and toughness to wrought iron.

On the Comparative Cost of various Voltaic Arrangements, by W. S. Ward. Mr. Ward stated that a series of calculations founded on tables produced to the Chemical Section, at Swansea, showed the efficient power of three generally used forms of battery, known as Smee's, Daniell's, and Grove's, equal to 100 pairs of Smee's, 55 pairs of Daniell's, or 34 pairs of Grove's; and that the expense of working such batteries, as regards a standard of 60 grains of zinc in each cell per hour, would be about 6d. 7½d. and 8d. respectively.

Dr. Faraday condemned the electrical light as a means of illumination, and thought electricity was not a desirable method of producing motive power.

It was stated that the magneto-electrical machine of Messrs. Elkington & Co. required a steam of 2½ horse power to drive it, while the electrical power produced was sufficient only for depositions in a single trough. The remarkable fact was mentioned in this connexion, that a few drops of sulphuret of carbon added to the cyanide of silver, in the decomposing cell, had the property of causing the silver to be precipitated bright, instead of the dead, granulated appearance of the ordinary form.

On the principal Phenomena in the Daguerreotype process, by A. Claudet. Mr. Claudet explained that light produces two effects on the plate, one decomposing the surface and precipitating the silver; the other, the cause of the daguerreotype image, is vastly more rapid, and consists in giving the surface an affinity for the mercurial vapor. This latter is 3000 times more rapid than the decomposing influence of the ray. The most refrangible rays produce this affinity, and the less refrangible withdraw it.

Mr. Claudet pointed out the necessity for the operator to place his plate in the photogenic focus of the lens, in order to produce a good picture. The photogenic and visual foci differ in different lenses so that in some they may coincide, while in others the foci are very distant.

On the Coloring of Glass by Metallic Oxides, by M. G. Bontemps. The conclusion arrived at by the writer was that the colors depend more on the degree of heat to which the glass is exposed than on the material of the coloring matter. Thus all the colors of the spectrum might be given to glass by oxide of iron in varying proportions and by different degrees of heat. The same remarks hold in respect of the oxides of manganese, copper, silver, and gold. Gold, though usually employed to impart a red, by varying the degrees of heat

and by recasting, gave many tints—blue, pink, red, opake, yellow, and green.

Many of these changes seemed due to physical rather than chemical conditions.

Report on the Heat of Combinations, by Dr. Andrews. Every change in the molecular condition of matter is almost invariably connected with the evolution or absorption of heat. The following are a few of the results of the experiments made in reference to the heat thus disengaged or absorbed. 1. A solution of a salt in water is always accompanied by the absorption of heat. 2. If equal weights are dissolved in succession, the heat absorbed is less on each successive addition. 3. The solution of a salt in water containing other salts is accompanied with a smaller absorption than its solution in pure water. 4. When the salt dissolves in a dilute mineral acid the quantity of heat absorbed is greater than when the salt dissolves in water.

The heat in the combination of acids and bases is determined by the base, that is, it is constant for each base. The same body in different allotropic states gives different quantities of heat; thus equal weights of the diamond, graphite, and wood charcoal burnt in oxygen gas, disengaged respectively 7824, 7778, and 8080 units of heat.

On a new Method of Determining the Organic Matter in Water, by Prof. Forchhammer. The method is altogether quantitative, and is applicable to the organic substances approaching the nature of humic acid, in which state they are found for the most part in water. The substance used for this test is the hypermagnesian of potash or soda.

On the Decomposition and partial Solution of Rocks by pure Water and Water charged with Carbonic Acid, by Prof. W. B. Rogers and Professor R. E. Rogers, of the University of Va. A great number of minerals were subjected to the action of these solvents. Two sets of experiments were made, one with pure aerated water, the other with water saturated with carbonic acid. The alkalis were at once dissolved by these agents, and a prolonged digestion separated lime, magnesia, oxide of iron, alumina, and silica sometimes to the amount of one per cent. of the mass exposed to solution. These experiments demonstrate, among other things, the superior solubility of carbonate of magnesia to carbonate of lime in carbonated water.

Report on the Oxidation of Rails in and out of use, and the loss by Abrasion, by Mr. R. Mallet. The rust being electro-negative to its base, increases the action of the moisture of the atmosphere on the metal, and as it becomes more and more oxidized, this electrical relation becomes more intense. The traffic removes the rust and with it a cause of corrosion. The author suggests, 1st, That rails should be hammer-hardened on the top and sides after being rolled; and 2dly, should be heated to about 400° and coated with coal tar.

On Motions exhibited by Metals under the influence of Magnetic or Diamagnetic Forces, by W. S. Ward. In the prosecution of researches in Diamagnetism, Mr. W. found that disks of all metals tended, when placed between the polar pieces of a magnet, on the development of the magnetism, to pass outwards from between the polar pieces; on breaking contact the motion was in the opposite direction. These motions seem attributable to the excitation of electric currents rather than to diamagnetic forces, for on a flat spiral of insulated wire, they were not produced, but were so when the ends of the wire were in contact, just as in the case of a disk.

# THE LITERARY WORLD.

RECTORY OF  
ST. JOHN'S CHURCH,  
NO. 2306 EAST GRACE STREET.

No. 14

\$3 PER ANNUM.

ADWAY.

Richmond, Va., July 8<sup>th</sup> 1900.

Mr. E. M. Carleton.

Dear Sir:

Yours need. Our sexton  
has, in a book, every inscription  
in St. John's Ch. Yard.

There is only one tomb bearing the  
name Shield - "Abraham Shield  
Died 1798 - Aged 28 - A native of  
the Co. of Durham Old England."  
The oldest inscription <sup>in the ground</sup> is 1751 -  
though there were many interments  
before that date.

Yours very truly,  
R. A. Goodwin

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Mr. Gallatin and La Perouse. - In speak-

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ing with Mr. Gallatin on the subject of the Arctic voyages, he related to me the following incident connected with the publication of Hearne's Journey to the Northern Ocean, which is not mentioned in the book. It will be remembered that the Arctic Ocean was first discovered by Hearne in the year 1771.

While Mr. Gallatin was in Machias, a French frigate of 74 guns, commanded by the celebrated navigator La Perouse, arrived there, having in convoy a number of fishing vessels to the banks. An acquaintance was formed between them, and as they sympathized in their geographical tastes, La Perouse gave Mr. Gallatin an account of his visit to Hudson's Bay, where he was sent by his government in the year 1781 or '82, where he captured certain forts belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, among them Fort Albany. At that place he found the manuscript journal of Samuel Hearne, who, ten years before, had performed a journey to the Arctic Sea in search of a Northwest passage. This journey was a most important one, occupying between three and four years, and resulted in many interesting discoveries, particularly of Coppermine river and the Arctic Sea.

This manuscript, as might readily be supposed, interested this great navigator, who, it is known, was one of the earliest martyrs to geographical discovery. This precious document, which had been so long unnoticed, he took particular care of, with a view to its publication. Subsequently, Fort Albany was surrendered to the British, when La Perouse stipulated as one of the conditions of the surrender, that *Mr. Hearne's manuscript should be printed*. The Company agreed to the terms of the French officer, and the manuscript was printed in 1795, twenty-five years after the journey was made.

Mr. Gallatin, with others, was hospitably entertained on board the frigate, and the good people of Machias in return felt desirous to reciprocate the civilities of the French officers; but they had no wine or liquors, and little beyond pork, meal, and potatoes to offer them. They succeeded, however, in getting up a very respectable entertainment by borrowing some wine and other choice things from the ship, to which they invited La Perouse and his officers. Mr. Gallatin said he met this distinguished man on one occasion after in Boston.

*Makes Pedestrian Tours to the Highlands near Boston.*—Geography was always a favorite study with Mr. Gallatin. In fact, I am safe in saying that no man living surpassed, and but few equalled him in this department of science. The geographical features of every region on the globe were familiar to him, and the boundaries of the European States, as they have existed at various periods, were as well known to him as were those of the present day. To show how early a fondness for this study was developed, an anecdote connected with his first visit to Boston, is worthy of being mentioned.

Mr. Gallatin arrived there in the year 1781. He had been in the house but a short time, when he went to the roof to see the features of the country around. From this point (which must have been on some of the heights), he discovered the blue hills of Milton, miles distant, the highest land in sight. He determined to visit them, to see what could be discovered from their tops, and the next day after his arrival, he set out on foot in company with a young man with whom he had become acquainted, and reached their summit. Here a broader landscape was presented to him, and

he attentively noted the peculiarities in the vast area of country around. In a northwesterly direction he discovered other high lands, very far in the distance, and apparently much more elevated than the point on which he stood. These he determined to visit. The next day he returned to Boston, and on the following day set out on foot with his companion for the high grounds seen by him the previous day. These proved to be in the town of Princeton, about fifty miles from Boston and north of Worcester. He ascended the highest point, and surveyed the country around as heretofore.

The tavern at which he stopped on his journey was kept by a man who partook in a considerable degree of the curiosity even nowadays manifested by some landlords in the back parts of New England, to know the whole history of their guests. Noticing Mr. Gallatin's French accent, he said, "Just from France, eh! You are a Frenchman, I suppose." "No!" said Mr. G.; "I am not from France."—"You can't be from England, I am sure?" "No!" was the reply—"From Spain?" "No!"—"From Germany?" "No!"—"Well, where on earth are you from, then, or what are you?" eagerly asked the inquisitive landlord. "I am a Swiss," replied Mr. Gallatin.—"Swiss, Swiss, Swiss!" exclaimed the landlord, in astonishment, "which of the ten tribes are the Swiss?"

When Mr. G. arrived in New York, his first object was to find some maps of the United States and Europe, as he wanted the latter to trace the progress of events then transpiring on that continent. He went to every shop in the city, and all he could find was two maps, one of the world and another of some European state. These were all the city could then produce, and Mr. G. had them still in his possession.

*Mr. Gallatin's First Interview with General Washington.*—Mr. Gallatin said he first met General Washington at the office of a Land Agent, near the Kenawha river, in Northwestern Virginia, where he (Mr. G.) had been engaged in surveying. The office consisted of a log house, 14 feet square, in which was but one room. In one corner of this was a bed for the use of the agent. General Washington, who owned large tracts of land in this region, was then visiting them in company with his nephew, and at the same time examining the country with a view of opening a road across the Alleghanies. Many of the settlers and hunters familiar with the country, had been invited to meet the General at this place, for the purpose of giving him such information as would enable him to select the most eligible pass for the contemplated road. Mr. Gallatin felt a desire to meet this great man, and determined to await his arrival.

On his arrival General Washington took his seat at a pine table in the log cabin or rather land agent's office, surrounded by the men who had come to meet him. They all stood up, as there was no room for seats. Some of the more fortunate, however, secured quarters on the bed. They then underwent an examination by the General, who wrote down all the particulars stated by them. He was very inquisitive, questioning one after the other, and noting down all they said. Mr. Gallatin stood among the others in the crowd, though quite near the table, and listened attentively to the numerous queries put by the General, and very soon discovered from the various relations which was the only practicable pass through which the road could be made.

He felt uneasy at the indecision of the General, when the point was so evident to him, and without reflecting on the impropriety of it, suddenly interrupted him, saying, "Oh, it is plain enough, such a place (a spot just mentioned by one of the settlers) is the most practicable." The good people stared at the young surveyor (for they only knew him as such) with surprise, wondering at his boldness in thrusting his opinion unasked upon the General.

The interruption put a sudden stop to General Washington's inquiries. He laid down his pen, raised his eyes from his paper, and cast a stern look at Mr. Gallatin, evidently offended at the intrusion of his opinion, but said not a word. Resuming his former attitude, he continued his interrogations for a few minutes longer, when, suddenly stopping, he threw down his pen, turned to Mr. Gallatin, and said, "You are right, sir."

"It was so on all occasions with General Washington," remarked Mr. Gallatin to me. "He was slow in forming an opinion, and never decided until he knew he was right."

To continue the narrative: the General stayed here all night, occupying the bed alluded to, while his nephew, the land agent, and Mr. Gallatin rolled themselves in blankets and buffalo skins, and lay upon the bare floor. After the examination mentioned, and when the party went out, General Washington inquired who the young man was who had interrupted him, made his acquaintance, and learned all the particulars of his history. They occasionally met afterwards, and the General urged Mr. Gallatin to become his land agent; but as Mr. Gallatin was then, or intended soon to become, the owner of a large tract of land, he was compelled to decline the favorable offer made him by General Washington.

(To be continued next week.)

#### THE PUBLIC LIBRARIES OF EUROPE

(Continued from our last.)

LIBRARIES OF SCOTLAND.—The Public Libraries in Scotland are—

	Founded.	Vols.
The Library of the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh,	1682,	148,000
University Library, do.	1582,	90,854
Lib. to Writers to Signet, Edinb.,		50,000
University Library, Glasgow,	1473,	58,096
Hunterian Museum Lib. do.	1781,	12,000
Stirling's Library, do.	1791,	10,000
King's College Library, Aberdeen,		34,000
Marischal College Lib. do.		12,000
University Library, St. Andrews,		51,265

The four University libraries receive grants from government. The Library of the Faculty of Advocates, at Edinburgh, derives its funds from the contributions of every gentleman admitted to the bar. The amount has sometimes reached three thousand pounds in a year. The Library of the Faculty of Advocates belongs to a private body, and is one of the five libraries which by law is entitled to a copy of every book published in the Kingdom, of which there is a copyright. Though this library is the property of the advocates, it is practically the property of the public; and there is no library in Great Britain where the access given to the public generally is more liberal than in this. Every respectable person is admitted. Books are loaned from this library to the advocates to so great an extent that much injury has been caused. "All the ordinary reading books," says Mr. Maitland, M.P., "for which there is a great demand, are now reduced into a condition so bad that it is perfectly disgraceful." The rare books and MSS., however, are not so freely loaned. Many object to such a free

use of this valuable library, but as it receives government aid the public claim it.

The two college libraries at Aberdeen are only accessible to the professors and students, under certain conditions. The people of Aberdeen have not access to them, or it is so much restricted that they express great dissatisfaction.

In Scotland the agricultural population are well instructed, compared with the same people in other countries.

The libraries are much themselves of even owners encourage who reads is preferred. They are fond of the *Scottish Journal* and impart general knowledge. The most read are the *Political* writings, of which they possess no other.

ITINERATING LIBRARIES in Scotland by Mr. [Name] his life-time were at [Name]. The primary feature of their itinerating system is formed into divisions. One of these divisions for two years, and persons over twelve proper care of the removed to another division is sent in two years, is again thus a perpetual introduction into each this means the introduction kept up. excited by the collection of books was such, that the issued at once in the library, an average, read the year.

A memoir was subject of itinerating they were introduced into French and attracted much attention similar libraries in Switzerland, with and zealous management of the which their project Scotland. At making to extend country. As a result from their better libraries and consequently at present population library the same as in England who subscribe, made to the considered public library.

LIBRARIES IN IRELAND are the following:—

	Founded.	Vols.
Trinity College Library,	1601,	104,239
Archbishop Marsh's Library,	1697,	17,600
Dublin Society Library,	1731,	12,000
Royal Irish Academy Lib.	1787,	9,815
Library of the King's Inns,		31,000
Primate Robinson's Lib., Armagh, 1771,		12,500

The Library of Trinity College, Dublin, is open to all persons educated there. Others may gain admission by the recommendation of two of the Faculty. There is a lending library at this college, which is confined to the

students. The libraries of the Dublin Society and the Royal Irish Academy, both of which receive grants from the government, and possess excellent collections of books, are accessible for reference and for reading to any person who is known, and who may be introduced by a member.

Bishop Marsh's Library is free to any person in the town, or who is recommended by a person known; but no book can be taken from

	Founded.	Vols.
The Royal Library, Brussels,	1839,	133,500
University Library, Ghent,	1750,	51,600
University Library, Liege,	1700,	56,000

Most of these have been established a long time and are accessible to the public. An introduction is not even necessary. Any person who calls and asks to see a book, has his wishes gratified. Books are also lent. In this case the applicant must be known by introduction or otherwise he must be answerable for

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One West Seventy-second Street

New York March 19 1900

Dear Mr. Carleton—

I thank you for your very interesting letter. I am so much oppressed by business cares that I really cannot engage in a debate on James. His style appeals to me. He is to me in comprehension. I am fifty-eight years old & too old to learn to like such things. I think a man who writes should write so that a simple man may comprehend him.

Yours truly

A. H. Jones

a lamentable fact that there are, or were very recently, seventy-three towns in Ireland, the average population of which is 2300, in which there is not a single bookseller's shop. It was also stated that the town of Drogheda with a population of 20,000 inhabitants did not possess a single bookseller's shop, and the only library, that of the Mechanics' Institute, contains two hundred volumes.

LIBRARIES IN BELGIUM.—In Belgium there are fourteen Public Libraries. The largest are—

in a year.

In addition to these, the government is now preparing a series of scientific tracts, borrowed from the best publications of England and France, which are to be translated and printed at the public expense, and distributed in all the rural communities. They will be called "Bibliothèque Rurale."

There are also in Belgium many small libraries belonging to societies, such as the Military School, the Observatory, the Hospices, the Court of Cassation, etc., which, though not

strictly public, are accessible to any one who applies to consult books.

In Belgium the government subscribes for a number of copies of every valuable book. Thus while they encourage the progress of literature, they are able to send the books so purchased to the provincial libraries, and thereby encourage their formation in other places. All books are not indiscriminately subscribed for. They are submitted to the Minister of Public Instruction, who refers them to officers under him. Their report guides him as to the extent of his subscription.

The government has sometimes made very large purchases for the Royal Library at Brussels, when opportunities have offered by the sale of choice private collections. Recently a large and valuable private library was advertised for sale. It contained 70,000 volumes, and its printed catalogue filled six volumes. The government immediately came forward and purchased the whole for £14,000, about one dollar a volume, and added it to the Royal Library. Another library containing 20,000 volumes was bought at Ghent. The duplicates are sold at auction or given to other libraries.

A system of exchanges exists between the libraries of Belgium and public libraries in other parts of Europe, and between all the scientific bodies, academies, and universities. There is also an interchange of public documents between the British House of Commons and the Belgian Chamber of Deputies; but no interchange of books exists with the United States.

The books purchased for these exchanges are the publications of the scientific bodies in Belgium, the Royal Academy, the old Chronicles, and the Government publications.

The Libraries of Italy, Germany, and Denmark are equally accessible with those of Belgium and France. Any person properly introduced can see any book he asks for. And from six of the Paris Libraries, three of those at Dresden, three at Copenhagen, the Royal Libraries at Brussels, Berlin, Munich, and Vienna, and from the Brera Library at Milan, books may be taken out. The applicant is only required, in case he is not known to hold a certain social position, to present a satisfactory introduction.

(To be continued.)

## Reviews.

### RIPLEY'S MEXICAN WAR.

*The War with Mexico*, by R. S. Ripley, Brevet Major U. S. A., 1st Lieut. 2d Regt. of Artillery, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. Harper & Brothers.

In the middle of the nineteenth century events of magnitude follow each other so rapidly, that we almost forget those which have gone before in the consideration of the present. While our good ship is struggling to surmount the wave that opposes it, we cease to remember the threatening billow but just before gallantly overtopped.

Men already begin to speak of the Mexican war as of something long since passed. It has rolled over with its "earthquake roar" like a midsummer storm that full of lurid omens and lightnings and thunderings has discharged its burden and sailed onward—an occasional muttering is still heard, and the flashing of its bolts still fitfully gleams, but it has left us for ever. The storm scoured the hills, caused the rivers to swell, and prostrated the forest,—in its path was devastation! but who shall say

that it will not have caused the earth to bring forth more abundantly and gladdened the heart of man! There were evils,—will they be outweighed by future benefits?

It is now nearly two years since that war was ended; the thousands who fought in its battles have thrown aside the musket and the sabre, and resumed the peaceful avocations which the first blast of the trumpet found them ready to leave.

Since then other topics have interested and excited our easily-roused millions. In view of the glittering dust confirmed to their possession by that very war they have dropped the party quarrels, abuse, and recrimination upon the means by which they obtained the treasure. Perhaps it may be thought that our two great national parties, equally acknowledging the immensity of our acquisitions, have naturally concluded that as to the *modus acquirendi* "the least said is the better." It is preferable to believe that the voices of nations, the watch that Americans have kept upon the great changes of Europe, and the occurrence of agitating events among themselves, have all tended to enable our countrymen, in looking back upon their contest with the great southern republic, to observe it as if through a medium of many years, with dispassionate eyes, cleared of the mists of prejudice; with hearts ready to give credit to whomever it may be due; to suffer blame to rest where the fault was; and to think like men equally unable to cry "our country right or wrong," or to prove traitorous to that country's honor and best interests.

It is because we believe this, and from the reason that we think the book whose title is prefixed to this article is calculated to hasten such a state of cool judgment, if it be not already reached, that we consider the publication of these volumes well timed.

But while we rely on this power of just discrimination between right and wrong as to the war with Mexico, as existing among our citizens generally, we are not so utopian as to suppose there will not still be many, who, while they admit the correctness of the facts of our author, will strongly dissent from his conclusions. If such there are, then be they those whose political preferences are like the noxious weeds in the garden of the sluggard, the rankness and luxuriance of which not only overshadow and root out the kindlier flowers, but obstruct or obscure his view of the free surrounding landscape.

Such men, who have been accustomed to insist with narrow pertinacity, on the one hand, that the war was caused by General Taylor's having entered the disputed territory, and on the other that it was brought about by the Mexicans having crossed the Nueces, will perhaps be astonished at the philosophic retrospect of our author. He first tells us that "the controversies in arms in which great nations of modern times have been engaged have almost invariably been brought about by a long series of circumstances so connected, that in their succession the danger of the conflict could hardly be perceived until its occurrence was inevitable; for the gradual progress of free institutions of government has taken the power from the hands of the governing authorities of nations, to plunge their subjects unadvisedly into war, in pursuit of objects either of capricious fancy or private interest."

"In the war with Mexico," he remarks, "the third great war in which the United States of America have been engaged since the declaration of their independence, this was especially the case."

Then looking back a quarter of a century,

to an era of a like character in Mexican history, Mr. Ripley correctly says, "From the time of the independence of Mexico the question which was the immediate cause of war was agitated in some manner, and to relate so much of it as may be seen in the course of Mexican action thereon, and in the events of history of the same periods, reference must be had to the time of the first separate existence of Mexico as a nation."

The author then goes on to point out, link by link, the chain of events which, after a few years, led to the disruption of Texas from the republic of which she was a part,—the international conflicts consequent thereupon, its declaration of national independence, its annexation to the United States, to which, indeed, its citizens were already bound by common natural ties, and finally to the war between the republic of the north and that Pharaonic anarchy which could not keep its people and would not let them go.

It is the manner of men to make success the criterion of merit; hence it was the fashion, when express after express brought us intelligence of the series of brilliant victories achieved by our gallant soldiers under the command of him whom they delighted to honor under the *nom de guerre* of "Old Rough and Ready," to attribute to that chieftain all the qualities of a great commander. To him, in the public mind, belonged the discretion, the foresight, and wide-grasping intellect that distinguished a Wellington, a Napoleon, and a Washington. Even military men stamped the record of his movements with their approbation, and the public prints took care to inform us—the information, no doubt, to be taken with some grains of allowance—that the "Iron Duke," whom Englishmen swear by, had privately expressed his opinion, that, under the like circumstances, he should have acted precisely as General Taylor had done. We opine that our author, who, in treating of the succession of triumphs obtained by the leader of the American army, from Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma to Buena Vista, has ventured, modestly yet quite distinctly, to hint his dissent to their opinions, will be deemed by some guilty of military heresy. And, yet, with a profound respect for the talents as a commander and the character as a citizen possessed by General Taylor, we do not hesitate to express the belief that the majority of readers will agree with Mr. Ripley long before the year 1900.

But in all his strictures upon the plans of operation adopted, he strives to preserve, and we think has succeeded, that strict impartiality of judgment so necessary to the true historian. He tells us "it must be remembered that critical remarks upon military operations are always after the fact;" and, after lucidly narrating the events of the battles of the 8th and 9th of May, and the movements preliminary thereto, he says that, "unless General Taylor had been assured of success, his course of action would have been to have broken up his camp opposite Matamoros, abandoned his position, and withdrawn his army to Point Isabel; for it is an approved maxim in war, 'that a battle should not be fought when the advantages which may be gained by a victory are less than the dangers to be apprehended from a defeat.'" The maxim is Napoleon's. Major R. then sums up the advantages and disadvantages to be gained or suffered by risking a battle. The latter certainly greatly preponderated. But we are shown why and how strongly our leader was confident of success, and are asked in this view, "who can

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EDITORIAL ROOMS OF WIDE AWAKE

118 Purchase Street, Boston

Dec 19<sup>th</sup> 1892

Mrs. Emma Carleton;

Dear Madam;

We have retained "The Secret She Liked" for use in Wide Awake. We return the other articles with thanks and regrets.  
Sincerely,  
The Editors

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WINTER, I  
In cold, grey clouds—in bright, blue sky—  
I see thy stern—thy sparkling eye—

Thy solemn voice I hear  
In winds that round my dwell  
'Mong naked trees that sigh  
In Nature's every plaintive tone  
Aye, winter, thou art near

Old friend, again I welcome thee  
No gloomy thoughts thou bring  
But health, and hope, and cheer  
And sparklings of the heart  
I think of thee whenever I gaze  
Back on my blithesome early days  
And early nights—their tasks  
A good old friend thou art

Then once again, old winter,  
Albeit thy cheek at times is pale  
And hoarse thy voice upon the air  
And icy-cold thy hand;  
Albeit thy hair is white with age  
And where thou look'st no wonder  
And flowers of crystal only grow  
O'er all the hard, dead lea

Still thy approach with joy I greet  
With somewhat e'en of ecstasies  
For I do find a heart in thee,  
Although thy touch is cold  
Thy rigid hand in mine I take  
And warm it with a hearty shake  
And round thy old snow-powder  
My loving arms I fold.

My heart with love of Nature  
I leap to see thy noble form  
Glide ghost-like through the dim  
Mist-mantled, o'er the plain  
The music of the Northern blast  
Tells where thy hosts are mustering  
Thy vanguard woods careering  
Brush me with flying banners

O come! what gladness to my  
To see thy white pavilion rise,  
And sparkle to the sparkling sky  
To hear thy trumpet ring  
Far through the crystal air, the  
That bids thy children, one and  
Come to the glittering banquet  
Of winter, hoary king!

was then upon Jefferson's works. "There," said he, "I value those books much, and want you to take them, and get them bound for me in full calf binding, in the very best style. I like to see a valuable book with a good coat on." Said I, there are some other works relating to Mr. Jefferson, such as his life by Tucker, which ought to go with them. "Well," said he, "procure for me this book and any other that relates to Mr. Jefferson, and have them bound." He often spoke and related many anecdotes, particulars have escaped me.

*Mr. G.'s system while Secretary.*—One evening last year the Ethnological Society, of Washington, who was Gallatin that he had left respite, to relieve his injured by over-tasking in remarking on this and Secretary Walker, in consequence of labor in preparing his Treatise it was all wrong. "The rule is never to suffer your fatigue and never to over-task them," this rule," continued he, "I myself as you see to my When I was in the Treasury to be sure, the first year, hours a day were sufficient. At a subsequent conversation when he was in the Treasury all his serious work after night, when he had sent me

*Mr. Adams at Ghent.*—One day on Mr. Gallatin when engaged in writing his paper, he said to me, in subject, that his whole object was peace. He meant to tell, although it might, and was to some of his best friends to procure certain book. "A heavy weight upon my mind, and, to us been used before, I mean in relation to this he connected with the ratification of Ghent.

The American Commissioners had been waiting before the British Commissioners. At length when they assented from the latter a protocol was made upon which they agreed. These conditions required the American government, though it was impossible for Adams was much incensed by the demands of the British, serious and most eloquently handed to Mr. Gallatin. Mr. G. looked it over, and would not answer to the paper as would do to Congress, but to present it to the British Commissioners, would greatly incense them, probably put an end to further negotiations, and thus prolong the war for years. The other gentlemen also presented opinions or replies. It was then unanimously agreed that the several propositions should be placed in Mr. Gallatin's hands, and that he should prepare a reply, in which the views of the several commissioners should, as far as possible, be carried out. Mr. G. undertook the task, and

presented the result for the approval of the commissioners.

In this Mr. G. had omitted all the expressions of Mr. Adams, which he thought would give offence to the British Commissioners, at which Mr. Adams was not well pleased; but the others acquiescing, he was in a manner forced to give his consent, and Mr. Gallatin's reply was adopted. Subsequently, Mr. Adams told Mr. G., that on reflection he was very glad the middle course

he was able to accomplish the most splendid discoveries and results, which had immortalized his name. He seemed to possess an intuitive faculty with the calculus, by which he arrived at once at the solution of the grandest problems in the science of celestial mechanics. No man had ever accomplished so much in this field, and with such wonderful facility. But," continued he, "in this consisted his whole mind. Of other things he knew nothing and would not, among

for a learned man. Minister of the Interior, for but ten days. He placed."

"It is a difference," said he, "of La Place and that of discoveries convinced great first cause—a Supernaturalist—all things;—but La Place led to materialism, that he was permitted to develop the theory of La of which, on his mind, by the recent discovery of Lord Rosse, the nebulae into stars." great horror of atheism

interestedness.—Great as a financier, he never employed his talents for gain, although opportunized to him by which he himself. One or two mentioned in proof of this. of the Treasury, it was asion to pay the interest States on a loan made in rest was to be paid in the Mr. Astor made proposition to provide the necessary money stated in the agreement was made. Mr. Gallatin conditions to Mr. Astor, affection, were accepted. he did not exercise the marked his other financial disposing of it, or in he found himself minus ing, or about \$50,000. Gallatin observed to me, use Mr. Astor so much remittance that I should financial knowledge and, and he ever after ex- confidence in my opinions, long attachment for me. asury in 1816, Mr. Astor offers to associate myself, but I declined."

surprise to Mr. Gallatin, you not accept his offer? could now have ranked res." He replied by that his shoulders which ex- words, intimating that with him.

ence has recently come to a gentleman residing in

Europe, which places in a still stronger light the disinterestedness of Mr. Gallatin, in his refusal of all opportunities and offers to avail himself of his financial sagacity and of his position, while serving his country, to enrich himself.

It will be remembered that Mr. Gallatin was Minister of the United States in Paris in 1816, at the time of the second restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of France. A

My dear Mrs. Carleton, 401, WOODWARD STREET, WABAN.  
I meant to write to you again before you wrote to me. I was speaking about it to Mr. Phillips last night, but I have been in a state of suspense as to which way to turn for so long—that is for a month. I was going to England: then to France. In July I began to paint a portrait of a charming young Spanish girl, who is teaching at Wellesley. She is the flower of that Protestant girls' College in Spain—a real little genius. But I must not go into that. We arranged for Agatha to Madrid. She wishes to

then residing in Paris.

Speaking of La Place on one occasion, he said the world was greatly deceived as to the extent of his acquirements. He had formed a high opinion of him before he knew him, but Baron Humboldt told him he would be disappointed, and so it proved. "La Place," he said, "was an extraordinary man only in a single department of science, Mathematics. With that wonderful machine, the Calculus,

formed seven circuits about it, after the manner of the pilgrims, and having made a profound reverence to Mahomet, stood before him with lambent wavering motion, like a flaming sword; giving him the salutation of peace, and hailing him as a prophet.

"Not content with this miracle, pursues the legend. Mahomet compelled the obedient luminary

"His definition of charity embraced the wide circle of kindness. Every good act, he would say, is charity. Your smiling in your brother's face is charity; an exhortation of your fellow man to virtuous deeds is equal to alms-giving; your putting a wanderer in the right road is charity; your assisting the blind is charity; your removing stones and thorns and other obstructions from the road is

place, to gain favor with \* \* \*, and in the next, to wreak their revenge on the English, by setting them to work to destroy one another."

Several letters from Dr. Franklin are written in the clear and common sense style of that great man. One of Marshall to Dr. Franklin suggests to the latter, at that time (1785) President of the State of Pennsylvania, a tour of

*Copy of Original*

Owen Wister  
Attorney at Law  
328 Chestnut Street  
Philadelphia

Saturday, Feb. 10th

Editor Courier Journal:

Dear Sir: The perfectly just remarks upon carelessness in literary composition that are made in your issue of Jan. 14/94 have been sent me because I am one of the authors whom you call to account. I write to say in all good faith that I'm very much obliged to any one who hauls me up on genuine good grounds. Perhaps your critic is just a little bloodthirsty in calling the mistake a "glaring offense" which would outrage the laxest standards; sounds as if I'd broken the ten commandments at a clip- but never mind, he's quite right. The curious thing is that such clips should escape the attention not of the author only, but of the many people who read his manuscript before it gets finally printed. When a man has the face to undertake to entertain his fellow men by telling them stories, he should certainly mind his p's and q's; and if "Baalam & Pedro" ever becomes part of a book the error you point out shall be corrected.

Yours respectfully,

Owen Wister.

stronger than fire? 'Yes; water, for it quenches fire.' 'Oh Lord, is there anything of thy creation stronger than water? 'Yes, wind; for it overcomes water and puts it in motion.' 'Oh, our Sustainer! is there anything of thy creation stronger than wind? 'Yes, a good man giving alms; if he give with his right hand and conceal it from his left, he overcomes all things.'

"Many lives will be lost; many fine fabrics demolished, the labor of ages ruined; and all this chiefly at the instigation of some proud, discontented people who have been in office in America; and I am sorry to join with them the generality of the Scotch, many of whom being high in authority here, and seeing the \* \* \* rather set against you, urge on these violent councils; in the first

their country to purchase the first indigenous book on the subject, were so few as to leave a considerable loss to be made up by the author.

The celebrated Sir Joseph Banks corresponded with Marshall, partly in reference to procuring a quantity of Ginseng root, with some speculative views as to its disposal. Sir Joseph afterwards became a regular customer

for plants, and recommended others to Marshall, to procure botanical specimens of his vicinity.

Rev. Samuel Pransh, one of the Moravian ministers residing at one of the settlements of the United Brethren in Pennsylvania, was induced by the publication of the "American Grove" to begin a correspondence with Marshall. His enthusiasm in natural science and somewhat idiomatic English may provoke a smile, but the adopting the "Grove" as a textbook of botany in the schools of the Moravian settlement for the reason it was of the growth of the soil, is worthy all commendation.

We cannot lay aside this valuable work without abstracting from the introduction an account of the progress of Botany in North America.

The earliest book on the subject was a quarto printed at Paris in 1635, and entitled *Canadensium Plantarum aliisque nondum editarum Historia*. The writer was a French botanist, named Cornutus.

The next was *New England's Rarities*, by John Jocelyn, an Englishman, published in 1672.

In 1680 the Rev. John Bannister transmitted to Mr. Ray a catalogue of plants observed by him in Virginia. This naturalist was killed by a fall while clambering the rocks in a botanical excursion.

About 1730 Bartram began the collection of plants for his friend Collinson.

In 1732 the first volume of the *Natural History of Carolina, Florida, and the Bahamas*, was published by Mark Catesby.

The *Flora Virginica* was edited by Prof. Gronovius of Leyden from descriptions furnished by John Clayton of Virginia. This was begun in 1739. Governor Colden of New York, and his daughter, Miss Jane Colden, were about this time engaged in botanical pursuits. The lady was the first to describe the pretty swamp plant, the *copitis trifolia*, and the writer regrets that her name has not been associated with her discovery.

In 1739 James Logan of Penn. published at Leyden *Experimenta et Mëlementa de Plantarum generatione*, which was translated into English by Dr. Fothergill.

Dr. John Mitchell sent in 1740 a paper describing 30 genera of Virginia plants to Peter Collinson.

In 1748 Peter Kalm, a pupil of Linnæus, arrived in this country, and explored botanically Pennsylvania, the adjacent provinces, and Canada. His name is affixed to a beautiful genus of the laurel family.

In 1781 Von Wangenheim, a surgeon to the Hessian troops sent during the war of the revolution, published at Göttingen a description of some of our forest-trees.

Rev. Manasseh Cutler, LL.D., published in 1785 the first essay towards a description of the plants of New England. In the same year, Humphrey Marshall published the *Arbustum Americanum*, the first book on the subject of American plants by a native author.

The *Flora Caroliniana*, by Thomas Walter, was published in London, 1788.

In 1791 William Bartram's *Travels* in the Carolinas, Georgia, and Florida, were published.

In 1801 André Michaux published a work on the Oaks of North America, and in 1803 The *Flora Borealis Americana*.

The present century has witnessed the labors in this field of Prof. Barton, Nuttall, Drs. Samuel L. Mitchell, the younger Michaux, Muhlenberg, Push, and Elliot, during the earlier portions of the period; and during the

last few years the veteran Torrey, and Profs. Gray, Beck, Dewey, and others, have well sustained the scientific reputation of our botanists.

#### MR. LONGFELLOW'S NEW VOLUME.

*The Seaside and the Fireside.* By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1850. 16mo.

MR. LONGFELLOW'S new volume contains a number of poems which are now printed for the first time, together with all of his later poems which are not comprised in any of his previous volumes. Many of these poems are among his finest productions; and upon the whole we think the volume fully equal to either of his former collections of miscellaneous poems. We gladly join our Amen to the hope so gracefully expressed in the Dedication; that it may be no unwelcome or strange visitant either by the seaside or the fireside. Yet the utterance of this hope seems almost unnecessary; for Mr. Longfellow is always a favorite, and anything from his pen is sure of a kind reception; sure of such a reception, from its own merits and the author's great popularity. We quote the lines, however, for their great beauty and simplicity:—

#### "DEDICATION."

"As one who, walking in the twilight gloom,  
Hears round about him voices as it darkens,  
And seeing not the forms from which they come,  
Pauses from time to time, and turns and hearkens;

"So walking here in twilight, O my friends!  
I hear your voices, softened by the distance,  
And pause, and turn to listen, as each sends  
His words of friendship, comfort, and assistance.

"If any thought of mine, or sung or told,  
Has ever given delight or consolation,  
Ye have repaid me back a thousand fold,  
By every friendly sign and salutation.

"Thanks for each kindly word, each silent token,  
That teaches me, when seeming most alone,  
Friends are around us, though no word be spoken.

"Kind messages, that pass from land to land;  
Kind letters, that betray the heart's deep history,  
In which we feel the pressure of a hand,—  
One touch of fire,—and all the rest is mystery!

"The pleasant books, that silently among  
Our household treasures tike familiar places,  
Are to us as if a living tongue  
Spoke from the printed leaves or pictured faces!

"Perhaps on earth I never shall behold,  
With eye of sense, your outward form and semblance!  
Therefore to me ye never will grow old,  
But live for ever young in my remembrance.

"Never grow old, nor change, nor pass away!  
Your gentle voices will flow on for ever,  
When life grows bare and tarnished with decay,  
As through a leafless landscape flows a river.

"Not chance of birth or place has made us friends,  
Being oftentimes of different tongues and nations,  
But the endeavor for the selfsame ends,  
With the same hopes, and fears, and aspirations.

"Therefore I hope to join your seaside walk,  
Saddened, and mostly silent with emotion;  
Not interrupting with intrusive talk  
The grand, majestic symphonies of ocean.

"Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome guest,  
At your warm fireside, when the lamps are lighted,  
To have my place reserved among the rest,  
Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited!"

The longest of the original poems is entitled "The Building of the Ship," and is altogether superior to anything Mr. Longfellow has written except Evangeline, and perhaps one or two other poems of less length. A master-builder receives directions from a ship-owner to build him a new vessel, and joyfully obeys the command:—

"And first with nicest skill and art,  
Perfect and finished in every part,  
A little model the master wrought,  
Which should be to the larger plan  
What the child is to the man,  
Its counterpart in miniature;  
That with a hand more swift and sure  
The greater labors might be brought  
To answer to his inward thought."

The model being nicely finished, we are next introduced to the ship-yard:—

"Covering many a rood of ground,  
Lay the timber piled around;  
Timber of chestnut, and elm, and oak,  
And scattered here and there, with these,  
The knarred and crooked cedar knees;  
Brought from regions far away,  
From Pascagoula's sunny bay,  
And the banks of the roaring Roanoke!  
Ah! what a wondrous thing it is  
To note how many wheels of toil  
One thought, one word, can set in motion.  
There's not a ship that sails the ocean,  
But every climate, every soil,  
Must bring its tribute, great or small,  
And help to build the wooden wall."

The ship-builder's golden-haired daughter is betrothed to a young man in her father's employment; and when all the materials for the ship are prepared, the old man thus addresses the youth:—

"Thus, said he, will we build this ship!  
Lay square the blocks upon the slip,  
And follow well this plan of mine.  
Choose the timbers with greatest care;  
Of all that is unsound beware;  
For only what is sound and strong  
To this vessel shall belong.  
Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine  
Here together shall combine.  
A goodly frame, and a goodly fame,  
And the Union be her name!  
For the day that gives her to the sea  
Shall give my daughter unto thee."

The old man's words cause the boy's heart to beat with a new joy, and his hands to labor with unwonted zeal:—

"Ah, how skilful grows the hand  
That obeyeth Love's command!  
It is the heart, and not the brain,  
That to the highest doth attain,  
And he who followeth Love's behest  
Far exceedeth all the rest!

"Thus with the rising of the sun  
Was the noble bark begun.  
And soon throughout the ship-yard's bounds  
Were heard the intermingled sounds  
Of axes and mallets plied  
With vigorous arms on every side;  
Plied so deftly and so well,  
That ere the shadows of evening fell,  
The keel of oak for a noble ship,  
Scarfed and bolted, straight and strong,  
Was lying ready, and stretched along  
The blocks, well placed upon the slip.  
Happy, thrice happy, every one  
Who sees his labor well begun,  
And not perplexed and multiplied,  
By idly waiting for time and tide."

We then follow the building of the ship, which is graphically described, until

"All is finished! and at length  
Has come the bridal day  
Of beauty and of strength.  
To-day the vessel shall be launched!  
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,  
And o'er the bay,  
Slowly, in all his splendors dight,  
The great sun rises to behold the sight."

The launch is next described. Upon the deck stand the youthful builder and his fair bride; and as the ship bounds into her future home, the nuptial blessing is pronounced over the happy couple, whose bridal day is the reward of faithful exertions. The poem concludes with the following beautiful lines. And what American is there who will not heartily join in the poet's prayer that the Union may be preserved in spite of all visionary disorganizers?

"Sail forth into the sea, O ship!  
Through wind and wave, right onward stee  
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,  
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

"Sail forth into the sea of life,  
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,  
And safe from all adversity  
Upon the bosom of that sea  
Thy comings and thy goings be!  
For gentleness, and love, and trust  
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust:  
And in the wreck of noble lives,  
Something immortal still survives!

"Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!  
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!  
Humility with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years

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*The History of the World.* A Textual History of the World, Embellished with Engravings in tint, reux. 8vo. Seventy and four of this volume, being of the heartily condensation, progression, quarter, be in of Europe. thus multiplied tremble in the continue to doubt misphere would not our bold forward with with all these readers of superior himself with satisfaction publishers of derstand the they elect to own, by introduction, sinia, robed it the son of a suppose, to judge

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*Poetical Quotations.* Extracts on various Authors, heads. By J. Delphia: Lind DeWitt & D. purchasing day select a work a gilded cover that will be d holidays expir

with profit and pleasure; and when to this is added a certain degree of practical utility, of which every one is the best judge in his own case, it must be acknowledged that this volume holds forth considerable attractions. It contains selections from the earliest writers down to those of our own time, illustrative of nearly five hundred different subjects, arranged



EDITORIAL ROOMS,  
PULITZER BUILDING, PARK ROW, N. Y.

Friday Sept 25<sup>th</sup>  
1896

My dear Mrs. Culetton,

It is pleasant

to know you are in town, &

I shall be glad to see you

here at the office tomorrow

(Saturday) or any day

in the early part of next

week. Sincerely, E. F. Jordan.

ndum, a miscellaneous guide, bountifully other information. City indicates the in its numerous churches, institution and several ng them.

H GLIDDON.

DEAD.

her embalmments, great commanders liously extracting corruption, ambimmortality, from ecome acquainted old world, who re great things of les of the sons of veries of Egypt." rned Sir Thomas r thoughts natu one fine evening rselfes under the on the Nile. Our t anchor in the y sycamore, and g, we coaxed our cares of navigations about mumsome gilded lady gly smeared her ide her intrinsic e old stories we something new. selves as to their heir embalmments, rs, whether they id the estimated ernal decorations ay be known by r curiosity went oks, manuscripts, nd wrapped up hat were these? nystery did they ey were called e of fearful im tell us about

a zealous antitti, sold to the is collection of as a large box papyri, chiefly ths. In process critical examina then, in 1827, yphical reading; ll extant, he an writings found the dead related ath of the body, as of Purgatory, ze of all, and its tion when again rmed this code ook of the Mani ng literally the as since named (Todtenbuch),

book, in the Himalaya, etc. A glossary of scientific terms is added in this American edition, by Dr. Ruschenberger. The whole is an admirable companion volume to the books of Humboldt.

WILSON'S Great Metropolis: or New York Almanac for 1850, in the sixth year of its publication, puts on new features. It is an

while Mr. Birch, in a MS., wherein he has kindly given me the translation of many portions, happily designates it "a Book for the Dead to read." These books or rituals have been found in whole or in part, and in many different degrees of preservation, in many mummies, and it seems to have been the almost universal custom to inclose within the

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"aromatic folds" of the this "Guide to Hades," perils he was about to encounter the same way as with the propitiatory offerings to the and arrows they have used dog which is "hereafter pany." A still better analogy Gliddon, is found in the veiled among Christians in inclosing illuminated Miss: eminent persons; and from cutting these we are now the epoch of each.

Now let us suppose that this had prevailed for a thousand years to the present time, and that emperors and princes we had buried a complete copy of our with those of less note a set the Psalms of David, or I brews, and with the peasant chapter or a single verse. Our literature and religion not an antiquarian some time hence, be able by a diligent collation of such confined to construct our system of religion contemporaries what we had God and our future state such a diligent explorer suppose, would be able, different styles and characteristics, to fix the relative age. He would find a present. First—uncial characters figures of angels in importance through black-letter illustrations, he would see epoch of printing, first accompanied with engraving pieces of oak board, an hot-pressed, gilt edged, a bossed Bibles of our day. find the earliest papyri with linear hieroglyphic, and in successive forms of the human characters. All this is in relative ages of the mummy deducible from the peculiar successive generations and other characteristics, of which time for speak.

The longest and most perfect this "Totdenbuch" is that of the senm, of which I have already detached chapters, and even ters, have been found in other however, forming part of fragmentary copies of one great original, and in many cases, I might say nearly all, the chapter and verse may be assigned to all the detached portions yet found.

We here interrupted our guide for a moment to inquire as to the probability of either of the mummies which during his discourse had been staring at us, containing any portion of this extraordinary book; to which he replied: that although they were females, the ancient Egyptians held the sex in such honor that these sacred writings were frequently folded with them, and as these were of the higher class we might reasonably expect to find some copious portions of the "Totdenbuch" inside, when the time arrived for breaking the "seals of their medicated trunks." Other questions sprang to our lips on hearing this announcement, but waving his hand, our learned friend proceeded without gratifying our eager curiosity. Having thus sketched



MADISON AVE. 542-557  
NEW YORK

1908  
Feb 20<sup>th</sup>  
Dear Emma -  
I've got out of the  
duties of my mummy  
this time - have now  
more got - enough in  
fearful of them -  
But am  
going tomorrow morning  
with a good friend

#### ITALIAN OPERA.

MARIA DI ROHAN has been repeated each night since our last notice, and with increasing firmness among the corps. A few more performances, and we may then see again that precision and care in the orchestra which distinguished the band some time ago, particularly in the representation of Otello. We have neither space nor inclination to enter upon the *pros* and *cons* of the late dispute; there was, perhaps, error on both sides. But we have already had proof that M. Maretzek will never be wanting in energy and perseverance, even in the greatest emergency. Maria di Rohan possesses some unusual qualifications among Donizetti's operas. Throughout the whole of the first act there is a continual imitation of French piquancy, sometimes accomplished by intervals, but more often by rhythm. This gives a peculiar character to this part of the opera, which,

judgment of all musicians. For the rest the performance is very good. Sinor Forti acquits himself as well Chalais, but his voice does not need straining. The trio towards the close of the first act was excellently sung, and the same must be said of the duet between Chalais and Maria. The chorus is steady, but requires some addition in the upper parts.

On Thursday, a concert was given at the Tabernacle, by M. Maretzek and the *corps dramatique*. The chief attraction was in the performance of some portions of Meyerbeer's "Prophète," and the announcement collected a very full house. The parts given of this celebrated opera were, first, the duet between Bertha and Fides, sung by Signorinas Bertucca and Patti. This is a gentle pastoral air, the close of each verse being a charming refrain, in which the movement of the two parts is beautiful in the extreme. It requires more understanding of the composer to give it justice than either lady seemed to possess, for

# THE LITERARY WORLD.

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GENIUS.

PUBLISHER'S CIRCUL

## Orig

### THE W

It grew and b

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Flames crackl

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These flowers

She told us, with

And soft and l

That thus "the fever seemed to cool,

The pain was not so sharp"—

How fearfully like, those faltering words,  
To strains of a broken harp!

And sadly now our tear-filled eyes  
Turn from the close damp tomb,  
To rest upon the flowers she loved,  
Still blossoming in our room.

And Elsie, when the days are fine,  
Still bears them to the light—  
For well we'll cherish the Winter-buds  
That cheered her dying night.

repeated till a sort of triteness attends them.  
Do children die so often and so good in your  
parts? The topic taken from the considera-  
tion that they are snatched away from possible  
vanities, seems hardly sound; for to an om-  
niscient eye their conditional failings must be  
one with their actual; but I am too unwell  
for Theology—such as I am,

"I am yours and A. K.'s truly,  
"C. LAMB."

August 10, 1825.

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11th, 1827.

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being fright-  
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stable. Then  
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d might order

scare the ladies. The type is as plain as Bas-  
kervill's; they should have been dim, full of

"If there be a cavil, it is that the topics of  
religious consolation, however beautiful, are

mystery;—letters to the mind rather than the eye. Rembrandt has painted a Belshazzar and a courtier or two (taking a part of the banquet for the whole), not fribbled out a mob of fine folks. Then everything is so distinct, to the very necklaces; and that foolish little prophet—what is there of interest?

The ideal of spectator, show time you would king; not to marks on the to examine the

"Just such—frittered in armies here, I only see the he has not let for Joshua, I

"Still he is man figure of the first are tainments, at trick—'Now—dare is Be

There is ciator, beyond PURC

"I have j have been to And have br can, the old prints, 'Van shillings. C have oft hear the flesh—theologic we

My arms ac stage, but th old Anchise or the Lady who having mountain—bered with fatigue.

O t There must names impl chael Ange grimagd t believes hi his cobweb

N.B. I l offer it to N seen it. "J But keep it "I do no to apprise you this 2 Swans, Bis

"With t

\* The repr his name.

NINETE Condensed

GEOLG An imp cated in a

Mr. Isaac Lea, of Pottsville, to Dr. Buckland. In examining the strata in the gorge of the Sharp

Mountain, near Pottsville, where the Schuylkill breaks through it, a large mass of remarkably fine old red sandstone attracted his attention. Imprinted on it he was astonished to find six distinct impressions of footmarks in a double row of tracks, each mark being duplicated by the hind foot falling into the impression of the

miles. That the gold was universally associated with quartz rock, forming veins in talcose and micaceous schists. Further, the first discoveries were made in the det of the streams and valleys, and the gold so abundant as to excite almost as much interest as the mines of California. These

on exhausted, hitherto proved

cal and dynam t. Mallet. This ésumé of the t es, and the de- ting the follow knowledge:— e modulus of es arth. self-registering s a of shocks. te of transit thro h ally produced. made by means f wo telescopes so ne are seen throu from the surface f ver and instrume le's distance from s of gunpowder fired by an elec noticed between he concussion at

were read on vario Rogers exhibited so as to indicate t gave an account ghany Mountains. ster proposed to u leodorize the sewa

CLUDING PHYSIOLOGY carbonic Acid on ti to those of the Co ny. The report state rbonic acid, ferns co it when the proportio 0 per cent., the plan The general teno iments lends support geologists who cor vegetation of the cat the existence of mor- mosphere than is now urged, as an objection at the animals of that hed in an atmosphere aubeny has found th of the present day are n the atmosphere cent. of carbonic acid

f Marine Animals, by t of this paper was to ns of certain mollus were by means of fra in sea-water. ted some bones of the of the Mauritius, akp e to these remains, Dr. the Dutch government search should be made or bones belonging to ners.

ductions of Algiers, by these plants the lichens, bed, a plant of rapid of the desert wastes of taste, and eaten by the Arabs. Mr. Munby suggested that the manna

Dear Mrs. Linton

Myra of the Times is certainly quite worth a reading - and I am very glad and grateful that you "pushed it along" to me -

Myra herself is fine and very attractive - I liked her - but - the most clever bit of drawing in the book is the pathetic figure of that ineffectual but hopeful and faithful old father - the Professor -

But what I shall try always to remember is - the pledge Myra and Christiana made of to spring - it was fine -

To me and you when others are there

To you and me when tempests be

To both together in my master -

Truly

John I. Brown

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LEW M. O'BANNON  
Attorney-at-Law  
Corydon, . Indiana

April 16/1934.

Miss Elizabeth Nunemacher,  
432, Lightfoot Road,  
Louisville, Ky.,

Dear Miss Nunemacher:--

Replying to your card of recent date, in which you seek a picture of your great-grandfather, the late Patrick Shields, Patrick Henry Shields,--I should have written,--for the President of Hampden-Sydney College, (Va.,--I beg to advise that I will make inquiry and report to you further. I have not known of any picture of your distinguished relative, here, but I will make inquiry in the most hopeful places, and of those who might know about any if here. I note you say Mr. Shields died in 1848. It will give me great pleasure if I can find some likeness of Mr. Shields. If I find any I will write you later,--and may do so anyway. Our family are well, except the grandchildren now have the measles. Never so much measles in our town, before. With kindest regards I am

Very truly yours,

Lew M. O'Bannon

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Christmas. The Rev. Henry Giles's Lectures and Miscellanies, in the press of the same house, will appear about the middle of January, and Mr. Charles Sumner's collected Orations and Lectures will shortly follow. Mr. Sumner's recent speech in the Supreme Court, on the constitutionality of colored schools, is now in the press, and will be published in a few days.

Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co. will publish Mr. Emerson's Lectures on Representative Men about the first of January, also the new poem by the Rev. Mr. Judd of Augusta, the author of "Margaret," "Philo, an Evangelist." Professor Crosby's new book, "The Second Advent; or, What do the Scriptures Teach?" will appear in the course of the ensuing month, and the Rev. J. L. Merrick's translation from the Persian, "The Life and Religion of Mohammed," is progressing as rapidly as careful attention to the proofsheets will allow. The recent "strike" among the journeymen printers has retarded the publication of many books which should have been issued before the close of the year. It is this which has delayed the regular publication of the numbers of Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co.'s new illustrated edition of Shakspeare, which, after the present time, will appear punctually twice a month. About six thousand copies of the first four numbers are already sold. The sixth and concluding volume of the Boston edition of Hume's History of England, to match Macaulay, will be published by the same house about New Year. It will contain a full and carefully-prepared Index, a desideratum in any book, and particularly in a book like this. The man who publishes a book of permanent value, without an index—what punishment is severe enough for him?

Messrs. James Munroe & Co. will publish in a few days a new story, entitled "Only," by Miss Planché, the authoress of "Old Joliffe," and the "Trap to catch a Sunbeam."

Mr. John Bartlett, of the University Bookstore, Cambridge, has in the press a new edition of Reid's Mental Philosophy, arranged as a text-book, with Notes by Rev. Dr. Walker of the University.

Mr. Perley Poore commences on Saturday the publication of a new weekly paper, the Sentinel, which he intends to make an independent journal, free from the control of any clique or party. It will contain Sketches of European Life from the pen of the editor.

Mr. Hudson, celebrated till recently as a lecturer on Shakspeare, is settled in Boston for the winter, having been engaged as an assistant minister at the Church of the Advent in Green street, Bowdoin Square.

C. B. F.

### The Fine Arts.

**DISTRIBUTION OF THE AMERICAN ART-UNION.**  
THE result of the subscription list of 1849 announced at the annual meeting at Niblo's Theatre, on Friday of last week, was a triumphant reply to the discreditable attacks from certain quarters which have of late been directed against the management of the Institution. Without departing from the even tenor of its way, by simply adhering to its well-tried and efficient system, the American Art-Union has received this year the voluntary support of 18,960 members from all parts of the country. If there had been any such weak points in the conduct of the Art-Union they would have been detected, but the Institution has now met and sustained the closest scrutiny. Such scrutiny is always desirable,

but objections have been made in a spirit which could only proceed from persons already prejudiced or enemies of the Art-Union (for ends best known to themselves); or from sheer thoughtlessness.

The business conduct in which success rests is no sinecure on the management of the ART-UNION, as a moment's reflection will convince any one when he glances at the wide-spread field from which the multifarious agencies by which the splendid result of the present year is to be gained. And what has been done one year is no measure of the labor of the next, for the arts and public taste are always in movement, and the society must keep pace with, and lead this progress, or become extinct. To accomplish this subscription list of 19,000, nearly twice the number of the London Art-Union for the past year, with all that it involves of forethought and labor, is a work which would fully task the energies of a mercantile establishment of the first class; and all this work is achieved by the voluntary labors of a body of men throughout the country, uniting together for a common cause—by men whom no mercantile establishment could hire, and no motive less than a national one secure. The secretaries of the American Art-Union form a body of six hundred influential men, many from professional life, throughout the country. They are men of the highest character and intelligence, and their authority and influence are seen in the magnificent result of an annual offering to the cause of art of nearly one hundred thousand dollars. It must be something more than gossip or malevolent suspicion which will impair the resources of a society under such management. The whole thing is open to the public in the fullest, clearest light, and the public is not to be deceived. The ill-will and impertinent attacks of the year 1849 may be safely left to be digested by their perpetrators.

The number of paintings distributed were 460; of medals of Trumbull, Stuart, and Allston, 500; of Statuettes from Brown's original model, 20; of engravings after the works of Allston, 30. Each member of the present year receives a line engraving of Cole's painting of Youth, and a series of outline illustrations by Darley from Irving's Sleepy Hollow. There have been 170,000 bulletins printed and circulated; not merely catalogues, it will be remembered, but a monthly fine art magazine, with illustrations. With the outlay for the Report, the Gallery appropriations for the purchase of real estate, which is the invested property of the members, the sum total reimbursed to the subscribers is \$82,606 30. The remaining essential expenses of commissions, agencies, salaries, &c., might be fairly included in this actual reimbursement, for if a man receives a letter on his own business post-paid, the postage is part of his receipts. The treasurer's report was well received by the audience.

The remarks of the president, General Wetmore, at the opening and throughout the evening, were in the best vein of good sense and good taste, and appeared highly appreciated. The large area of Niblo's theatre was filled to its utmost limit by an audience, many of whom were obliged to suffer some inconvenience for several hours, yet good order and good feeling were steadily maintained.

Mr. Kelly's Annual Report was forcibly written and to the point, besides its statistics, illustrating very clearly the policy of the Institution.

Of the drawing itself, the daily newspaper reports and the official catalogue have already satisfied public curiosity. The best paintings and works of art appear to have fallen into the hands of members out of the city of New York, a result which will undoubtedly stimulate the country subscription of the next year.

The Gallery for the year 1850 opens immediately on the 2d January, with a new collection of paintings, already purchased, and some choice works from private galleries. The Institution is thus realizing one of the most desirable achievements for the public and the cause of art, in a perpetual free gallery of a high character and the best appointments.

### Music.

On the Tuesday evening of last week Signorina Borghese took her benefit in the opera of Don Pasquale, which was produced for the occasion. Notwithstanding the attractiveness of the performance, the house was but thinly attended, arguing very little for the genuine love of music among the opera attendants, and still less even for their liberality towards so good an artiste as this lady,—one, too, who has so long been a favorite. As Norina, Signorina Borghese appears to greater advantage than in any character we have seen her assume. The music is suited to her voice, both as regards its compass and powers of execution; and she acted with much spirit and grace; while her antique and becoming costumes were perfect specimens of the tasteful and picturesque. The effect of the whole was charming, and, we believe, was felt to be so by the audience assembled. Signor Guidi made an admirable Ernesto, and sang well. Signor Sanguirico's Don Pasquale is already known as one of his best personations, being somewhat less exaggerated than other performances in which we have seen him. On this occasion, there was more of the gentleman and the singer, and the result was a decided improvement; he made the best use of his voice, and, in consequence, its want of volume was as little felt as possible. Signor Rossi Corsi is an excellent Malatesta, singing throughout like a true musician, and acting with much spirit and humor. His voice is in good order, and the tone round and clear as can be wished. The performance was truly delightful, everything was well done and equally done, with the exception of the overture, which was neither brilliantly nor steadily given. The one chorus, a difficult matter to give properly, was, however, really well sung. Considering the pleasure afforded by this representation, we much regretted there was not a larger audience to appreciate it on that evening. It has, however, been repeated this week, to which has followed another performance of Otello.

On Saturday evening, the first Concert of the series announced by the American Musical Fund Society, was given at this house. The programme was full of interest, and promised a great deal to the lovers of classical music, but owing to various causes the result was not equal to our anticipations. Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony was the distinguishing part of the performance, and we trust to find this beautiful composition repeated. Mendelssohn's G-minor concerto, as played by M. Dresel, was not successful. This gentleman wants force and vigor for a concert room. In strictly chamber music he has both delicacy and taste, but something more is re-

quied to interpret music so full of fire and poetry. The Sestett from Don Giovanni, can hardly have been rehearsed, to judge from the signal failure of that beautiful music. Mr. Loder and M. Maretzek were the conductors of the concert, and both gentlemen acquitted themselves well.

#### MR. PIRSSON'S SOIREES.

ANOTHER of these pleasant gatherings took place one evening last week. There were present Messrs. Timm, Burke, Hoffmann, Herwig, Braun, Poppenburg, Reiff, Guervos, and others of the profession; Dr. Quin and other performing amateurs, and a select audience of cultivated listeners. The pieces selected were, a quintett of Hummell's, very graceful and sparkling; one of Bertini—showy for the piano, and well adapted to Mr. Hoffman's vigorous and brilliant execution; one of Spohr's, introducing an elaborate treatment of Handel's famous air, the "Harmonious Blacksmith," and with a most beautiful finale; and another of the same author, an old favorite, which will always be associated in our mind with the elegant rendering of it by Messrs. Timm and Burke. If it were designed to make these notices of the usual laudatory character, we should find it necessary to enlarge a little upon the merits of Mr. Pirsson's magnificent grand piano, just from his manufactory, which is used at these meetings; but as it is not, we shall content ourselves with leaving our musical readers to infer from the reputation of the artists who take so much pleasure in testing its capabilities, what excellences it must possess in quality, power, touch, brilliancy, &c., &c. We may, however, thank the manufacturer and the artists for giving us opportunities of hearing it so often, and in such music.

#### What is Talked About.

—A Correspondent at Washington furnishes us with a few Literary items from the Capitol:—"I spent an hour in the Smithsonian Building this morning. The roof from one extremity to the other is entirely completed, and the inside finishing is progressing with all possible dispatch. The Honorable Secretary, who is one of the most industrious of men, is particularly busy at the present time, since the Annual Meeting of the Board of Regents is about to commence, and he must meet them with an elaborate Report. Professor Henry is unquestionably exactly the man for the responsible position which he occupies. It is pleasant to witness the salutary influence which his scientific knowledge exerts upon all classes of the community. Professor Jewitt, the Assistant Secretary of the Institution, and the Librarian, has snugly ensconced himself in a room of the Building, and is busily engaged in the performance of his duties. I found him surrounded with books, of which his knowledge is most extensive and valuable.

"Speaking of books reminds me of Mr. Bartlett's very interesting contribution to the Literary World, on the Libraries of Europe, which I have heard complimented by many of your readers; but his recollections of Albert Gallatin (the first chapter of which appears in the *Intelligencer* of this morning) are spoken of in the very highest terms, as of the first interest. The assembling of Congress has been followed by an agreeable event, for it has thrown open the Library Rooms in the Capitol. The books there collected comprehend about 50,000 volumes, and the polite attention of the Librarian and his Assistants

tends to make a visit there pleasant to an uncommon degree. Since the coming in of the present Administration a New Library has been established in the Patent Office, and one in the Treasury Department; and as these, with those of the War and State Departments, are open throughout the year, I do not see that our citizens have much to complain of in regard to a scarcity of reading matter. And I have also been impressed with the idea that the leading members of the present are more partial to literature than those of the late Administration. Gov. Marcy, the late Secretary of War, was known to be a lover of books, a taste which is continued in the present Secretary of that Department, Gov. Crawford. Col. Bliss, the President's Secretary, is also a lover and an industrious reader of books, as well as Mr. Clayton, the Secretary of State, and Mr. Johnson, the Attorney General.

—M. ROCHER D'HERICOURT, says the Paris Correspondent of the *London Lit. Gaz.*, "who has lately returned from a voyage in Abyssinia, has brought with him about a score of MSS. in the Ethiopian language, all of vast antiquity and great literary value. They are folio in form, bound in red leather, with the Greek cross and strange ornaments on the covers. In some of them the writing runs right across the page; in others it is in columns; in nearly all it is fine and bold in character. Some of the MSS. are on history, religion, and science; one is a complete and very curious treatise on the mysteries of Eastern astrology; and one, which appears to have been written at the beginning of the 11th century, contains a copy of the Bible, which differs in some respects from the ordinary version." Various hardships were encountered, and much interesting information obtained on the religion, manners, and customs of the country. M. d'Hericourt also brings with him a plant, the root of which is said to be a cure for Hydrophobia in man and animals, being in common use for that purpose in Abyssinia, and always successful.

—"Letters," says the *London Athenæum*, "have been received from Dr. Layard, dated Mosul, Oct. 15, at which place he arrived on the last day of September. Dr. Layard intended to recommence his excavations on the scene of his former labors, as soon as he should be able to assemble his Nestorian diggers from the mountains. At present the country is in a very unsettled state, and it is scarcely safe to venture out of the city gates. At the date of his letters he had about sixty workmen exploring the ruins; and many bas-reliefs—of which the store seems inexhaustible—were discovered. But all had suffered from the effects of fire, and they will scarcely bear removal. Of these, accurate drawings will be made by Mr. Cooper, the artist attached to the Expedition. Amongst the bas-reliefs most recently discovered by Dr. Layard is a representation of the removal of one of the gigantic bulls—showing that they were sometimes, if not always, moved to the palace after being carved. An immense number of men draw a sledge which runs upon rollers; impetus being given to it behind by an enormous lever worked by cords. A cast will be made of this very curious subject, in the event of its being found impossible to remove it. It is probable that the fine pair of colossal lions still standing at Nimrud will be moved during the present Expedition. Dr. Layard paid a second visit to the periodical festival of the Yezidi, or Devil worshippers, and was admitted to all their ceremonies. On this occasion he also saw the cele-

brated Melek Teou, the bronze bird, the existence of which has been a matter of speculation to travellers,—and which he describes as a very curious relic. Of these and other matters we may, it is to be hoped, expect full particulars in a second series of 'Nineveh and its Remains.'"

—"Fontenelle on the Signs of Death" is the title of an article in the October number of the *London Quarterly*. It is an interesting article to most persons. The title of it would scarcely convey its character. It might with more propriety be styled the last moments of the great; for, after enumerating the symptoms which usher in the great monarch Death, it goes on to give the last words of those whose deeds, while living, have given importance to their actions while dying. It gives also coincidences, such as by many are considered as premonitions of impending fate. But the principal object of the writer is to counteract an opinion which is being now and then circulated by thoughtless editors, that many are buried alive—in a stupor or trance, certainly not dead. During the last summer, many similar unfounded reports, by their circulation, produced much alarm, and were productive of no good. The greater portion of this long article is upon the subject, but we can quote but a single paragraph:—"One would hardly think that any who had deliberately contemplated a corpse—icy, stiff, and motionless, with nothing of humanity except the form—could suppose that life might put on the 'borrowed likeness of shrunk death,' and men, who were still of the present world, be consigned by mistake to a living tomb. Yet many persons, especially women, are so haunted with the idea, that they will almost fear to sleep, lest they should wake with six feet of earth for their covering, and a coffin for their bed. Solemn physicians abroad—for in England these terrorists boast no educated disciples—have written books to accredit the belief, and add a deeper horror to the grave. Each successive production of the kind, however, is little more than a resuscitation of its forgotten predecessors \* \* \* but of the examples, those which are true are inapplicable, and those which are applicable are unsubstantial.—The marvellous is most credible when left to the imagination; the attempt to verify it dissipates the illusion. \* \* \* A volume of ghost stories is the best refutation for ghosts."

#### GENIUS.

[From "Lectures on Subjects connected with Literature and Life." By Mr. E. P. Whipple. Published by Messrs. Ticknor, Reed, and Fields, Boston.]

"THE sphere and the influence of Genius it is easier to ascertain than to define its nature. What is Genius? It has been often defined, but each definition has included but a portion of its phenomena. According to Dr. Johnson, it is general force of mind accidentally directed to a particular pursuit; but this does not cover the comprehensive genius of Shakspeare, Leibnitz, and Goethe; and besides, accident, circumstance, do not determine the direction of narrower minds, but simply furnish the occasion on which an inward tendency is manifested. The most popular definition is that of Coleridge, who calls genius the power of carrying the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood. Such a power may indicate the genius of Coleridge and Wordsworth, but did Napoleon conquer at Austerlitz, Newton discover the law of gravitation, Shakspeare create Macbeth, by carrying the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood? This mode of defining by individual instances is like drawing a map

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of Massachusetts, and calling it the globe—a thing we are very apt to do.

"Indeed, Genius has commonly been incompletely defined, because each definition has been but a description of some order of genius. A true definition would be a generalization, made up from many minds, and broad enough to include all the results of genius in action and thought. Genius is not a single power, but a combination of great powers. It reasons, but it is not reasoning; it judges, but it is not judgment; it imagines, but it is not imagination; it feels deeply and fiercely, but it is not passion. It is neither, because it is all. It is another name for the perfection of human nature, for Genius is not a fact but an ideal. It is nothing less than the possession of all the powers and impulses of humanity, in their greatest possible strength and most harmonious combination; and the genius of any particular man is great in proportion as he approaches this ideal of universal genius. Conceive of a mind in which the powers of Napoleon and Howard, Dante and Newton, Luther and Shakspeare, Kant and Fulton, were so combined as to act in perfect harmony; a mind, vital in every part, conceiving everything with intensity and yet conceiving everything under its due relations, as swift in its volitions as in its thoughts,—conceive of a mind like this, and you will have a definition of genius. As it is, it requires the energies of all men of genius to produce the results of genius. It exists somewhat in fragments. No one human mind comprehends all its elements. The nearest approach to universality of genius in intellect is Shakspeare; in will, Napoleon; in harmony of combination, Washington. It is singular that Washington is not generally classed among men of genius. Lord Brougham declares him to be the greatest man that ever lived, but of moderate talents,—as if being the soul of a revolution and the creator of a country, did not suppose energies equal to those employed in the creation of a poem,—as if there were any other certain test of genius but its influence, any other measure of the power of a cause but the magnitude of its effects!

"But to return. Genius, in its highest meaning, being thus an Ideal, which the most powerful natures have but approached, which, while it comprehends all men of genius, is itself comprehended by none, the question still arises, what common quality distinguishes men of genius from other men, in practical life, in science, in letters, in every department of human thought and action? This common quality is vital energy of mind,—inherent, original force of thought and vitality of conception; a quality equally distinguishing the genius of action and meditation, making the mind in which it abides alive, and capable of communicating intellectual and moral life to others. Men in whom this energy glows seem to spurn the limitations of matter; to dive beneath the forms and appearances to the spirit of things; to leap the gulf which separates positive knowledge from discovery, the actual from the possible; and, in their grasp of spiritual realities, in their intense life, they seem to demonstrate the immortality of the soul that burns within them. They give palpable evidence of infinite capacity, of indefinite power of growth. It seems a mockery to limit their life to years,—to suppose that fiery essence can ever burn out or be extinguished. This life, this energy, this uprising, aspiring flame of thought,—

"This mind, this spirit, this Promethean spark,  
This lightning of their being,"—

has been variously called power of combination, invention, creation, insight; but in the last analysis it is resolved into vital energy of soul, to think and to do.

"This quality of genius is sometimes difficult to be distinguished from talent, because high genius includes talent. It is talent, and something more. The usual distinction between genius and talent is, that one represents creative thought, the other practical skill; one invents, the other applies. But the truth is, that high genius applies its own inventions better than talent alone can do. A man who has mastered the higher mathematics does not on that account lose his knowledge of arithmetic. Hannibal, Napoleon, Shakspeare, Newton, Scott, Burke, Arkwright,—were they not men of talent as well as men of genius? Because a great man does not always do what many smaller men can often do as well, smaller men must not, therefore, affect to pity him as a visionary, and pretend to lick into shape his formless theories.

But still there doubtless is a marked distinction between men of genius and men simply of talent. Talent repeats; Genius creates. Talent is a cistern; Genius, a fountain. Talent deals with the actual, with discovered and realized truths, analysing, arranging, combining, applying positive knowledge, and in action looking to precedents. Genius deals with the possible, creates new combinations, discovers new laws, and acts from an insight into principles. Talent jogs to conclusions to which Genius takes giant leaps. Talent accumulates knowledge, and has it packed up in the memory; Genius assimilates it with its own substance, grows with every new accession, and converts knowledge into power. Talent gives out what it has taken in; Genius, what has risen from its unsounded wells of living thought. Talent, in difficult situations, strives to untie knots, which Genius instantly cuts, with one swift decision. Talent is full of thoughts, Genius, of thought: one has definite acquisitions, the other, indefinite power."

### Publisher's Circular.

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On the first Saturday of January next the Literary World will commence its sixth volume. Its leading features will be maintained as heretofore, with the increased resources which time and experience have brought to its aid. It will contain specially, I. REVIEWS, with copious characteristic extracts and PASSAGES IN ADVANCE of the new publications of the day. II. REPORTS OF SOCIETIES, with the first issue of important papers read at their meetings, as of the several Historical, the Ethnological, Oriental, and others. III. ORIGINAL PAPERS IN LITERATURE, MUSIC, THE FINE ARTS, &c. IV. CORRESPONDENCE. V. POETRY. VI. SKETCHES OF SOCIETY at Home and Abroad. VII. REPORTS OF LECTURES, AMUSEMENTS, &c. VIII. LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, GOSSIP, &c. IX. A great variety of MISCELLANY.

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TICKNOR, REED & FIELDS have just added to their recent announcements of Books in Press—A new volume by Nathaniel Hawthorne. The Angel-World, and other Poems, by the Author of "Festus." Songs of Labor, a new volume of Poems, by John G. Whittier. A Few Thoughts to Young Men, by Horace Mann. The Nooning, a new volume of Poems, by James Russell Lowell. Longfellow's Poems, complete in 2 vols. 16mo., uniform with "Tennyson" and "Browning." This edition will be the only complete collection of the author's poetical works, and will contain his recent volume.

A. HART, Philadelphia, has made arrangements for the early sheets of the Life of Geo. Combe, by Andrew Combe, M.D. The following works will also be shortly issued by the same house:—*Dies Boreales* (Northern Days), a new work by Professor Wilson, in dialogue similar to "Noctes Ambrosianæ." *Memoirs of the House of Orleans*, by W. Cooke Taylor, Esq. *Falck Laban's Practice* in German, for the use of learners. *Stuart's Dictionary of Architecture*, 1 vol. Royal 8vo., with 200 Engravings, uniform with *Ure's Dictionary of Arts and Manufactures*.

PARSONS & Co., Hartford, have ready a Gift-book by Mrs. Sigourney, with the title:—"Whisper to a Bride."

W. J. REYNOLDS & Co., Boston, announce a volume: "New Poems," by Miss H. F. Gould.

HARROLD & MURRAY, Richmond, Va., have in press, to be issued the 15th of December, "An Argument on Baptism and Close Communion," by Rev. Richard Fuller, D.D., of Baltimore.

MR. THACKERAY has given the public intimation of his recovery from illness in a new prospectus, dated Kensington, Dec. 1. It refers to his Christmas book, a comical "continuation of *Ivanhoe*," which is announced as "a highly Chivalrous Legend, entitled *Rebecca and Rowena*; a Romance upon Romance: a Story for Christmas (and indeed any other season); containing Perilous Adventures, Tremendous Battles, Tender Love-making, Profound Historical Knowledge, and a (tolerably) happy ending. The whole illustrated with Woodcuts by Richard Doyle.

"Slovenly Peter; or, Pleasant Stories and Funny Pictures," translated from the German, is the title of a capital children's book, for sale at the stores; full of practical jokes and holiday devices of good and bad boys, in the genuine fashion of St. Nicholas.

LAMARTINE, it is stated, is about to bring out a new political work on the Past, Present, and Future of the Republic.

"Some Rejected Stanzas of Don Juan, with Byron's Own curious Notes, &c., from an unfinished MS. in the possession of Capt. Medwin," have been "privately printed" in 4to. in England, at the press of Mr. Charles Clark of Great Totham, Essex.

BENTLEY announces, in 8vo., "The Living Authors of England, by Thomas Powell." Also the following American publications—Longfellow's "Seaside and Fireside." "St. Leger; or, the Threads of Life." Cheever's "The Whale and its Captors."

COLBURN will shortly publish "The Life of Tasso, by the Rev. R. Milman." "London Literary Society in the days of Samuel Johnson, from the papers of the late Henry Roscoe, by W. Weir," 2 vols. "A new work by Miss Bremer, from the unpublished Swedish MS., by Mary Howitt."

